



THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1848.

From the British Quarterly Review.

PUBLIC MEN OF FRANCE.

1. *Etudes sur les Orateurs Parlementaires.* Par TIMON. Paris: Paulin, 1836.
2. *Biographie des Députés, Session 1839.* Paris: Pagnerre, 1839.
3. *La Chambre des Députés Actuelle Daguerreotypée.* Par UN STENOGRAPHE. Paris: Paul Lesigne, 1847.
4. *Préceptes et Portraits Parlementaires.* Par CORMENIN. Bruxelles, 1839.
5. *Les Diplomates et Hommes d'Etat Européens.* Par CAPEFIGUE. Paris; Amyot, 1847.
6. *La Présidence du Conseil de M. Guizot et la Majorité de 1847.* Par UN HOMME D'ETAT. Paris: Amyot, 1847.
7. *Biographie Statistique, par ordre alphabétique de Departments de la Chambre des Députés.* Par DEUX HOMMES DE LETTRES. Paris; Dauvin et Fontaine, Passage des Panoramas, 1846.

[The following graphic sketches of some of the more prominent public characters of France appeared just before the Revolution of February, when not a suspicion of that event was entertained. It speaks of some of the personages it describes, in a different manner, of course, than it would have spoken, two weeks later. The events in France give the article an unexpected value and importance, which is all the greater for its having been written before, and irrespective of, the Revolution.—ED.]

THOUGH the coast of France is within sight of our shores, and Boulogne-sur-Mer may nearly always be attained by steam in 120 minutes, and often, in fair weather and with favouring winds, in less time—though Paris itself, the metropolis of France, may now, thanks to rail and other appliances, be reached within the limit of a single day, yet it is wonderful how ignorant we are in this our sea-girt little island, not alone of the writers and publicists, but of the emi-

nent orators, statesmen, politicians, and public men of France.

There is scarcely a person moving in the classes of our nobility and gentry who has not frequently visited France, its capital and principal cities; few there are, even of the middle, or, to descend a step lower, the small shop-keeping classes of London who have not been to Paris, Calais, Boulogne, Lille, or Orleans; yet, among the hundreds of thousands who have paid flying visits to the capital, or made a longer sojourn there, how few are there, high or low, who, however tolerably acquainted with French literature, know anything of the public men and politicians of France, or of the secret springs by which they are moved.

That such a state of crass ignorance, as Lord Brougham would say, should prevail during the consulate or the empire, when

the senate and chamber were silenced amidst the clangor of arms,—and when Englishmen had not the privilege of travelling in France, is not so very wonderful; that we should have been dimly and obscurely informed on such subjects during the reign of Louis XVIII., when the chambers so infrequently met, when long and dull speeches were badly read instead of being brilliantly spoken, and when a journey to Paris took four or five days, and cost, in the most economical fashion, ten or twelve pounds, is not marvellous; that even in the later epoch of Charles X., when discussions were more vehement and stormy—when ministries were changed more frequently, and peers and barons were created, like bakers' buns, in batches—we should be somewhat ignorant and insensible to the noise, hubbub, and queer character of a French session, is conceivable, and may be somewhat rationally accounted for;—but that, since 1830, when the people of England freely fraternized with those of France, and intercourse has become so common, if not so cordial, with our nearest neighbours, such comparative ignorance should prevail, almost surpasses human belief, and certainly surpasses human comprehension.

It is true, a great majority of British birds of passage go to Paris for health and recreation in the John-Bull season—i.e., from the end of August to the end of October, when the Chambers are closed, and the Courts of Justice in vacation. These, therefore, themselves practising barristers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, and the like, may reasonably be excused, for they have not opportunity to travel at any other time. But of the vast mass who visit Paris, from the opening of the Chambers just before Christmas, to their closing in May or June, how few are there that even enter their walls. It has been our own fate, man and boy, for the last twenty years, to have often, as the French say, 'assisted' at the sittings of the Deputies; yet although hundreds and hundreds of Frenchmen were always present, we never in our lives met above half-a-dozen Englishmen apart from the members of the Diplomatic body. The sittings generally take place in the busiest and best part of the day—i.e., between the hours of one and half-past five,—and at this period of the work-a-day world, English residents are engaged either in business, taking exercise, or visiting the sights and lions with which the capital abounds. Independently of general unfamiliarity with

the language, another reason operates to deter Englishmen from presenting themselves. As the number of tickets reserved for the British or any other embassy are very few, there is always a great struggle to obtain them, and the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. In this trifling, as in greater matters, interest and aristocratic connexion are all-powerful, and the ticket is handed to the Hon. Bumpkin Frizzle, instead of to that poor pale student of law or medicine, or that hard-working man of letters, who has been looking for it every day this month. If an application be made to a Deputy, who, by the way, are much beset by strangers and constituents, and the ticket be luckily obtained, the person who receives it is obliged to be early in attendance, and to form part of the *queue** outside the door, otherwise he runs the risk of being excluded for want of room. Thus, perhaps, is the best part of one day lost in solicitation, and the whole of another in obtaining a good place at the *queue*, and in hearing the debate. These little harassing practical difficulties—and of such the great moralist tells us the sum of human life is made up—are even now, after eighteen years of *quasi* constitutional government, great impediments in the way of that general knowledge which Englishmen ever seek, if they be not thwarted by teasing and petty annoyances of the nature to which we have adverted.

But then, it may be said, Englishmen may go to the *Palais de Justice* and hear the great lawyers—the Berryers, the Dupins, the Chaix d'Est Angès, the Mauguins, the Odilon Barrots, the Paillets, the Maries, the Hennequins. So they undoubtedly may. But when it is further stated that the *Palais de Justice* is at least two miles and a half from the places in which the English live in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and in a murky and muddy quarter of Paris, it may well be conceived that few are the visits paid there, unless by stray professional students.

That we should know French public men and publicists better than we do, all will admit. If, as we sincerely hope and fondly

* A large class of idlers make a good thing of it, in Paris, by becoming regular members of and traders in *queue*. These fellows, who have nothing on earth to do, station themselves round the chamber during the days of a great debate so early as five or six in the morning, and at mid-day, or a quarter to one, sell their places for five, ten, or fifteen francs, as the case may be, to some gentleman more moneyed than matutinal.

trust, our nearest neighbors are to continue our friends and allies,—or, for the misfortune of the whole human race, and more especially, for their own bitter misfortune, to become our unreasoning foes and deadliest enemies—it is important, in either case, we should know them, their weaknesses and their strength, better than we know them at the present moment.

Be ours, then, the task, after more than twenty years' experience of France, and French society in all its phases, to pass before the reader's review, in a light and sketchy, yet in a sufficiently full and altogether fair and dispassionate manner, the principal orators, statesmen, and public men of France.

The man who has been foremost in the eye of the English public for the last seven years is Francis Peter William Guizot, now entering his sixty-first year. He was born at Nismes on the 4th October, 1787, at a period when the protestants of France were pretty much in the condition in which the penal laws then placed the Roman catholics of Ireland.

The Huguenots of France were at that time excluded from many civil privileges; they were born, they married, and they died among themselves in sectarian obscurity; for the national registries took no notice of their birth or their decease, and the civil magistrate gave not to their union the official sanction and legal authority which such an act conferred on their Roman Catholic brethren. The Huguenots were then without temples, or churches, or chapels. It was in the open air, in the champaign country, in the arid plains and olive-grounds of Nismes, Narbonne, and Montpellier, with heaven for a canopy, and earth for a kneeling-place, that, like the earlier Christians, they united for the worship of their God. Two months after the birth of Guizot, the edict of Louis XVI. afforded to the Huguenots the *status* of an *état civil*, and the revolution of 1789 ultimately freed them from the thousand nameless humiliations they had theretofore undergone, and produced for them equality before the law. It was but natural the French protestants should gratefully receive the blessings they were about to enjoy. It was therefore no marvel that FRANCIS ANDREW GUIZOT, the father of the present prime minister of France, and a distinguished advocate of the bar of Nismes, should promptly give in his open adhesion to the new system. But the most sincere and ardent patriot were

soon obliged to disavow the violence and fury of the revolutionary government. Too many paid with their lives the penalty of this act of duty; and on the 8th of April, 1794, the father of M. Guizot laid his head on the scaffold, a martyr to his courageous resistance. A circumstance much spoken of at the time, and well known in the province, enhanced the mournful interest of his tragical end. In order to escape pursuit, the advocate Guizot was obliged to conceal himself, and he was found in a remote part of Provence by a *gendarme*, who knowing and respecting his character, offered to allow him to escape, being undesirous to contribute in anywise to the death of so good a man. The worthy advocate instinctively apprehending that in thus saving his own life he would infallibly compromise the life of his generous and humble friend, did not an instant hesitate to relinquish the last hope left to him.

Madame Guizot, the mother of the minister, was left a widow, with two sons, of whom the eldest, the remarkable subject of this brief sketch, was entering, at the period of the death of his father, into his seventh year. From the death of her husband and their parent, commenced, for this admirable woman, the austere practice of those painful duties which her friends have seen her so strictly and religiously fulfil athwart all the temptations and difficulties with which Providence afflicted her path. Notwithstanding the interest with which the sad fate of her husband invested her in her native city, and that the inhabitants of Nismes were ready to succor and console her, she tore herself away from family, and friends, and relatives, and proceeded straightway to Geneva, where she felt she could give her children a more solid and serious education than they could find in any part of France. In the Gymnasium of Nismes the young Guizot had, in his adolescence, distinguished himself by remarkably steady application. In 1799, he commenced his studies at Geneva, and had entered his course of philosophy in 1803, four years having sufficed to give him a knowledge of the Greek, Latin, Italian, English, and German languages.

While the Directory still flourished in 1804, young Guizot proceeded to Paris to study the law. But the law was then at a very low ebb, the profession not having recovered the harsh regulations of the revolution, which admitted ex-butchers, ex-bakers, or ex-nightmen to assume the pro-

fession of barristers, under the name of *defenseurs officieux*. The individuals who performed the functions of counsel were called *hommes de loi*; but M. Berryer the elder tells us in his Memoirs, that happily for the clients, they had no right to demand a fee. Guizot, after having attended the lectures for some time, and probably not liking the profession as then constituted, appears to have abandoned the calling as a means of livelihood. Having become acquainted with the Swiss minister at Paris, he passed the greater portions of 1807 and 1808 with him at his country seat, where he read largely of Kant and German literature. Thus were his mind, memory, and taste improved—his stock of ideas enlarged—and his perceptive and reflective powers greatly augmented.

M. Stapfer—for such was the name of the minister—introduced Guizot to Suard, and the accidental acquaintance became the cause of the most serious business in the life of man—his marriage.

A Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, of whom Suard had often spoken at this time, edited a periodical called the *Publiciste*, with the greatest success. Being seized with a serious illness, she feared she should be obliged to suspend, if not to cease altogether, her labours, for lack of the necessary assistance. While these sad thoughts were revolving in her mind, she received, one morning, in an unknown hand, a letter, telling her to keep her mind at rest, for that if the zeal and industry of another could suffice, she might rely on the eager aid of a substitute. The offer of the unknown contributor, who was none other than Guizot, was accepted; and it was not till she was completely recovered that Mademoiselle de Meulan was aware of the name of her benefactor.

Nor was this good-natured act without its uses to M. Guizot. Independently of exercising and improving his pen, so humane and liberal a deed procured him friends and admirers; and when, in the following year, 1809, he published *Le Dictionnaire des Synonymes*, the literary world, propitiated by his kindness to a suffering sister of the craft, were civilly disposed towards him. Though the *Dictionnaire des Synonymes* is neither a finished nor a perfect work, yet it contains some ingenious observations on the peculiar character of the French language, which disclose habits of patient thought, and no ordinary power of expression. The work on the Synonymes

was speedily followed by the first volume of the *Lives of the French Poets*—a work which, though unequal and sometimes obscure, is the result of reading and research, as well as of original observation. Guizot had now embraced literature, rather than law, as a profession, and towards the end of 1808 was known, by a number of ephemeral publications, as a perfect *soldat de plume*. At length, towards the close of 1808, or the beginning of 1809, appeared his French translation of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, enriched with valuable and erudite notes, indicating depth of scholarship and historical research. Such severe and straining labors as these had not the effect of rendering this young man, who had just then attained his majority, an anchorite or a recluse. In the years 1810 and 1811, he mixed much in society, numbering among his friends the learned and speculative Morellet; the eloquent and poetic Chateaubriand; the great newspaper panegyrist and journalist, de Fontanes; the *homme de société et des salons*, the Chevalier de Boufflers; Mdlle. d'Houdetot, and Madame de Remusat.

In 1812, being then in his 25th year, Guizot married Pauline de Meulan, of whom we have before spoken, and who was many years his senior. This lady was of a grave and reflective character, a superior woman, who struggled to make all who came into contact with her purer and more perfect. As was to be expected, she acquired a great ascendancy over the steady and sensible young man who had chosen her for a wife. The demure and hard-working student had many angularities to round off—many little defects of manner and gesture to correct or modify. Madame Guizot became his monitress; and thus early habituated to prudence and self-control, these virtues have become a part of his nature. Monsieur de Fontanes, appreciating the solid qualities of the young man, appointed him, in the very year of his marriage, a species of coadjutor to Lacretelle, and subsequently divided the chair of history into Ancient and Modern, the latter of which was allotted to Guizot. Though it was intimated to the young professor that an eulogium on the Emperor would not only be gratifying but acceptable, yet, in his opening discourse, albeit he owed no fidelity to the party opposed to the government, the name of Napoleon was not once mentioned, and indeed Guizot refused to introduce it.

Efforts were made, in the year 1812, by M. Pasquier, afterwards Grand Referendary of the Chamber of Peers, and now Chancellor of France, and Madame de Remusat, to procure for the young professor the place of auditor at the council of state. These kindly efforts were unavailing, and probably it is well that they were so. Had M. Guizot found an easy and competent pension supplied to him in his twenty-fifth year, what warrant have we that he would have struggled on into the full splendor of literary, philosophical, and political fame?

Subsequently to the request made by these good friends, Maret, then secretary of state, and afterwards Duke of Bassano, asked M. Guizot to write a memoir on the Exchange of the French Prisoners with England; but as M. Guizot wrote in a sense favorable to a project to which the Emperor was opposed, his state paper, though ably drawn up, failed of its effect. The young professor returned with new zest, and no regret, to his studies; for his literary success then filled the measure of his ambition. Well it was for French literature, and his own fame too, that he so returned. The good seed which he had sown had taken root, and sprang up in a luxuriant crop. Many eloquent men—some his predecessors, some his contemporaries, some his disciples—actuated by his example, had entered the field. History resumed her rank, and St. Aulaire, de Barante, Thierry, Mignet, Michelet, contributed to the reaping of that harvest, the seeds of which had been sown by M. Guizot.

Though the period of the Restoration was now approaching, there was no such thing as a Bourbon party; but Guizot witnessed the struggles of the Imperialists from afar. The month of March, 1814, found him at Nîmes, by the bedside of that sick and suffering mother who had formed and disciplined his mind. When he returned to the capital, the Empire was overthrown. His early friend, Royer Collard, now named him to the Abbé Montesquieu, to fill, gratuitously, the office of secretary of the ministry of the interior. M. Guizot at once accepted the berth, and this is the origin of his political history, and the commencement of his career in the constitutional cause. When, in 1815, the ungrateful task of drawing up categories of proscription fell upon the ministry of justice, M. Guizot was appointed secretary-general.

His career in this department seriously damaged his reputation as a Liberal, whilst, in justice to him, it should also be stated that he discontented the Ultras by refusing to go their lengths.

The events of the 20th of March, while they changed the fate and fortunes of many, had but little influence on his. He resumed his functions at the Faculty of Letters, laboriously and peacefully occupied in studies ever the solace and pride of his life. When it was evident, towards the end of the month of May, that Europe would not treat with Napoleon, Guizot consented to undertake a mission to Louis XVIII. He proceeded to Ghent, and laid before the monarch his views. The proclamation of Cambray, in which the king acknowledged the faults of 1814, and added to the charter new guarantees, was the result. But notwithstanding the efforts of Guizot in a subordinate sphere, the *Chambre Introuvable* triumphed; M. de Marbois was overthrown, and M. Guizot retired with him. He was now but a simple *Maitre des Requêtes* at the council of state, and in this position only had he the opportunity left of expressing his opinion in defence of those who had acquired the *biens nationaux*.

The first political pamphlet of M. Guizot was entitled, "Du Gouvernement Représentatif et de l'Etat actuel de la France." It was written in refutation of a clever work of M. de Vitrolles, deputy for the Lower Alps, and who, on the second Restoration, was a minister of state and member of the privy council.

The dissolution of the 5th September, 1816, was due, in the greatest measure, to a Memoir written by Guizot, and placed by Decazes before Louis XVIII. The Memoir was supported by the opinion of Pasquier, then Minister of Justice, and since created Duke and Chancellor of France; Royer Collard, Camille Jordan, and De Serre, who became, in 1819, Minister of Justice, and was afterwards ambassador at Naples.

This small but able body of men were thenceforward known as Doctrinaires, and hence the application of the term to Guizot. Honorable such application must be undoubtedly considered, for these were the men who prepared and elaborated all the really constitutional laws then passed. The law of elections, of July, 1817; of the press, of 1819, which abolished the censure and introduced juries; of recruitment, which maintained the principle of equality, were

owing to the efforts of this band of politicians and publicists. In the preparation of all, or nearly all of these measures, Guizot took a most active part.

Between 1820 and 1822, Guizot published three pamphlets, all of which had not merely great success as literary works, but owing to their grave genius and constitutional spirit, great influence on public opinion. In these products of a powerful and reflective mind, there was neither flattery of the people, nor abuse of authority. You read the opinions of a calm, conscientious man, taking his stand between anarchy and despotism.

Guizot had, by these political treatises, become a sort of power in politics, and he was consequently threatened in his professor's chair. His political enemies—and would that this magnanimous course of policy were confined to Frenchmen or politicians—sought to drive him from the university, and to deprive him of bread; but he was not to be beaten down by the Artois Camarilla, or the frequenters of the *Pavillon Marsan*, and he nobly replied by his Collection of Memoirs relating to the History and Revolution in England. There was no man in France so capable of undertaking this great work, which extended to twenty-seven volumes, as M. Guizot. The Biographical Notices, and the Introduction to the History of the Revolution, are full of sound views and curious facts; and it is plain that the annotator, translator, and compiler had carefully and laboriously read and comprehended his authorities. This great work was followed by M. Guizot's Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France, in twenty-eight volumes. The immense and valuable mass of chronicles which the present prime minister of France, in a manner disinterred and completely annotated, would, in regarding the mere bulk alone, appal our own puny *littérateurs* not a little. In the former work, the manner in which Guizot retraced the History of our Revolution, with the calmness of a philosophic statesman, and a spirit of little less than prophecy, as regarded his own country, attracted public attention; and though his labors on the History of France had not so direct a political tendency, still they shed a brilliant light on the ancient chroniclers. The Essays on the History of France, which followed, were popularly devoured. One would think that such strenuous labors combined with his professorship, were enough to fill up

the measure of even a hard student's time. But no; this remarkable man found leisure which less well-regulated minds seek for in vain, and in such moments he completed his translation of the principal tragedies of Shakspeare, and his Historical Essays on Shakspeare and Calvin.

About this period, he became one of the founders of the *Revue Française*, a work that did much to enlarge the views of Frenchmen, and to elevate the tone of their periodical criticism. Thus the time passed from 1822 to 1827, when Guizot first entered into the Society of *Aide-toi*, with no other views than to defend the independence and freedom of elections menaced by the party in power.

In 1828, the eloquent and gifted Martignac succeeded Corbiere at the Ministry of the Interior, and Guizot, Villemain, and Cousin now resumed their long-interrupted lectures at the Sorbonne. Guizot continued his course till the revolution of 1830.

Little more than a year before the revolution, in January, 1829, Guizot being then in the forty-second year of his age, was elected for Lisieux, in Normandy, a spot in which he had neither interest nor family connexion. His first oratorical effort within the walls of the Chamber was to combat that deplorable ministry, the proximate, if not the promoting cause of the revolution of 1830. Before he had long been a member, the Chamber was dissolved. Guizot, while exercising his privilege of an elector at Nismes, was again returned for Lisieux. At four o'clock on the memorable morning of the 26th July, 1830, he arrived in Paris, and from that day till the 7th August, took an active part in all the meetings of the Deputies.

In the ministry of the 1st August, 1830, he held the portfolio of the Interior, and during his incumbency changed seventy-six *prefets*, one hundred and sixty-one *sous-prefets*, and thirty-eight *secrétaires-général*. Independently of these changes in the *personnel*, as the French call it, many important administrative changes were introduced. But the ministry of the 1st August was changed on the 2d November, to give place to the presidency of Laffitte, who in his turn was overthrown on the 3d March, 1831—principally by a speech of M. Guizot's, be it said in passing—to give power to the ministry of Casimir Perier of the 3d March, 1831.

In the cabinet of October, 1832, presided over by Marshal Soult, Guizot was

Minister of Public Instruction, and from that period, unless when filling the London embassy, he may be said to have formed a leading member of every administration. It is, however, as a member of the ministry of the 29th October, 1840—after he had filled the London embassy—that he has become best known to Englishmen, and that he has secured the longest lease of power. For seven years and a quarter he has now held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs—thus presenting a longer tenure of power than any minister since 1830. It is true that, for five years of this time, Marshal Soult was President of the Council, and therefore head of the ministry; but since the Marshal resigned the portfolio of War in 1845 into the hands of his former aide-camp, M. Moline de St. Yon, M. Guizot may have been looked upon as virtually, if not actually, as the President of the Council, and he has been actually President of the Council for some months, though at one time it was questionable whether the post of honor would not be disputed by M. Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior.

It cannot be denied, that on entering on power in 1840, the task of M. Guizot was exceedingly difficult. England and France, and indeed the whole of Europe, were affrighted from their propriety by the insane projects and mad ambition of M. Thiers, and it was no easy matter to calm the effervescence of the French, and to dissipate the doubts, and still the alarms of the English. But the device of *la paix partout, la paix toujours*, in a great degree succeeded, till the affairs of Tahiti again embroiled the two countries, and till the question of the Spanish marriages, arranged and accomplished with equal ill-faith, and in defiance of solemn treaty, again roused the suspicions of the slumbering Lion. Nothing could be more false, tricky, and disingenuous than M. Guizot's conduct throughout the whole of this matter; and the words "*en même temps*," will ever form a conspicuous blot in his family, as well as in his parliamentary and diplomatic blazon. There is not a public minister in Europe who is not now aware of the jesuitical and uncandid character of M. Guizot's diplomacy in this affair. His unscrupulous agent and instrument—too readily cast off when he had performed the ignoble task imposed on him—has since succumbed under the pressure of conscientious scruples, felt, alas! too late; and the family and friends of Count Bresson may well

complain of those who, by too tempting offers, seduced him from the paths of rectitude.

The only merit which we can accord to M. Guizot, as a minister, is, that under his government the peace of Europe has been preserved. But this merit belongs not chiefly, nor yet in the greatest degree, to him, for the whole of Europe is now disposed to be peaceable; and with Great Britain the desire to be so is a predominant passion, not a mere capricious and fitful feeling. The desire for peace is ever a predominant feeling with the middle classes of France—those classes whose organ, and mouthpiece, and minister M. Guizot has ever been. He is *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, the minister of the French *bourgeoisie*; and if as such he has considered many material and some subaltern interests of France in an undue degree, he has too often forgotten the dignity and honor of his country in her foreign relations. It does not become a great, chivalrous, and gallant nation like France to be tricky or jesuitical; yet tricky, dishonest, and jesuitical that great and civilized country has appeared, and we fear has in reality been, since 1840. In becoming the minister of the middle classes in France, M. Guizot has forgotten their virtues and remembered only their errors and vices.

Economy, and the absence of fanaticism, are distinguishing traits in the middle classes of France. These are their domestic virtues. But there is also a want of elevation, of depth, and of high tone in many of their sentiments and opinions. They do not loathe intrigue, nor abhor trickiness, where a national object is to be gained, and, therefore, many among them who have no love for M. Guizot's person, approve of his policy both in Spain and Switzerland. By his conduct, both abroad and at home, M. Guizot has done too much—far too much—to promote that egotism, selfishness, and love of material enjoyment, which the French *bourgeoisie* of our day have felt as a passion, and worshipped as a virtue. To hear those men talk, and to see them act, one would think the height of human felicity consisted in having a *dinde truffée* or a *suprême de volaille* for dinner, and 100,000*f. de rente*, no matter how obtained. *Rem, quocumque modo, rem*, is their mercenary motto; and provided the money be produced, they will, like the Roman emperor, never smell to the coin to discover the inodorous source from which it has been produced. On such a basis of

selfishness as this a superstructure of liberty was never yet erected. Liberty is not the product of such a soil. It is a wild flower, spontaneously springing up, and needs not either the muck or manure of selfishness or corruption to stimulate it into mushroom maturity.

It remains, therefore, but to consider M. Guizot as orator, statesman, and politician.

The cabinet of the 1st of March left him many thorny questions to resolve. The questions of Morocco, of Public Credit, of Railways, of Tahiti, of the Right of Search, and many others. From 1842 to 1846, the intrepid and inexhaustible Minister for Foreign Affairs pronounced 137 speeches, double the number, as one of his admirers states, spoken by Cicero, Demosthenes, and Æschines. In the session of 1843 and 1844, he spoke 39 times; in that of 1844 and 1845, 25; in that of 1845 and 1846, close upon 50 times: so that moral and mental resources, as well as courage of the highest order, were necessary for these most wasting wordy encounters. But though Guizot had to deal with the ablest and best men of both Chambers—with Molé, Thiers, Berryer, Lamartine, Billaut, Dufaure, Barrot, and a dozen others—yet who is there that can say that any one of them has ever had a victory over him? Let any impartial and unprejudiced man turn over his discourse on the Regency, on the Right of Search, his answer to Lamartine, his speeches on the Syrian question, his speech, in 1844, on the legitimate gathering in Belgrave-square, on the United States, on the treaty of Morocco, his speeches on the United States, his discourses on Education, and his replies to M. Thiers, and we ask any such candid inquirer whether he has not proved himself the master and superior, *as a debater*, of all living Frenchmen? One living Frenchman, indeed, is more eloquent and spirit-stirring. But put M. Berryer to the every-day task of a harassed and jaded minister, and what a sad hash he would make of it. We entertain not, to use the words of Hume, the ancient prejudice industriously propagated by the dunce in all countries, that a man of genius is unfit for business; but we hold, nevertheless, that a man of the impetuous feelings, of the exquisite sensibility, and of the impulsive ardor of Berryer could not have lowered his nature down, even by drinking porter—to use the apt and familiar illustration of that most learned of lawyers,

and exquisite of scholars, Mr. Justice Maule—to the level of the rank majority of the deputies in these varied and diverse questions.

Below the middle stature, somewhat square-built, and of an aspect always grave, if not severe, with a proud and piercing eye, M. Guizot strikes you at first sight as a man of thoughtful and reflective habits, and of an energy subdued rather than extinguished by severe study. Approach him nearer, and you will perceive that he is more spare in flesh, more sombre in appearance, more livid in look, than you had supposed at a distance. His features, when excited, assume a disagreeable aspect—his lips become contracted, his eyes appear deeper sunk in their cavernous orbits, and his whole appearance gives token of a person of a restless and melancholy, as well as of a meditative disposition. There is no gaiety in his look or manner. He does not laugh nor joke with his next neighbor on the bench of ministers, and appears altogether absorbed in public affairs or in his own reflections. He exhibits, on his entrance to the Chamber, the impassibility of a professor or college tutor. He crosses his arms, inclines his head on his breast, and attentively listens to the discussion. But if the orator at the tribune attacks the man or his system, Guizot becomes restless and excited, rises from his seat, interrupts the speaker, strikes his desk with his wooden-paper knife, and, in giving a loud contradiction to the member in possession of the house, asks to be heard in reply.

At the tribune, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, his appearance is imposing, for he has an expressive countenance—there is much latent fire in his deep-set eye, and notwithstanding his dictatorial and pedantic air, there is a certain dignity in his manner. His voice is full and sonorous, but it is neither very varied in tone nor very flexible. His style of speaking appears more of the Genevese than of the French school. It is dry, sententious, clear, dogmatical, luminous, lacking the suppleness and vivacity of Thiers, and the genial flow, pathos, richness, grace, and large manner of Berryer. But the tone of the deputy for Lisieux, it must be admitted, is generally philosophical and elevated, and he exhibits great power of expression, and often much adroitness in hitting the humor of the Chamber. No man seizes on a leading popular idea with greater address, or more artfully and elaborate-

ly produces it suited to the taste of a majority. Though he seldom breaks out into those happy bursts which enthrall and captivate in Berryer, which seize upon the auditor and hurry him along against his will, yet he is almost always copious and fertile, and shows his superiority to the mass as a scholar and a man of general information. He has, with all the fulness of Macaulay, much more tact and discretion—though he wants the fancy and rich wardrobe of words which the late M.P. for Edinburgh had always at command. Guizot is always self-reliant, and nearly always cool and self-possessed. The most frivolous and oft-repeated interruptions cannot turn him from the exposition and development of a favorite idea.

Of many of the details of business, and of much of the ordinary routine of office, Guizot is ignorant. To the praise of being a very learned man, a clever and copious writer, and a first-rate debater, M. Guizot has fully vindicated his claim. But though he has exhibited more dexterity, plausibility, and, we fear, insincerity, as a politician, than his warmest and sincerest friends would wish—he has failed to make out his claim to be a great statesman, or even a good man of business. Placed in the position in which he has been for the last seven years, he has had rarer opportunities of doing good, not merely to England and France, but to the world, than any man since the time of Canning; but of these opportunities he has not availed himself, and history must hold him accountable for allowing great and glorious occasions to pass away, often unimproved, oftener still altogether unused. To please party, and to please a monarch, he has dedicated abilities, powers of speech, expression, and action, which might have been used more highly—we may add, more honorably, in the service of his country—in the service of the whole human race.

In administrative knowledge, and in the art of conciliating men and majorities, M. Guizot is far surpassed by very ordinary common-place men in his own cabinet. Though, therefore, the present Prime Minister of France is fully entitled to the epithets of able, gifted, eloquent, and learned, still the historian must refuse to him the epithets of a great man or a great statesman.

A man even better known than M. Guizot, though not so much in the eyes of the public for the last seven years, is M.

Thiers. Of this personage we gave a rather hasty sketch in the 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI., but it is indispensable now to state that more than a quarter of a century ago, he had rendered himself remarkable, not merely by the vivacity, but by the vigor of his intellect. The articles which he published in the *Constitutionnel* even so far back as 1820 were distinguished, not merely by vigorous thought, but by purity and pungency of style, and by a liveliness and dramatic power, second only to the pamphlet writing of Paul Louis Courier. If Thiers were an ordinary man, he would doubtless have been abundantly satisfied by his eminent success as a newspaper writer.

The position of an eminent newspaper writer in France is far different from that of a newspaper writer in England, and secures to the fortunate penman, social and political rank, as well as money, homage, and troops of friends.

But notwithstanding the brilliant success which thus dawned on him, Thiers looked for some more permanent fame than can be acquired even by the most successful diurnal disquisitions. He therefore determined to publish a work on the Revolution, the first volume of which appeared in 1823. But, hear it, young authors and aspiring statesmen—so unknown was Thiers at that time to the booksellers, that he was obliged to couple his name with a worn-out hack, a man of the name of Felix Bodin, who would be considered a safe character here by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Co., or any other solvent and established firm in the Row. The first volume of this work created a sensation, and it soon acquired a party value altogether independent of its literary merit.

It was a new revelation for the men of the movement. The clearness, vigor, and beauty of the young author's style—the art and wonderful tact with which he dramatized circumstances—added an inexpressible charm to his development of an old, though never in France a hackneyed story. Each volume appeared with increasing popularity, and shortly after the revolution of 1830, the work had already gone through a third edition.

Thiers had long before the revolution of 1830 been known to Manuel, Foy, Constant, Perier, Laffitte, and the Duke de Rochefoucauld Liancourt. Manuel introduced him to Etienne of the *Constitutionnel*, and that able editor soon appreciated

his articles at their proper value. At the period when Polignac was named by Charles X. Minister for Foreign Affairs, Thiers founded, with Carrel and others, the 'National Newspaper,' and on the 26th of July, 1830, was the first to exhibit a resistance in the shape of a protest, of which we have elsewhere spoken.* His first service under the government was in the finances attached to the ministry of Baron Louis. In this subordinate station he afforded such unquestionable evidence of capacity, that Baron Louis did not hesitate to propose his name to the king as Minister of Finance, on the 2d or 3d November, 1830, when the cabinet of the 1st of August was quitting office.

Thiers, however, declined this promotion, and contented himself with the post of under-secretary of state in the cabinet of Laffitte. Contemporaneously almost with this appointment, he was elected deputy for Aix, and soon distinguished himself by such financial aptitude, that Royer Collard, addressing him after one of his earliest speeches, said, 'Young man, your fortune is made.' And made it unquestionably was; for, notwithstanding the prejudice of Casimir Perier against him, he conquered a position in the Chamber, and immediately after the death of that statesman, there was a question of introducing him into the cabinet. But there were susceptibilities and jealousies to assuage, and the day of his triumph was only deferred, and not destroyed. On the 11th October, 1832, he first became Minister of the Interior, and signalized his advent to power by the arrest of the Duchess of Berry. This measure accomplished, he surrendered the portfolio of the Interior for that of Commerce and Public Works.

In 1836, he became President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and continued in this position till he was replaced by Molé, in 1837. Again, in March, 1840, he was raised to the Presidency of the Council and Ministry of Foreign Affairs; but his indiscretion, his turbulence, his personal ambition, his desire of personal distinction and notoriety, even at the risk of a war with Great Britain, caused the king to call Marshal Soult to his councils in December, 1840. Since that period, now seven years and two months ago, M. Thiers has been an exile from power, and in the interval he

has occupied his leisure in travelling over a great portion of Italy and Spain, and in writing his brilliant and very readable *novel*, called the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' But notwithstanding all his faults and all his turpitudes, Thiers is the most considerable man in France after Guizot, and in so far as mere natural talent and resources go, he is a more considerable, a readier, and infinitely a more flexible—we will not say a more honest man—than the deputy for Lisieux.

As to physical appearance, it is impossible to conceive a more ignoble little being than Adolphe Thiers. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor grace, nor mien, and truly, to use the unsavory description of Cormenin (Timon), looks like one of those provincial barbers, who, with brush and razor in hand, go from door to door offering their '*savonnette*.' His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy—his aspect sinister, deceitful, and tricky—a sardonical smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth, and at first view you are disposed to distrust so ill-favored a looking little dwarf, and to disbelieve his story. But hear the persuasive little pigmy—hear him fairly out, and he greets you with such pleasant, lively, light, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remark, personal anecdote, ingenious reflections, all conveyed in such clear, concise, and incomparable language, that you forget his ugliness, his impudence, insincerity, and dishonesty. You listen, and, as Rousseau said in one of his most eloquent letters, 'in listening are undone.' '*C'est le roué le plus amusant de nos roués politiques, le plus aigu de nos sophistes, le plus subtil et le plus insaisissable de nos prestidigitateurs, c'est le Bosco de la Tribune*,' says the incisive and pungent Timon.

Though there is something of what the French call '*malice*' in this description, still it is in the main true. It is impossible for any human being, who knows human nature well, to think M. Thiers ever can be in earnest unless in a matter which intimately concerns his *own* interests, or—which is now pretty much the same thing, since he has become a leader—the interests of his party. It must be avowed that, unlike Guizot, there is neither bitterness nor acerbity in the man; but how can bitterness or acerbity find a place in the breast of an individual who is wholly without principle of any kind—without fixity to any banner or to any political faith?

* See 'British Quarterly Review,' No. VI., p. 498.

The little man laughs at right or wrong, for he has a sliding scale of virtue peculiarly his own. When Thiers is at the top of the scale, all is right; when his rivals Molé or Guizot are uppermost, all is wrong. The truth is, that in his innermost heart he laughs at all theories, other than the one which can raise Adolphe Thiers to power, and maintain him there. Nevertheless, although vulgar in a certain sense, ignorant in a mitigated sense, and generally rash, impudent, and shameless, Thiers is a remarkable man, and more fitly represents France of 1848 than any living Frenchman. He possesses all the restlessness, boldness, ignorance, and audacious self-confidence of the age and nation which he represents, and all its wit, quickness, cleverness, self-reliance, and strong spirit of nationality. It is because he represents France of the middle class as it really is, neither better nor worse, that he has been a considerable personage in all his undertakings, and has left behind him a trace of individuality—a trace, in a word, of Thiers. As a journalist, he was successful—as a historian, he was popular—as a minister, he was notorious, and national to a certain extent. He has, no doubt, many talents and many defects, but his successes in life are more owing to his worst vices, than to his negative virtues. He is probably the most intelligent man in Europe—if a perception of the wants and wishes of the million indicate intelligence; but he is possibly also one of the most insincere, mocking, and corrupt of public men, and at bottom one of the shallowest in all sound knowledge. ‘Donnez-moi un petit quart d’heure,’ he wrote to Spring Rice in 1834, ‘pour m’expliquer le système financier de la Grande Bretagne.’ In no other country than France could such a clever charlatan be tolerated or endured; and it says little for the national morality or feeling, that he has been so long not suffered, but petted and propped up by applauding deputies and admiring millions.

Molé is much more of a statesman—much more of a politician—much more of a man of the world, than either Guizot or Thiers. He is now in his sixty-ninth year, and descended of an illustrious legal family. Early in life, more than forty-five years ago, he entered the service of France under the First Consul, as Auditor of the Council of State, and subsequently filled high administrative functions under the Emperor.

In 1817 he was named Minister of Marine, a post he continued to occupy till the end of 1828. This was his sole service under the Restoration, though he belonged to the school of Talleyrand, Malouet, Clermont Tonnerre, Portalis, and Fontanes. He was the first Minister of Foreign Affairs after the Revolution of 1830, and was President of the Council in September, 1837, and again in April, 1838, but for the last ten years he has been an exile from power.

Molé has been a French peer for many years, and therefore his discourses do not figure in the Chamber of Deputies. But although his name be not in the mouths of the public, like the names of Guizot, Thiers, and Berryer, every educated Frenchman knows that he is one of the foremost and most considerable men of France. He is rather a man of the world than a *littérateur*, or a man of science, yet he is infinitely more of a scholar and a man of science than M. Thiers, and understands all questions of diplomacy and administration infinitely better than either Thiers or Guizot. Though not so brilliant, showy, or lively a person, in public or in society, as the deputy for Aix,—though less quick and apprehensive and ready, he is more solid, steady, and reliable. Though he could not write a state paper so quickly and so glowingly as M. Guizot, yet when written by him, after being fully perpend- ed and slowly elaborated, it would be less open to criticism or objection—it would be more neatly and more succinctly drawn up, and present fewer assailable points to a rival or an enemy.

Experience in affairs and in administration, Molé has in a greater degree than any modern Frenchman; and it is the opinion of no bad judge,—himself nearly the most experienced statesman in Europe, and, since Metternich has fallen into premature caducity, by far the ablest statesman and politician—it is the opinion, we believe, of Lord Palmerston, that Molé is the first statesman in France, if not the only statesman. But though Molé is a full, he is not, in debate, a ready man, and therefore lacks that confidence which, in such an opsismathist as Thiers, borders on presumption, if it does not even go beyond it. But Molé, though not so ready, is sounder and safer, and his style, in speaking and writing, though not so facile and glowing, is more classic and pure than the style either of Thiers or Guizot.

The countenance of Molé is serious and

grave, yet pleasant and agreeable. His complexion is of a deep brown, and his hair of a dark gray. His language is rather choice and correct than flowing, rather distinguished by propriety and elegance than by copiousness or strength. He is calm, clear, neat, often ingenious; always equal to his subject; sometimes he rises far above it. Now that Talleyrand, Haute-ri-ve, and Roederer are dead, he is possessed of more anecdotal history than any living *homme d'état* in Paris, and is, perhaps, the best and most classic *raconteur* in France. His countenance is open and gentlemanlike, and there is breadth and elevation in the forehead. He is rather tall, thin, and delicately shaped, and possesses in an eminent degree what our neighbors call the "*air distingué*."

Berryer is a widely different manner of man from either Guizot, Thiers, or Molé. He is not merely an orator, but a man of genius; and, without any manner of doubt, the only orator in France, and one of the few—and every-day decreasing number—in Europe. Nature has been in the highest degree bountiful to him; and it were, perhaps, no exaggeration to say, that in his own country he has not been equalled since the days of Mirabeau. His face is handsome and expressive—his manners are cordial, frank, and agreeable. He is a gay, laughing, *debonnaire*, good fellow, who tells a good story, relishes a good dinner, and enjoys a good glass of wine. He is, in truth, a simple, natural, and enjoyable man, though "*tant soit peu sensualiste*." But it is as a speaker and as an advocate that he is beyond comparison. To his incomparable, deep, and sweet-toned voice, he owes many of his parliamentary, and most of his forensic triumphs. In him you find combined the silvery tones of Murray, the exquisite grace of Wedderburne, and the polished rhetoric and playful fancy of Canning or of Bushe. Long before he entered the Chamber in 1829, he had attained the foremost rank in his profession, and in that very year he was offered an under-secretaryship by Polignac. "*C'est de trop, ou c'est trop peu*," was his reply, and to continue in his profession was the only course left to him.

Whether as tribune or as advocate, never was a man more calculated to captivate and enthral an audience. His action is simple and imposing, his imagination gorgeous and fertile, his perception quick and rapid, and his tact exquisite. But with the tongue of

a poet and orator, the eye of a painter, the grace of a rhetorician and, the polished art of a perfect actor, you feel there is something wanting. There is a want of heart, of sincerity and conviction, of moral honesty and respectability of character, which is felt as a serious drawback. We have nearly the eloquence of Mirabeau, and all his want of principle—the sensuality and profligacy of Rochester and Lauzun, with their wit, their powers of repartee, their facility and utter indifference and obduracy to any principle or opinion which interfered with their own selfish enjoyments.

A statesman or a great leader Berryer never can become. But when moved by a party question, or a topic in which he takes a personal interest, he will abandon the *coulisses* and *foyer* of the Opera Italien, and, eschewing Grisi and Lablache, dedicate himself for days to the Chamber. When he rises to give a *résumé* of the discussion, however intricate, you may hear a pin drop, and ere he concludes, you are convinced that he can run, like Sheridan—

"Through each mode of the lyre, and be perfect in all."

It is melancholy to think that a man of powers of such extent and versatility, has sadly wasted, and not unfrequently misused them.

Dupin is a very different man from Berryer. He is now in his sixty-fifth year, and had already acquired the reputation of a profound lawyer and able advocate, when elected in May, 1815, as a member of the Representative Chamber, by the Electoral College of Nièvre. It is not our business, and indeed we lack the space, to go over his history since that time. But starting from the 27th July, 1830, when he contended, at the house of Casimir Perier, that Charles the Tenth had the right to issue the ordinances, and when he was so triumphantly and indignantly answered by Mauguin, we may merely remark that Dupin did not attend the private meeting of the deputies held on the following day at the house of Audry de Puyraveau, nor was he present at M. Berard's, at four o'clock on the 28th.

In the beginning of August, however, when all the fighting was over, he again appeared upon the scene, and made that famous pedestrian journey to Neuilly which deprived France of the private fortune of Louis Philippe. By the law of France, the private property of the king merges in that

of the state. But Louis Philippe, swayed by sentiments of self-interest, settled his enormous wealth upon his younger children, and his consulting and family counsel on the occasion was M. Dupin, Aîné, as he was then called.

He soon after looked for and obtained his reward in being made President of the Chamber. In this capacity he ruled the house rather sternly and strictly. But it must, on the other hand, be allowed that shortly after the Revolution, a vivacity, a boisterousness, and an irregularity prevailed in the Chamber—a proneness to personality, and an ignorance of constitutional power, which it required a strong hand to restrain.

The chief defect of M. Dupin as a president was a want of blandness and dignity. His reproofs wounded, rather than soothed the vanity of the speaker. If, therefore, he was, in the president's chair, the impersonation of the French *bourgeoisie*—having as little love for *grand seigneurs* as *prolétaires*, and an equal hatred of soldiers, aristocrats, and high priests—if he was brusque, impetuous, and unequal, acting by fits and sallies, and occasionally ill-bred, on the other hand, when a question became entangled by the diffuse and irregular speaking of a mob of ignorant declaimers, no man unravelled it with greater skill, or resumed more admirably its principal and salient features, than the late President of the Chamber.

As a parliamentary speaker, though the eloquence of Dupin is not so spirit-stirring and genial as that of Berryer—though it is neither so high in thought nor so pure and polished in form, nor so rich in imagery and illustration, yet it is more strong and sinewy, more logical and compressed, more impetuous, rapid, and vigorous, and more instinct with the strong, full good sense of the *bourgeoisie*.

Dupin has more logical power of reasoning, more clearness and compression in his arguments, than tact, grace, or judgment in the mode of handling them. He is often unequal, sometimes trivial, occasionally low, vulgar, and rude. Learned as a lawyer, and strong as a dialectician, he brings to the consideration of all questions great perspicacity and unquestionable knowledge; but then, on the other hand, he is self-willed and unbending, and rarely exhibits suavity or conciliation. To statesmanship M. Dupin has no pretensions; and as a politician, he has no other idea than Louis

Philippe and the monarchy of the middle classes. As a writer, he has no pretensions whatever. He is the author of some professional works of utility, the style of which is no better than might be written by Lord Campbell or any practising barrister, however undistinguished as a literary man. In person, Dupin is of middle size, of mean exterior and appearance, and the large pair of spectacles which he is in the habit of wearing, greatly impedes his effect as a speaker.

Odilon Barrot is a stout, stalwart, strong-built man, with a comely, inexpressive, and meditative face. His voice is full and sonorous, and he has a pompous and measured style in speaking, and he generally gives you rather the idea of a professor of moral philosophy, or a lecturer, than a political debater. But occasionally he warms to his subjects, and at such times an auditor may ever and anon hear some finely conceived sentences, well delivered, with earnest and appropriate action. Lukewarmness, however, and temporizing are the characteristics of the man. He is almost always tame, and generally timid; and though he has come out with more fire and force recently during the reform banquets, yet if the people resist, Barrot will not be the man to lead them on. The great defect of this cold, calm, colourless man is, that he is too full of theories and abstractions. Though he occasionally generalizes luminously, yet being totally devoid of fine fancy and imagination, his didactic disquisitions fall on heedless and unlistening ears.

A man of infinitely more talent, readiness and aptitude for leadership than Barrot, is Mauguin, latterly fallen into pecuniary embarrassments of the most painful nature, and therefore neither trusted nor listened to as a man or politician. But after the revolution of 1830, no man played a more brilliant or leading part than unfortunate Mauguin. Though not like Berryer in person, there are certain resemblances in character.

Both have agreeable and attaching manners, both are fond of society, and of that conversational triumph and success which is in France a *puissance*. Both are clever, captivating, seductive—both, we fear, are alike indifferent, if not unprincipled. Berryer is a man of much more learning, of greater eloquence, and of vaster memory than Mauguin, but he does not exceed him in neatness, address, and talent, or in that wonderful gift which the French call *esprit*.

Mauguin's action is graceful and noble, his voice clear and piercing, though not of much volume, and his presence frank and manly. His diction is more declamatory in the tone and manner, than in style; and he errs rather by the excess of art and of labor, than of carelessness. Nothing can be neater or more dexterous than his exordiums. He perfectly adjusts and disposes each part of his subject, putting the weak points in the background, and throwing forward the strong arguments with great cleverness. His mind is equally subtle and flexible, but though he is as keen at hair splitting as Sugden or Kelly, he is strong as well as subtle, and has occasionally risen to the very highest flights of eloquence. In 1830, in speaking on the Polish question, he exhibited oratorical power of the very highest order, and completely rendered captive his auditory. But these efforts are rare, for he is generally too much master of his own emotions to render tributary to his will those of others. It is in bitter sarcasm, and finely pointed irony that he shines, and it was with these weapons he so often crucified Casimir Perier. But now Mauguin has fallen into the sere of years and the slough of pecuniary embarrassment, and unless the Buonaparte faction raise their heads on the death of Louis Philippe, his 'wine' of political life is 'on the lees.'

One of the most important men in France, not from his talents, but from his position, administrative talents, and power of managing men, is Duchâtel, Minister of the Interior, now in the 45th year of his age. He is the son of a humble *employé* of the Enregistrement of Domains at Bordeaux. During the Revolution and the Empire, the father advanced step by step in the administrative career, till he arrived at the Director-Generalship of Domains, and received the titles of Count and Councillor of State. The present minister was bred to the bar, to which he was admitted during the Restoration. Being, as an advocate, without causes, he sought to make himself a position as a man of letters, and became one of the editors and proprietors of the *Globe*, about the year 1827 or 1828. In this paper he published some financial and economical articles which excited attention. After the Revolution of 1830, he was named Councillor of State, and in 1832, elected deputy. In 1833, he made his first speech in the discussion of the Budget, in which he displayed a more than ordinary acquaintance with the sub-

ject. In the same session he was appointed Secretary-General to the Minister of Finance. In 1834, he became Minister of Commerce, and had, in this capacity, to bring forward several laws of general interest and importance—such, for instance as a law relative to savings' banks, to the customs, &c. In 1836, he brought forward the question of the Spanish funds, and introduced some reforms into the French administrative system. Into the Thiers ministry Duchâtel did not enter, and for the last seven years he has filled the important place of Minister of the Interior. Until 1843, he was considered as a sort of political and administrative aid-de-camp to M. Guizot, but since that year, finding that the favor of the king, the confidence of the Chamber, and the management of the *Fonds Secrets*, and his very considerable fortune, increased by a rich marriage, have given him a weight and influence, to which, be it said, intrinsically he has no pretensions, M. Duchâtel has had serious thoughts of setting up for himself. In the Chamber he is very popular with the members of the centre, and having a good house, a good cook, and being a safe and discreet man, and *tant soit peu gourmand*, he is influential, and, in a sense, popular.

Duchâtel possesses some of the qualities and some of the defects of Guizot. He is not so erudite or learned, and possesses not his powers of speech and exposition. But, on the other hand, he has more practical and administrative knowledge. On commercial economy and financial questions he is generally well-informed without being profound, and he is what is called in France a good man of business. He is tall and good-looking in person, but has latterly become inconveniently corpulent. He is a generally well-informed and well-mannered man, though somewhat too pompous and pretentious.

We have thus gone through some of the leading men of France, but there are others who might well claim a place and a consideration, which we cannot give them in the present number, but which we shall accord to them at no distant day. The names of Lamartine, Dufaure, Passy, Salvandy, Dumon, Sauzet, Arago, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Sebastiani, Berenger, Bugeaud, Hébert, Pagés, Remusat, and many others, at once occur to us. But we must hold our pen.

Any sketch of the public men of France would, however, be imperfect, which did not allude to—now that Talleyrand is dead—

the most remarkable man in that country—need we say, to Louis Philippe himself—to the king who, notwithstanding all the efforts of M. Thiers, reigns and governs.

The remarkable man who now governs France is in his 75th year. He has traveled much, he has seen much, and he has learned much; and perhaps there is no man in Europe, whether sovereign or subject, who has had a greater commerce with, or experience of, men and things. Without possessing any brilliant or showy talents, he is a personage of great general information; of a calm and tranquil nature, of a naturally cold and reserved disposition, in affairs of moment; distinguished alike in great things and in small, by prudence and perseverance. He is a man of immense labor, taking a pleasure in affairs and in the transaction and despatch of business. He examines, himself, all important papers connected with the affairs of state, reads the principal journals, and attends even to the details of his own private fortune, and to the management of the affairs of his family and children. He is an excellent linguist, speaking, with fluency, English, Italian, and German, and very lately he astonished the ambassador of Bolivia, by addressing him in the primitive language of Peru. Though in public the king is an incessant and rather egotistical talker on ordinary topics of no moment, yet he speaks but little at cabinet councils, generally listening very attentively. Sometimes he interrupts, for the purpose of asking a question, and sometimes he interposes objections. It very often happens that he knows practically more of a question than all his ministers, especially if it have reference to foreign affairs or diplomacy; and should the council not agree with him, delay is generally interposed, where practicable, and in the meanwhile the monarch sets about seriously to carry his point. In this purpose he is most frequently, by perseverance, successful, so that the *pensée immuable* is not a fiction. To say that he is a sincere, a fair-dealing, or an honest man, would be impossible; to say that he is a very superior man, would be flattery; but he is a cold, calculating, reflecting man; resolute, prudent, unscrupulous, crafty, and sagacious. He knows the courts of Europe, and the characters of the principal statesmen and ambassadors, better than any man in his dominions. He very well understands, also, the feelings of the richer middle classes, commercial and landed, of

France; and on them he places his firmest reliance. But for the last three years he has, in endeavoring to aggrandize his family, made great mistakes, and descended to more than questionable subterfuges, unworthy of a politic king, and disgraceful to a gentleman and man of honor. His ministers have been, for the most part, his tools, and to their persons and principles he is utterly indifferent, otherwise than as they, to use a vulgar phrase, 'carry out' his personal system.

ZOOPLANKTON.—The waters of the world teem with organic life; the depths of the ocean harbor the most beautiful, rare, and remarkable productions; marshes, rivers, lakes, and fountains swarm with a host of animated beings, whose varied forms and isolated habits unfold another universe, pregnant with inexhaustible sources of enjoyment to the contemplative mind. On surveying the legions thus dispersed, we are absorbed in admiration of the profound, the grand, and uniform design which obviously regulates their existence. Each has its appointed time and place. No deficiencies restrain the action of those, but so many simple atoms to our imperfect senses, void of external or subordinate parts. No embarrassments confuse the exercise of what to us seem useless, unmanageable, or redundant organs: nothing precludes the operation of such functions as are essential for self-preservation and the continuance of their race. Each has that perfection which is necessary for it individually, while forming a portion of that harmonious whole wherein all are comprehended. Entire tribes, as yet untamed—and many yet unseen—incessantly originate, and flourish, and decay, where most remote from notice or most inaccessible to mankind. When casually withdrawn from their recesses, it is as if in derision of our vaunted knowledge, and to prove our ignorance of the wonderful works of God. Now the entire aspect of animated nature changes before us. * * * An animal product, which the superficial observer might conclude a flourishing vegetable, dwells at the depth of thirty or forty feet from the surface of the sea. This, a yellow fistulous stem full of mucilaginous pith, is rooted on a solid substance below, and crowned by a living head, resembling a fine scarlet blossom, with a double row of tentacula, and often with pendant clusters like grapes, embellished by various hues, wherein yellow predominates. Though perfect as a single stem, this production seldom appears in a solitary state: two, three, fifty, or even an hundred and fifty stalks crowded together—their heads of diverse figures, shades, and dimensions—constitute a brilliant animated group, too rich in nature to be effectively portrayed by art.—*Sir J. G. Dalzell.*

M. ODILON BARROT.—In person M. O. Barrot is of fair complexion, middle size, strongly knit, and symmetrically built. He is now fifty-two years of age. He dresses neatly and carefully, and in this country would have been considered a dandy. He is usually calm and sedate in his manner, and he rarely allows his gravity to be disturbed.

From Tait's Magazine.

LOUIS BLANC.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Biographie de Louis Blanc. 1848. *Organization du Travail*, par Louis Blanc. 5th Edition. 1848. Discours de Louis Blanc, au Luxembourg, sur l'Organization du Travail. 1848.

[Mr. Barmby, it should be remembered, is among the most prominent of the advocates of association in England.—Ed.]

My first sight of Louis Blanc was at the palace of the Luxembourg. "*Voilà le petite !*" said a Frenchman near me, as he entered. He is, indeed, a little man, with a great *distingué*—a pigmy of price—a dwarf in body, but a giant in mind. He stands hardly four feet in height. His air, too, is extremely youthful, with his smooth, fair, hairless face, and his neat, slim, little figure. Although he approaches the manhood of forty, he might easily be mistaken for a boy of eighteen. Although he has a stern strength about him, it might be supposed from his first appearance that he was weak and effeminate. He entered, however, as one of the Provisional Government of the Republic of France, to deliver addresses to assemblies of working-men and masters, collected together by him, in his function of President of the Commission for the Government of the Workmen, to consult and decide on a plan for the organization of industry. He spoke, and the working-men were melted to tears, and even the masters were moved. His tones were soft and showery, or earnest and energetic. With his little figure buttoned up tight in a blue coat with gilt buttons, there he stood mounted up, evidently awakening, convincing, deciding, with modulated voice and expressive action. There he stood, though so small, not the least of the great men who now rule over the destinies of the France of the Third Revolution.

Louis Blanc was born at Madrid, October 28, 1813. His father was at that time inspector-general of finances in Spain. His mother was of Corsican origin, and he himself was brought up in Corsica, until he was seven years old. In 1820, he was sent with his brother to the college of Rhodes, where, when he was fifteen, he was more learned than his masters. At least, so says one of his biographers. In 1830, he left college, and rejoined his father in Paris.

It was at the time of the barricades ; and he threw over the barriers the buttons of his coat, because they bore on them the *fleur-de-lys*. Little did he think then, however, that, eighteen years afterwards, the Paris which he entered would salute him with acclamations in the midst of new barricades which he himself had contributed to raise. His father, a pensioner, was ruined by the fall of the Bourbons, and was consequently unable to further assist his son, whose first endeavor was to seek some situation. If now his figure is juvenile, his aspect then was almost infantine ! Although seventeen, his biographers assert that he would have been supposed not more than twelve or thirteen years of age. With this childish appearance, his manners were also timid. In vain he wandered over Paris seeking for an employment which should afford him but simple subsistence. His appearance prejudiced people against him. In the midst of France, in Paris—that monstrous city, which some have said should be the capital of the civilized world, he was likely to die of hunger. He reasoned upon this, and concluded that his situation was but the logical consequence of that vicious system, if system it can be called, which now obtains in society. In his sleepless nights, he meditated on plans of reform, and vowed, during the day, to engage in a determined war with those inhuman institutions which condemned the most numerous class to misery or to death. From his own experience, Louis Blanc was thus first struck with the terrible position of thousands who, notwithstanding every endeavor, are unable to find spheres in which to labor, either in body or mind.

Assisted by a small pension which had been given him by his uncle, he continued to seek employment with an indefatigable perseverance. He gave lessons in mathematics ; and, in 1831, he found a situation as an under-clerk. During this time, also, he had addressed himself to a friend of his family, M. de Flaugergues, an old presi-

dent of the Chamber of Deputies. This gentleman had remarked the high intelligence of young Blanc, and wished to inspire him with a taste for politics as a science. By him he was initiated into the first principles of political economy. At the house of the Gerald family, likewise, he made the acquaintance of M. Lorne de Brillemont, brother of the old deputy of that name, who was then seeking a tutor for the sons of M. Hallette, of Arras. This gentleman, after spending an hour with Louis Blanc, judged him fully worthy, and proposed him for the situation. It was a good chance for the young clerk, and he was accepted. He stayed two years at Arras. It was there that he burnished his first weapons as a publicist and a poet. Besides some remarkable articles which he published in the "*Propagateur du Pas-de-Calais*," he there composed three works—a poem entitled "*Mirabeau*," a poem on the *Hotel des Invalides*, and an "*Eloge de Manuel*"—which were crowned by the Academy of Arras. The activity he possessed now longed, however, for a wider field. The education of M. Hallette's children was finished, and he desired to enter into the lists of the Parisian press.

He returned to Paris in 1834, with letters of introduction to Conseil, the collaborator of Armand Carrel in the "*National*." But Conseil was like most Parisian journalists, he was everywhere and nowhere. Louis Blanc sought him for many days without success. At that time the "*National*" was published in the Rue Croissant. One day, as the young author went for the tenth time to the offices of that journal, nearly despairing of ever finding the uncomeatable Conseil, he raised his eyes towards heaven, as if to call for it to witness the inutility of his efforts, and perceived an inscription, bearing, in large letters, the words, "*Le Bon Sens*." That journal was as advanced in the advocacy of reform as the "*National*," and Louis Blanc, having two articles in his pocket, decided on leaving one for the "*Bons Sens*." It was, however, no small matter for one so modest to meet the editor in chief. Just as he was about penetrating into his sanctuary, a species of involuntary terror pervaded his limbs. "What shall I say?" thought he—"my young look will go against me again. They will suppose my articles are not my own." The perspiration stood upon his forehead. The door was there before him, and he had not the strength

to open it. He stood still in the passage, without advancing or receding. At length a door opened, and he found himself face to face with a porter. "Who do you want?" said the porter. Louis Blanc was caught. "Sir," he replied, "I seek the office of the chief editor of the '*Bons Sens*.'" "Come with me, and I will lead you to it," was the answer. Thus providence, in the shape of a porter, played a great part in the destiny of Louis Blanc. It was in despite of himself that he was conducted before MM. Rodde and Cauchois-Lemaire, then principal editors of the "*Bons Sens*." M. Rodde received the young author with great affability, but M. Cauchois-Lemaire looked more grave. He has avowed since, that he hesitated to take as serious such precocious maturity. He could not for the moment believe in the young Hercules. A first article was, however, accepted, and a second, and a third; and, in fine, M. Cauchois-Lemaire made a provisional offer of 1,200 francs to his young assistant. After fifteen days, however, they placed the salary of Louis Blanc at 2,000 francs, then at 3,000; and lastly, the chief editorship was confided to him. The sensation which his articles produced was immense, and they exercised great influence upon the democratic party, and helped considerably to associate them for a common purpose, by the union of the theories of the political school and the social school—the one as the means, the other as the end.

In his new position Louis Blanc entered into relations with the "*National*," for which he wrote a number of political articles. "There," says M. Sarrans, "was Carrel, that man of a thousand, that choice spirit, powerful in character and in genius, and who, from the heights of his probity, crushed all the intriguants without principle, whom the revolutionary whirlwind had blown upon the top of the ladder." Carrel was a Voltairian. But it happened one day that Louis Blanc submitted to his examination an article, in which he attacked the insufficiency of the political and social reforms preached by the patriarch of Ferney. Voltaire, according to Louis Blanc, had caused the political revolution of '89, Rousseau the social revolution of '93; and he preferred Rousseau to Voltaire. This proposition was so contrary to the ideas of Carrel, that for a moment it perplexed his excellent judgment. Struck, however, with the vivid reflections and strong thoughts of his opponent, the great publicist demanded

time to reflect, and afterwards did not hesitate to defend the severe principles of Louis Blanc against the attacks of those who had adopted nothing but the vices of a revolution. This debate was, moreover, the epoch of a considerable change in the political and social tendencies of the "National."

In 1834, Louis Blanc published also, in the "Republican Review," various works of high importance; among others, a magnificent article on Virtue considered as the Means of Government, the title of which is sufficient to recommend it; and a beautiful estimate and appreciation of Mirabeau. He contributed also to other reviews. In 1838, however, a new proprietary wished to change the political tendencies of the "Bons Sens," and Louis Blanc, with all the other editors, retired. This retirement caused the death of the journal. Another tribune was wanted for the eloquent defender of the popular cause, and Louis Blanc immediately founded the "Revue du Progrès," in which he has profoundly treated almost all the great questions of the time, whether political, social, financial, commercial, literary, or industrial. During the time that he gave his name and talent to this publication, he was also occupied with his most famous work on the "Organization of Industry." Never had a book such a re-echo as this. That problem, which had used up generations of thinkers, was there popularized. If the problem, in many respects, yet remains unsolved by Louis Blanc, he has still the credit of having rendered its superficialities more intelligible to the mass, more simple to the student. And now, moreover, as member of the Provisional Government, and as president of the commission named to regulate and guarantee to each the right of living by labor, he has an opportunity, better than has been offered since the days of Lycurgus, of testing by practice the theory of a true society organism. The suppression of non-employment, the misery of which he, like so many thousand others, has felt, is the great political object of Louis Blanc. Others, like him, have wrote, and thought, and worked, through neglect, poverty, and persecution. He has now the opportunity to act. The hour is, if he is the man. May his action be clear, calm, and decisive; and may the good God grant it success!

In his "Organization of Industry," Louis Blanc thus defines his political system:—"That which is wanting," says he, "for the enfranchisement of the working classes,

is the tools of labor: the function of government is to furnish them. If you would have us define the State, according to our conception, we should reply: the State is the banker of the poor." In other words, he accepts the idea that the employment of all its members is the obligation of a nation, or that national employment is the duty and function of government.

The first ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe were fruitful with great events. While editing the "Revue du Progrès," it occurred to Louis Blanc that he would also be the historian of these. He paid a visit to each of the actors in that eventful drama. He told each that he intended to write the history of the last ten years, and requested that they would relate to him the events in which they had any share, direct or indirect; indicating, at the same time, that he should apply his judgment in the use of the materials furnished. Thus originated the "Histoire de Dix Ans;" a work which, in the historical library, is worthy to rank after "Zenophon's Anabasis," and "Cæsar's Commentaries." This was followed up by Louis Blanc with his "History of the French Revolution," which he develops with all the grandeur of the epic spirit which it possessed. It has been well said to unite the vigor of Tacitus with the profundity of Pascal. In this work, also, he gives us the formula of his philosophy: "Three great principles," says he, "obtain in the world, and in history: authority, individualism, fraternity. * * * The principle of authority is that which stupifies the life of nations with worn-out creeds, with a superstitious respect for tradition, with inequality; and which employs constraint as the means of government. The principle of individualism is that which, taking man apart from society, renders him the sole judge of that which is around and within him—gives him an exalted sentiment of his rights, without indicating his duties—abandons him to his own powers, and lets all other government go on as it will. The principle of fraternity is that which, regarding as solidary, or indissolubly connected together, all the members of the great human family, tends to organize society, the work of man, on the model of the human body, the work of God, and founds the power of government on persuasion, on voluntary assent. Authority has been manifested by Catholicism with an *eclat* which astonishes. It prevailed till Luther. Individualism, inaugurated by Luther, is developed with

an irresistible power; and separated from the religious element, it rules the present—it is the soul of things. Fraternity, announced by the thinkers of ‘the Mountain,’ disappeared then in a tempest; and at present appears to us but in the far-off land of the ideal; but all grand hearts call for it, and it already occupies and illumines the highest spheres of intelligence. Of these three principles, the first engenders oppression, by the suppression of personality; the second causes oppression by anarchy; and the third alone by harmony gives birth to liberty.” Such is a succinct statement of Louis Blanc’s political positions. They are more true than they are original, and they are all the more to be accepted for this.

Thus was Louis Blanc engaged till the Revolution of February. Previously he took part in the patriotic banquets at Paris, and at Dijon. The thirty hours of February have elevated him to one of the first positions in France. He is by no means the least important of the members of the Provisional Government. The ascendancy which he exercises over the masses is immense, but it is rational. He has instinctively and completely seized the idea of the present revolution. He fully comprehends that it is not only a political revolt, but also an industrial insurrec-

tion, a new general societary movement. He well knows that it is more than a question of monarchy and republic; that it is the working-classes claiming not only universal suffrage, but universal employment, and the means of subsistence; in fine, that it is the problem of industrial organization insisting on solution. Aware of this, his action in the Government is firm and decisive. He knows that the wants of the people are reasonable, and that, unless they are granted, there will be anarchy and counter-revolution. This he would prevent by employing the people; thus giving them at once rights and duties, and at the same time raising them above the temptation of demagogues. Among the founders of the new French Republic, by the side of such brilliant names as Lamartine and Arago, posterity will worthily place the name of Louis Blanc.

[NOTE, (by the Editor of Tait’s Magazine).—We very greatly fear that the schemes of Louis Blanc and his associates may not ultimately be so profitable to France as they and their admirers believe. The idea of making the Government a universal employer will not, we think, turn out advantageously; and, in the end, the loss must be borne by the producing classes of that country. The solution of the problem is rapidly advancing, and will leave the world more convinced, we suspect, than it found it, that, in the division of labor, Government cannot efficiently and directly become great trading, manufacturing, and agricultural companies.]

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains. By George F. Ruxton, Esq. London: Murray. 1848.

AMONGST the race of our English potentates, the most avaricious and short-sighted was the mean and small-souled Henry VII., whose puddle blood seems to have passed to his descendant Elizabeth, the ready grasper at profits made at other people’s cost, and not over nice as to the honesty of the acquisition; witness her dealings with Drake, on his return with the plunder of the Spanish colonies, after refusing to sanction or embark capital on the first prospectus of his expedition. Christoval Colon, or Colonna, or Columbus, laid his propositions for the discovery of the New World before Henry VII. of England, who, considering him “wild and

visionary,” refused to speculate with the contents of his money-bags in fitting him out. The result was, that the “man-minded” Isabella of Arragon, influencing her weaker vessel of a husband, gave to Colon a Spanish commission, and the most magnificent portions of the New World came to be possessed by a people without genius for other government than the absolute. Had Colon sailed with an English commission, there would not have been the need of a stronger nation now invading Mexico, to plant therein the seeds of law and order by the process of conquest; nor would the ‘Westminster Review’ have needed an arti-

cle to show that the war waged by the United States against Mexico is a war of regeneration for Mexico, waged at the cost of blood and treasure, to which latter even the drab-colored men of Pennsylvania have to contribute.

The original conquest of Mexico by Cortes resolves itself into his skilful usance of the incessant internal wars and struggles of the Mexican tribes. Had those tribes been united, his entrance would not have been permitted. It is the universal history of all conquests by minorities over majorities. A civilized minority is a stronger power than an uncivilized majority; and inasmuch as the majority are permanently bettered in position by such conquests, the yoke is submitted to. But when unlimited power begets oppression, reaction commences, and the invaders are usually ousted. For it is the law of humanity that civilization, meaning thereby the increasing happiness of mankind, should be ever on the move, faster or slower, and all retrograde powers must be cast out, just as the healthy physical body sloughs off disorders and heals wounds, or dies. A Mexican potentate ruled by force over turbulent tribes who welcomed the stranger to help them to remove the yoke. By Mexican arms and Spanish *prestige* Montezuma fell, and Guatimozin followed him. We hear much of Spanish cruelties to the Indian races, but we doubt if they were so cruel as the Indian races to each other. The King of Spain retained the dominant power by virtue of the annual migration of a very few Spaniards to Mexico. Some amalgamated with the Indian races, and a new Mestizo race grew up. After the lapse of centuries the new race discovered that Spanish government was a disadvantage to them, and that Spanish power was little more than a *prestige*. They mustered up courage, expelled the King of Spain's commanders, together with his name, and elected then their *criollo*, native born, Yturbide, as an emperor over them. But Yturbide had no *prestige*, and many of his equals thought they ought to have been emperor instead of him. The result was, that after a short time his imperial crown was taken from him, and he was banished from Mexico with a promise of an annual pension while he stayed away, and sudden death if he returned. The salary was however not punctually paid, and he did return. Scarcely had he landed, when the death promise was kept. He was captured and shot by a military commission,

and a good deal of anarchy reigned in his stead. The Mexicans relapsed into the condition they were in before the landing of Cortes—province against province—tribe against tribe. The King of Spain grew hopeful thereat, and despatched a general and a small army to reconquer the country. But, as if to show that every rule has an exception, the Mexicans actually united and vanquished the invaders, under the command of Santa Anna, who may be esteemed as a fine sample of a Mexican patriot, *i. e.*, a despotic ruler, governing by means of an army of half savages. The Spaniards driven off, Santa Anna, minus one leg, reigned *de facto*, so far as his arms extended, till another dispute arose with a stronger people—not Spaniards—but of the Anglo-Saxon race—whom the vain military coxcomb expected to extinguish by the mere act of marching his numerous savage troops against them.

So many imputations have been cast upon the Americans with regard to the Mexican war, that it is important to show the processes by which it began—processes perfectly analogous to those which have extended the English Empire in India and Africa, and will extend it also in China; *i. e.*, the mere force of impact between the civilized and the uncivilized, in which the latter always succumb when not sufficiently numerous and powerful to destroy the civilized.

Texas and its annexation are commonly spoken of as an iniquity analogous to the partition of Poland, as though Mexico had been a well-peopled country forcibly torn asunder; but the facts are widely different. Texas is no integral part of Mexico, but an outlying province which, under the King of Spain, served as a huge cattle-breeding farm, subject to the incursions of the Red Indians—the Apache and the Cumanche tribes. They were kept under by the patrolling of several regiments of dragoons called *Campadores del Campo*; and thus did Texas continue an appanage of Mexico. When the revolution broke out, the dragoons were withdrawn, and the Indian hunted over a cattle-stocked desert. In this condition a certain Colonel Austin, a hunter of the Western States of the American Union, visited Mexico, and proposed to the government that in consideration of a grant of land he would plant five hundred rifles, and men to wield them, together with wives and families, in Texas, and would thus take order to drive out and keep out the Indians. The bargain was made and the work was

done by the fighting contractor. Volunteers in great numbers flocked to the successful colonel and colonist, and a prosperous trade grew up with the Northern and Western States across the border. The semi-barbarous government of Mexico grew jealous, and prohibited the trade, declaring that all Texan commerce must come by sea, and be duly taxed by the custom-house. The hunting, rifle-bearing colonists demurred to this, and disregarded the government edict, so that their trade became a process of smuggling. Indignant at the nonchalance of these American citizens, the government summoned Col. Austin to Mexico to answer for his conduct. On his compliance he was taken into custody, and cast into prison. Long he remained there, but at length made his escape and returned to his stronghold on his ceded territory. The rifle-armed colonists, strong in the belief of their own might, declared Texas independent of Mexico, and prepared to do battle in behalf of free trade.

The barbarian power accepted their challenge, and Santa Anna, at the head of as many thousand Mexicans as the Tejanos were hundreds in number, marched to attack them. One small body, hemmed in a fort and nearly starved, surrendered on the usual terms of safety to person. They were massacred to a man, by the orders of the faithless savage in gilt pantaloons and epaulettes, with a Spanish name and a cork leg. Roused by the treachery, the ardour of their remaining comrades was redoubled. The hundreds defeated the thousands, and captured Santa Anna. They did not murder him, but as the price of his freedom stipulated for the recognition of the independence of Texas; he agreed to it, and was set ashore in the United States. He returned to Mexico, and as a matter of course repudiated his agreement. At a subsequent period another expedition was sent against Texas; it failed, and the result was that the independence of Texas was acknowledged by foreign powers, England amongst the number. Being independent, the citizens of Texas prayed to be admitted into the northern union. The Americans accepted them, and thus Texas was annexed. Nor was there in all this anything contrary to international law. The colonists bought land from Mexico—fulfilled the terms of payment—became Mexican citizens—disputed an oppressive fiscal regulation—rose in rebellion—established their independence—obtained its recognition by neutrals—and joined themselves to another

state. All this was as legally right as it was morally just. We cannot see what right any nation in the world has to prevent wild lands from being colonized; still less can we conceive that barbarians gold-embroidered should be permitted to form an obstacle to civilization. It is after all moral force that must hold the rule; and when supported by physical power, to make order grow out of disorder, it would be a lamentable thing indeed for the world were it to be thwarted.

Many years have passed since we advocated these principles in the 'Foreign Quarterly,' in a review of a work on the United States, by Achille Murat, son of him of the White Plume and the Red Hand, who finally fell a victim to his belief that the mass of mankind was made to be the tools of individual men. When we wrote, Texas was only preparing for independence; the result was anticipated, and has since become a fact.

The Mexican barbarians could not or would not take warning by the fall of Texas, but tempted fate by quarreling with a powerful nation, whose out-posts are ever sure to be peopled with the least scrupulous of their citizens, men too happy to find a legitimate cause for quarrel. Too cowardly to defend their country, too covetous to unite amongst themselves, and too bombastic to acknowledge themselves overmatched, the Mexicans skirmished and ran away, bit by bit, before the American hunters, designated as an army; till one fine morning, the conquerors found themselves in the capital, and obliged to ransack their brains to improvise a government, partly military, to reduce the country to order—take possession of the revenues—encourage the mines, and exterminate the few guerillas. They meant only to conquer a respectful deportment on the part of the Mexicans, and they found to their surprise that they had conquered a country entire. At any time the invaders would have been glad to have made peace, but absolutely there never was union enough among the Mexicans to constitute a government with whom to treat. Could a doubt be entertained as to the question of the Mexicans being a mere rabble and not a nation, the volumes of Mr. Ruxton would at once decide it.

When we perused the first volume, which has no name to it, we were tempted to exclaim *Aut Ford aut diabolus*, so like is the style to that writer's 'Hand Book of Spain,' *Cosas de España*—Spanish matters—being

merely changed into Cosas de Mejico---matters of Mexico. Ere we finish our quotations, we doubt not to convince our readers that all we have written previously is true as gospel in national criticism.

Mr. Ruxton, provided apparently with a British government passport, judging by his mysterious influence on officials, landed at Vera Cruz at the commencement of the American war with Mexico, visited the capital, and travelled northward through Queretaro (where the Mexicans have vainly attempted to get up a Congress), Zacatecas, Durango, Chihuahua (pronounced Chee Wah Wah), Santa Fe, Red River, Arkansas, so on home to England by way of New York. A more "respectable man," in the Spanish sense of the word, *i. e.*, "a taller fellow of his hands," never crossed a horse. Captain Marryatt's shrewdness and writing power, with tact of observation united to all the qualities and endurance of a western hunter, could scarcely be combined with refined gentleness, but he would be an admirable travelling companion notwithstanding. We could sleep surely in the red man's wilderness, with his true rifle, clear brain, and iron constitution to help us. Nothing escapes him, and nothing seems to daunt him, and he is proof against humbug of all kinds. Yet should we have been better pleased with him had he avoided kicking the unfortunate *lepero*.

The following description of Santa Anna we would swear to in any court in Christendom. He has just returned to Mexico after one of his banishments. The description of the democratic tinman—one of the best samples of Spanish America—is also excellent.

"Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna is a hale-looking man between fifty and sixty, with an Old Bailey countenance and a very well built wooden leg. The Senora, a pretty girl of seventeen, pouted at the cool reception, for not one "viva" was heard; and her mother, a fat, vulgar, old dame, was rather unceremoniously congéed from the procession, which she took in high dudgeon. The General was dressed in full uniform, and looked anything but pleased at the absence of everything like applause, which he doubtless expected would have greeted him. His countenance completely betrays his character: indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily duplicity, treachery, avarice, and sensuality, are depicted on every feature, and his well-known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is portly, and not devoid of a certain well-bred bearing which wins for him golden opinions from

the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention.

"If half the anecdotes are true which I have heard narrated by his most intimate friends, any office or appointment in his gift can always be obtained on application of a female interceder; and on such an occasion he first saw his present wife, then a girl of fifteen, whom her mother brought to the amorous President, to win the bestowal upon her of a pension for former services, and Santa Anna became so enamoured of the artless beauty, that he soon after signified his gracious intention of honouring her with his august hand, after a vain attempt to secure the young lady in a less legitimate manner, which the politic mamma, however, took care to frustrate.

"Aug. 17.—We had an *emeute* amongst the Vera-Cruzanos. As I was passing through the great plaza, a large crowd was assembled before the Casa de Ayuntamiento, or town-hall. Accosting a negro, who, leaning against a pillar, was calmly smoking his paper cigar, a quiet spectator of the affair, I inquired the cause of the riotous proceeding. 'No es mucho, caballero: un pronunciamiento, no mas,' he answered—nothing, sir, nothing, only a revolution. On further inquiry, however, I learned that the cause of the mob assembling before the ayuntamiento was, that the people of Vera Cruz willed that one of that body should, as their representative, proceed to the palace to lay before Santa Anna a statement of certain grievances which they required should be removed. Not one of that body relished the idea of bearding the lion in his den, although supposed at this moment to be on his good behaviour, but one Sousa, a native of Vera Cruz, and by trade a tinman, stepped forth from the crowd and declared himself ready to speak on the part of the people.

"They had previously clamoured for Santa Anna to show himself in the balcony of the palace, but he had excused himself on the plea of being unable to stand on account of his bad leg, and said that he was ready at any time to receive and confer with one of their body. Sousa, the volunteer, at once proceeded to the palace, and without ceremony entered the General's room, where Santa Anna was sitting, surrounded by a large staff of general officers, priests, &c. Advancing boldly to his chair, he exclaimed, 'Mi General, for more than twenty years you have endeavored to ruin our country. Twice have you been exiled for your misdeeds; beware that this time you think of us, and not of yourself only!'

"At this bold language Santa Anna's friends expressed their displeasure by hissing and stamping on the floor; but Sousa, turning to them with a look of contempt, continued: 'These, General, are your enemies and ours; y mas, son traidores—and more than this, they are traitors. They seek alone to attain their ends, and care not whether they sacrifice you and their country. They will be the first to turn against you. Para nosotros, Vera-Cruzanos qui somos—for us, who are of Vera Cruz—what we require is this; remove the soldiers; we do not want to be ruled by armed savages. Give us arms, and we will defend our town and our houses, but we want no soldiers.'

"Santa Anna, taken aback, remained silent.

"Answer me, General," cried out the sturdy tinman; "I represent the people of Vera Cruz, who brought you back, and will be answered."

"To-morrow," meekly replied the dreaded tyrant, "I will give orders that the troops be removed, and you shall be supplied with one thousand stand of arms." "Está bueno, mi General"—it is well, General—answered Sousa, and returned to the mob, who, on learning the result of the conference, filled the air with vivas.

"Valgame en Dios!" exclaimed my friend, the negro; "que hombre tan osado es este!"—what pluck this man must have to open his lips to the Presidente!"

Here follows a description of the heroic patriots who were to destroy the Yankee invaders.

"Just before sunset we overtook the rear guard of the valiant Eleventh, which that day had marched from Vera Cruz en route to the seat of war, for the purpose, as one of the officers informed me, 'dar un golpe à los Norte Americanos'—to strike a blow at the North Americans.

"The marching costume of those heroes, I thought was peculiarly well adapted to the climate and season—a shako on the head, whilst coat, shirt, and pantaloons hung suspended in a bundle from the end of the firelock carried over the shoulder, and their cuerpos required no other covering than the coatings of mud with which they were caked from head to foot, singing, however, merrily as they marched."

Mexican innkeeping is unique, not merely to Mexico, but to Spanish America generally.

"Mine host and his family had separate accommodations for themselves, of course; and into this part of the mansion Castillo managed to introduce himself and me, and to procure some supper. The chambermaid—who, unlocking the door of the room apportioned to us, told us to beware of the *mala gente* (the bad people) who were about—was a dried-up old man, with a long grizzled beard and matted hair, which fell, guiltless of comb or brush, on his shoulders. He was perfectly horrified at our uncomplimentary remarks concerning the cleanliness of the apartment, about the floor of which troops of fleas were caracolling, while flat odoriferous bugs were sticking in patches to the walls. My request for some water, for the purpose of washing, almost knocked him down with the heinousness of the demand; but when he had brought a little earthenware saucer, holding about a tablespoonful, and I asked for a towel, he stared at me, open-mouthed, without answering, and then burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. "Ay, que hombre, Ave Maria Purissima, que loco es este!"—Oh, what a man, what a madman is this! "Servilleta, panuela, toalla, que demonio quiere?"—towel, napkin, handkerchief—what the devil does he want?—repeating the dif-

ferent terms I used to explain that I wanted a towel.

"Ha, ha, ha! es medio-tonto, es medio tonto."—a half-witted fellow, I see. "Que demonio! quiere agua, quiere toalla!"—what the devil! he wants water, towels, everything. "Adios!"

Can any collection of men be called a nation or a people, who permit the following things on the highroad leading from their principal seaport to their capital?

"On inquiry as to the modes of travelling from Jalapa to the city of Mexico, I found that the journey in the diligencia to the capital was to be preferred to any other at this season, on account of the rains; although by the former there was almost a certainty of being robbed or attacked. So much a matter of course is this disagreeable proceeding, that the Mexicans invariably calculate a certain sum for the expenses of the road, including the usual fee for *los caballeros del camino*. All baggage is sent by the arrieros or muleteers, by which means it is ensured from all danger, although a long time on the road. The usual charge is twelve dollars a *carga*, or mule-load of 200 lbs., from Vera Cruz to the capital, being from ten to twenty days on the road. The Mexicans never dream of resisting the robbers, and a coach-load of nine is often stopped and plundered by one man. The ladrones, however, often catch a Tartar if a party of foreigners should happen to be in the coach; and but the other day, two Englishmen, one an officer of the Guards, the other a resident in Zacatecas, being in a coach which was stopped by nine robbers, near Puebla, on being ordered to alight, and *boca-baxo*—throw themselves on their noses,—replied to the request by shooting a couple of them, and, quietly resuming their seats, proceeded on their journey.

"During my stay two English naval officers arrived in the diligencia from Mexico. As they stepped out, bristling with arms, the Mexican bystanders ejaculated, "Valgame Dios! What men these English are!" "Esos son hombres!"—These are men! The last week the coach was robbed three times, and a poor Gachupin, mistaken for an Englishman, was nearly killed, the robbers having vowed vengeance against the pale faces for the slaughter of their two comrades at Puebla; and a few months before, two robbers crawled upon the coach during the night, and, putting a pistol through the leathern panels, shot an unfortunate passenger in the head, who, they had been informed, carried arms, and was determined to resist. There is not a travelling Mexican who cannot narrate to you his experiences on 'the road;' and scarcely a foreigner in the country, more particularly English and Americans, who has not come to blows with the ladrones at some period or other of his life.

"Such being the satisfactory state of affairs, before starting on this dangerous expedition, and particularly as I carried all my baggage with me (being too old a soldier ever to part with that), assisted by mine host Don Juan, I had a minute inspection of arms and ammunition, all of which

were put in perfect order. One fine morning, therefore, I took my seat in the diligencia, with a formidable battery of a double-barrel rifle, a ditto carbine, two brace of pistols, and a blunderbuss. Blank were the faces of my four fellow-passengers when I entered thus equipped. They protested, they besought—every one's life would be sacrificed were one of the party to resist. 'Senores,' I said, 'here are arms for you all: better for you to fight than to be killed like a rat.' No, they washed their hands of it—would have nothing to do with gun or pistol. 'Vaya: no es el costumbre'—it is not the custom, they said.

"However, we reached Puebla safe and sound, and drove into the yard of the Fonda de las Diligencias, where the coach and its contents were minutely inspected by a robber-spy, who, after he had counted the passengers and their arms, immediately mounted his horse and galloped away. This is done every day, and in the teeth of the authorities, who wink at the cool proceeding.

"In a country where justice is not to be had—where injustice is to be bought—where the law exists but in name, and is despicable and powerless, it is not to be wondered at that such outrages are quietly submitted to by a demoralized people, who prefer any other means of procuring a living than by honest work; and who are ready to resort to the most violent means to gratify their insatiable passion for gambling, which is at the bottom of this national evil. It is a positive fact that men of all ranks and stations scruple not to resort to the road to relieve their temporary embarrassments, the result of gambling; and numerous instances might be brought forward where such parties have been detected, and in some cases executed, for thus offending against the laws. One I may mention—that of Colonel Yanes, aide-de-camp to Santa Anna, who was garrotted for the robbery and murder of the Swiss Consul in Mexico, a few years since."

The following might be a pure bit of Lázaro de Tormes or Quevedo.

"Those philosophical strangers who wish to see 'life in Mexico' must be careful what they are about, and keep their eyes skinned, as they say in Missouri. Here there are no detective police from which to select a guide for the back slums—no Sergeant Shackel to initiate one into the mysteries of St. Giles's and the Seven Dials. One must depend upon his own nerve and bowie-knife, his presence of mind and Colt's revolver; but armed even with all these precautions, it is a dangerous experiment, and much better to be left alone. Provided, however, that one speaks the language tolerably well, is judicious in the distribution of his dollars, and steers clear of committing any act of gallantry, by which he may provoke the jealousy and *cuchillo* of the susceptible Mejicano, the expedition may be undertaken without much danger, and a satisfactory moral drawn therefrom.

"One night, equipped from head to foot 'al paisano,' and accompanied by one José Maria Canales, a worthy rascal, who in every capacity,

from a colonel of dragoons to a horse-boy, had perambulated the republic from Yucatan to the valley of Taos, and had inhabited apartments in the palace of the viceroys as well as in the Acordada, and nearly every intermediate grade of habitation, I sallied out for the very purpose of perpetrating such an expedition as I have attempted to dissuade others from undertaking.

"Our first visit was to the classic neighborhood of the Acordada, a prison which contains as unique a collection of malefactors as the most civilized cities of Europe could produce. On the same principle as that professed by the philosopher, who, during a naval battle, put his head into a hole through which a cannon shot had just passed, as the most secure place in the ship, so do the rogues and rascals, the pickpockets, murderers, burglars, highwaymen, coiners, *et hoc genus omne*, choose to reside under the very nose of the gallows.

"My companion, who was perfectly at home in this locality, recommended that we should first visit a celebrated pulqueria, where he would introduce me to a caballero—a gentleman—who knew everything that was going on, and would inform us what amusements were on foot on that particular night. Arrived at the pulque-shop, we found it a small filthy den, crowded with men and women of the lowest class, swilling the popular liquor, and talking unintelligible slang. My cicerone led me through the crowd, directly up to a man who, with his head through a species of sack without sleeves, and *sans chemise*, was serving out the pulque to his numerous customers. I was introduced as 'un forastero, un caballero Yngles'—a stranger—an English gentleman, his particular friend. Mine host politely offered his hand, assured me that his house and all in it was mine from that hour, poured us out two large green tumblers of pulque, and requested us to be seated.

"It was soon known that a foreigner was in the room. In spite of my dress and common *sarape*, I was soon singled out. Cries of 'Estrangero, Tejano, Yanqué, burro,' saluted me; I was a Texan, a Yankee, and consequently burro—a jackass. The crowd surrounded me, women pushed through the throng, *à ver el burro*—to look at the jackass; and threats of summary chastisement and ejection were muttered. Seeing that affairs began to look cloudy, I rose, and, placing my hand on my heart, assured the caballeros y las señoritas that they labored under a slight error: that, although my face was white, I was no Texan, neither was I Yankee nor a jackass, but 'Yngles, muy amigo a la republica'—an Englishman, having the welfare of the republic much at heart; and that my affection for them, and hatred of their enemies, was something too excessive to express: that to prove this, my only hope was, that they would do me the kindness to discuss at their leisure half an arroba of pulque, which I begged then and there to pay for, and present to them in token of my sincere friendship.

"The tables were instantly turned: I was saluted with cries of 'Viva el Yngles! Que mueven los Yanqués! Vivan nosotros y pulque!'—Hurrah for the Englishman! Death to the Yan-

kees! Long live ourselves and pulque! The dirty wretches thronged round to shake my hand, and semi-drunken poblanas lavished their embraces on 'el guero.' I must here explain that, in Mexico, people with fair hair and complexions are called *guero*, *guera*; and, from the caprice of human nature, the *guero* is always a favourite of the fair sex: the same as, in our country, the olive-coloured foreigners with black hair and beards are thought 'such loves' by our fair countrywomen. The *guero*, however, shares this favoritism with the genuine unadulterated negro, who is also greatly admired by the *Mejicans*.

"After leaving the *pulqueria*, we visited, without suspicion, the dens where these people congregate for the night—filthy cellars, where men, women, and children were sleeping, rolled in sarapes, or in groups, playing at cards, furiously smoking, quarreling, and fighting. In one we were attracted to the corner of a room, whence issued the low sobs of a woman, and, drawing near the spot as well as the almost total darkness would admit, I saw a man, pale and ghastly, stretched on a sarape, with the blood streaming from a wound in the right breast, which a half-naked woman was trying in vain to quench.

"He had just been stabbed by a lepero with whom he had been playing at cards and quarreled, and who was coolly sitting within a yard of the wounded man, continuing his game with another, the knife lying before him covered with blood.

"The wound was evidently mortal; but no one present paid the slightest attention to the dying man, excepting the woman, who, true to her nature, was endeavoring to relieve him.

"After seeing every thing horrible in this region of crime, we took an opposite direction, and, crossing the city, entered the suburb called the *Barrio de Santa Anna*.

"This quarter is inhabited by a more respectable class of villains. The *ladrones á caballo*—knights of the road—make this their rendezvous, and bring here the mules and horses they have stolen. It is also much frequented by the *arrieros*, a class of men who may be trusted with untold gold in the way of trade, but who are, when not 'en atajo' (unemployed), as unscrupulous as their neighbors. They are a merry set, and the best of companions on the road; make a great deal of money, but, from their devotion to pulque and the fair sex, are always poor, 'Gastar dinero como arriero'—to spend money like an *arriero*—is a common saying.

"In a meson much frequented by these men, we found a fandango of the first order in progress. An *atajo* having arrived from Durango, the *arrieros* belonging to it were celebrating their safe arrival, by entertaining their friends with a *bayle*; and into this my friend, who was 'one of them,' introduced me as an *amigo particular*—a particular friend.

"The entertainment was *al-fresco*, no room in the meson being large enough to hold the company; consequently the dancing took place in the corral, and under the portales, where sat the musicians, three guitars and a tamborine, and where also was good store of pulque and mezcal.

"The women, in their dress and appearance, reminded me of the *manolas* of Madrid. Some wore very picturesque dresses, and all had massive ornaments of gold and silver. The majority, however, had on the usual *poblana enagua*, a red or yellow kind of petticoat, fringed or embroidered, over the simple chemisette, which, loose and unconfined, except at their waists, displayed most prodigally their charms. Stockings are never worn by this class, but they are invariably very particular in their *chaussure*, a well-fitting shoe showing off their small well-formed feet and ankles.

"The men were all dressed in elaborate Mexican finery, and in the costumes of the different provinces of which they were natives.

"The dances resembled, in a slight degree, the *fandango* and *arabe* of Spain, but were more clumsy, and the pantomimic action less energetic and striking. Some of the dances were descriptive of the different trades and professions. *El Zapatero*, the shoemaker; *el Sastroncito*, the little tailor; *el Espadero*, the swordsman, &c., were amongst those in the greatest demand; the guitar-players keeping time, and accompanying themselves with their voices in descriptive songs.

"The fandango had progressed very peacefully, and good humour had prevailed until the last hour, when, just as the dancers were winding up the evening, by renewed exertions in the concluding dance, the musicians, inspired by pulque, were twanging with vigour their relaxed catgut, and a general chorus was being roared out by the romping volaries of *Terpsichore*, above the din and clamor a piercing shriek was heard from the corner of the corral, where was congregated a knot of men and women, who chose to devote themselves to the rosy god for the remainder of the evening, rather than the exertions of the dance. The ball was abruptly brought to a conclusion, every one hastening to the quarter whence the shriek proceeded.

"Two men with drawn knives in their hands were struggling in the arms of several women, who strove to prevent their encounter—one of the women having received an ugly wound in the attempt, which had caused the shriek of pain which had alarmed the dancers.

"'Que es eso?'—What is this?—asked a tall powerful *Durangueno*, elbowing his way through the crowd. 'Que quieren esos gallos?'—What do those game cocks want? 'A pelear?'—To fight, eh? 'Vamos, a ver los toros?'—Come, let us see the fun!—he shouted. In an instant a ring was formed; men and women standing at a respectable distance, out of reach of the knives. Two men held the combatants, who, with sarapes rolled round their arms, passion darting out of their fiery eyes, looked like two bulldogs ready for the fray.

"At a signal they were loosed at each other, and, with a shout, rushed on with uplifted knives. It was short work with them, for at the first blow the tendons of the right arm of one of them were severed, and his weapon fell to the ground; and as his antagonist was about to plunge his knife into the body of his disarmed foe, the bystanders

rushed in and prevented it, at the same moment that the patrulla (the patrol) entered the corral with bayonets drawn, and *saue qui peut* was the word; a visit to the Acordada being the certain penalty of being concerned in a brawl where knives have been used, if taken by the guard. For myself, with a couple of soldiers at my heels, I flew out of the gate, and never stopped until I found myself safe under the sheets, just as day-break was tinging the top of the cathedral."

The opinion of Mr. Ruxton as to the Mexican character is thoroughly corroborated by all their historical acts. But we do not see the *sequitur* the author insists on of the remedy being found in a monarchy. We rather incline to the amalgamation with the American Union.

"The Mexicans, as a people, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are deficient in moral as well as physical organization: by the latter I do not mean to assert that they are wanting in corporeal qualities, although certainly inferior to most races in bodily strength; but there is a deficiency in that respect, which is invariably found attendant upon a low state of moral or intellectual organization. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and without energy, and cowardly by nature. Inherent, instinctive cowardice is rarely met with in any race of men, yet I affirm that in this instance it certainly exists, and is most conspicuous; they possess at the same time that amount of brutish indifference to death which can be turned to good account in soldiers, and I believe, if properly led, that the Mexicans would on this account behave tolerably well in the field, but no more than tolerably.

"It is a matter of little astonishment to me that the country is in the state it is. It can never progress or become civilized until its present population is supplanted by a more energetic one. The present would-be republican form of government is not adapted to such a population as exists in Mexico, as is plainly evident in the effects of the constantly recurring revolutions. Until a people can appreciate the great principles of civil and religious liberty, the advantages of free institutions are thrown away upon them. A long minority has to be passed through before this can be effected; and in this instance, before the requisite fitness can be attained, the country will probably have passed from the hands of its present owners to a more able and energetic race. On the subject of government I will not touch: I maintain that the Mexicans are incapable of self-government, and will always be so until regenerated. The separation from Spain has been the ruin of the country, which, by-the-bye, is quite ready to revert to its former owners; and the prevailing feeling over the whole country inclines to the re-establishment of a monarchical system. The miserable anarchy which has existed since its separation, has sufficiently and bitterly proved to the people the inadequacy of the present one; and the wonder is, that, with the large aristocratic party which so greatly preponderates in Mexico (the

army and the church), this much-to-be-desired event has not been brought about.

"The cause of the *two hundred and thirty-seven* revolutions which, since the declaration of its independence, have that number of times turned the country upside down, has been individual ambition and lust of power. The intellectual power is in the hands of a few, and by this minority all the revolutions are effected. The army once gained over (which, by the aid of bribes and the priesthood, is an easy matter), the wished-for consummation is at once brought about. It thus happens that, instead of a free republican form of government, the country is ruled by a most perfect military despotism.

"The population is divided into but two classes—the high and the low: there is no intermediate rank to connect the two extremes, and consequently the hiatus between them is deep and strongly marked. The relation subsisting between the peasantry and the wealthy hacendados, or landowners, is a species of serfdom, little better than slavery itself. Money, in advance of wages, is generally lent to the peon or labourer, who is by law bound to serve the lender, if required, until such time as the debt is repaid; and as care is taken that this shall never happen, the debtor remains a bondsman to the day of his death.

"Law or justice hardly exists in name even, and the ignorant peasantry, under the priestly thralldom which holds them in physical as well as moral bondage, have neither the energy nor courage to stand up for the amelioration of their condition, or the enjoyment of that liberty, which it is the theoretical boast of republican governments their system so largely deals in, but which, in reality, is a practical falsehood and delusion."

The propensity of horses and mules, especially the latter, to mistake each other's tails for hay, when hungry, has more than once caused us mortification in the endangerment of our fourfooted beauties; and we sympathize heartily with the traveller.

"One event occurred in Mapimi which annoyed me excessively. The night of my arrival, my animals, I fear, were rather scantily supplied with corn; and, to revenge the slight, the mules ate the tail of my beautiful Panchito to the very dock—a tail which I had tied, and combed, and tended with the greatest care and affection. In the morning I hardly recognised the animal; his once ornamental appendage looked as if it had been gnawed by rats, and his whole appearance was disfigured. I got a pair of shears, and clipped and cut, but only made matters worse, and was fain to desist after an hour's attempt. The tails of the mules were at the end of my journey picked like a bone, for, whenever their supper was poor, they immediately fell to work on each other's tails."

We commend to the attention of those who sympathize with Mexicans against their invaders, the following passage, re-

questing them to expound to us which are the civilized men and which the savages.

"For the purpose of carrying on a war against the daring savages, a species of company was formed by the Chihuahueros, with a capital raised by subscription. This company, under the auspices of the government, offered a bounty of 50 dollars a scalp, as an inducement to people to undertake a war of extermination against the Apaches. One Don Santiago Kirker, an Irishman, long resident in Mexico, and for many years a trapper and Indian trader in the far west, whose exploits in Indian killing would fill a volume, was placed at the head of a band of some hundred and fifty men, including several Shawnee and Delaware Indians, and sent 'en campana' against the Apaches. The fruits of the campaign were the trophies I saw dangling in front of the cathedral.

"In the month of August, the Apaches being then 'en paz' with the state, entered, unarmed, the village of Galeana, for the purpose of trading. This band, which consisted of a hundred and seventy, including women and children, was under the command of a celebrated chief, and had no doubt committed many atrocities on the Mexicans; but at this time they had signified their desire for peace to the government of Chihuahua, and were now trading in good faith, and under protection of the faith of treaty. News of their arrival having been sent to Kirker, he immediately forwarded several kegs of spirits, with which they were to be regaled, and detained in the village until he could arrive with his band. On a certain day, about ten in the morning, the Indians being at the time drinking, dancing, and amusing themselves, and *unarmed*, Kirker sent forward a messenger to say that at such an hour he would be there.

"The Mexicans, when they saw him approach with his party, suddenly seized their arms and set upon the unfortunate Indians, who, without even their knives, attempted no resistance, but, throwing themselves on the ground when they saw Kirker's men surrounding them, submitted to their fate. The infuriated Mexicans spared neither age nor sex; with fiendish shouts they massacred their unresisting victims, glutting their long pent-up revenge of many years of persecution. One woman, big with child, rushed into the church, clasping the altar and crying for mercy for herself and unborn babe. She was followed, and fell pierced with a dozen lances; and then (it is almost impossible to conceive such an atrocity, but I had it from an eye-witness on the spot not two months after the tragedy) the child was torn alive from the yet palpitating body of his mother, first plunged into the holy water to be baptized, and immediately its brains were dashed out against a wall.

"A hundred and sixty men, women, and children, were slaughtered, and with the scalps carried on poles, Kirker's party entered Chihuahua—in procession, headed by the governor and priests, with bands of music escorting them in triumph to the town."

Then follows another picture of Mexican troops.

"This escort—save the mark!—consisted of two or three dragoons of the regiment of Vera Cruz, which had been several years in Santa Fé but had run away with the Governor on the approach of the Americans, and were now stationed at Chihuahua. Their horses—wretched, half-starved animals—were borrowed for the occasion; and the men, refusing to march without some provision for the road, were advanced their 'sueldo' by a patriotic merchant of the town who gave each a handful of copper coins, which they carefully tied up in the corners of their sarapes. Their dress was original and uniform (in rags). One had on a dirty broad-brimmed straw hat, another a handkerchief tied round his head. One had a portion of a jacket, another was in his shirt-sleeves, with overalls, open to the winds, reaching a little below the knees. All were bootless and unspurred. One had a rusty sword and lance, another a gun without a hammer, the third a bow and arrows. Although the nights were piercingly cold, they had but one wretched, tattered sarape of the commonest kind between them, and no rations of any description.

"These were regulars of the regiment of Vera Cruz. I may as well here mention that, two or three months after, Colonel Doniphan, with 900 volunteers, marched through the state of Chihuahua, defeating on the one occasion 3,000 Mexicans with great slaughter, and taking the city itself, without losing *one man* in the campaign.

"At Sacramento the Mexicans entrenched themselves behind formidable breastworks, having ten or twelve pieces of artillery in battery, and numbering at least 3,000. Will it be believed that these miserable creatures were driven from their position, and slaughtered like sheep by 900 raw backwoodsmen, who did not lose *one single man* in the encounter?"

A specimen of the peddling Yankee in New Mexico:

"We encamped on a bleak bluff, without timber or grass, which overlooked the stream. Late in the evening we heard the creaking of a wagon's wheels, and the wo-ha of the driver, as he urged his oxen up the sandy bluff. A wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen soon made its appearance, under the charge of a tall raw-boned Yankee. As soon as he had unyoked his cattle, he approached our fire, and, seating himself almost in the blaze, stretching his long legs at the same time into the ashes, he broke out with, 'Cuss such a darned country, I say! Wall, strangers, an ugly camp this, I swar; and what my cattle ull do I don't know, for they have not eat since we put out of Santa Fé, and are darned near giv out, that's a fact; and thar's nothin' here for 'em to eat, surely. Wall, they must just hold on till to-morrow, for I have only got a pint of corn apiece for 'em to-night anyhow, so there's no two ways about that. Strangers, I guess now you'll have a skillet among

ye; if yer a mind to trade, I'll just have it right off; anyhow, I'll just borrow it to-night to bake my bread, and, if yer wish to trade, name yer price. Cuss sich a darned country, say I! Jist look at them oxen, wull ye!—they've nigh upon two hundred miles to go? for I'm bound to catch up the sogers afore they reach the Pass, and there's not a go in 'em."

" 'Well,' I ventured to put in, feeling for the poor beasts, which were still yoked and standing in the river completely done up, 'would it not be as well for you to feed them at once and let them rest?'"

" 'Wall, I guess if you'll some of you lend me a hand, I'll fix 'em right off; tho', darn em! they've giv me a pretty darned lot of trouble, they have, darn em! but the critturs will have to eat I b'lieve.'"

"I willingly lent him the aid he required, and also added to their rations some corn which my animals, already full, were turning up their noses at, and which the oxen greedily devoured. This done, he returned to the fire and baked his cake, fried his bacon, and made his coffee, his tongue all the while keeping up an incessant clack. This man was by himself having a journey of two hundred miles before him and twelve oxen and his wagon to look after; but dollars, dollars, dollars, was all he thought of. Everything he saw lying about he instantly seized, wondered what it cost, what it was worth, offered to trade for it or anything else by which he might turn a penny, never waiting for an answer, and rattling on, eating, drinking, and talking without intermission; and at last, gathering himself up, said, Wall, I guess I'll turn into my wagon now, and some of you will, may be, give a look round at the cattle every now and then, and I'll thank you: and saying this, with a hop, step, and a jump, was inside his wagon and snoring in a couple of minutes."

Another specimen of the qualities of the New Mexicans:

"No state of society can be more wretched or degrading than the social and moral condition of the inhabitants of New Mexico: but in this remote settlement, anything I had formerly imagined to be the *ne plus ultra* of misery, fell far short of the reality:—such is the degradation of the people of the Rio Colorado. Growing a bare sufficiency for their own support, they hold the little land they cultivate, and their wretched hovels, on sufferance from the barbarous Yutas, who actually tolerate their presence in their country for the sole purpose of having at their command a stock of grain and a herd of mules and horses, which they make no scruple of helping themselves to, whenever they require a remount or a supply of farinaceous food. Moreover, when a war expedition against a hostile tribe has failed, and no scalps have been secured to ensure the returning warriors a welcome to their village, the Rio Colorado is a kind of game preserve, where the Yutas have a certainty of filling their bag if their other covers draw blank. Here they can always depend upon procuring a few brace of Mexican scalps, when such trophies are required

for a war-dance or other festivity, without danger to themselves, and merely for the trouble of fetching them.

"Thus, half the year, the settlers fear to leave their houses, and their corn and grain often remain uncut, the Indians being near; thus the valiant Mexicans refuse to leave the shelter of their burrows even to secure their only food. At these times their sufferings are extreme, being reduced to the verge of starvation: and the old Canadian hunter told me that he and his son entirely supported the people on several occasions by the produce of their rifles, while the maize was lying rotting in the fields. There are sufficient men in the settlement to exterminate the Yutas, were they not entirely devoid of courage; but, as it is, they allow themselves to be bullied and ill-treated with the most perfect impunity.

"Against these same Indians a party of a dozen Shawnee and Delaware trappers waged a long and most destructive war, until at last the Yutas were fain to beg for peace, after losing many of their most famous warriors and chiefs. The cowardly Mexicans, however, have seldom summoned courage to strike a blow in their own defence, and are so thoroughly despised by their savage enemies, that they never scruple to attack them, however large the party, or in spite of the greatest disparity in numbers between them."

Our readers will scarcely rise from the perusal of Mr. Ruxton's book without the conviction that the most fortunate "Conquest of Mexico" will be that of the United States' army; that the greatest misfortune that can happen to her would be the withdrawal of the power which holds in check the incessant quarrels of hostile tribes. Whether it can be made to *pay* the United States for their trouble and outlay, is another affair; but certainly the Mexicans and the world at large will benefit by a process which will destroy anarchy, and establish settled government. We think it likely that the shrewd Yankees, though they have outlayed much capital in the war, will contrive to make the country pay future expenses of occupation. Sure we are that all British merchants and miners will rejoice at the change of rulers. One only possible evil do we discern—the revival of slavery; but even that we should not regret, if it were the means of removing the slave population from the States of the Union.

Mr. Ruxton is a citizen of the world; and the Geographical Society possesses in him a capital traveller. We are puzzled at times to make out whether he is English or American or Spanish; indeed, he seems to have "been born all over the world." Nothing comes amiss to him, and he has a most happy aptitude for assimilating to the people he visits. It is not often that one meets with a

hand equally practised with the long rifle, "bowie knife and Colt's revolver," and at the same time so apt at the pen; and with all this, an iron constitution to withstand heat, cold, hunger, and thirst. He seems perfectly free from prejudice, and the sole fault we find with him is a hardness of nature which talks lightly of human cruelties, and not always taking pains to put the slang of bloodshedding in Indian war into inverted commas. "Some hair," "top-knots," "love-locks," and other epithets of the brutal scalping race, are set down by Mr. Ruxton as though they were in accordance with his own habitual practice. We can scarcely imagine the anecdote to be true, that Sir William Drummond Stewart offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the scalp of an Indian who had stolen his horse, and that a mountain trapper took the scalp and received the reward accordingly. If it be true, it shows by what processes a civilized man may be converted into a murderous savage.

Since the foregoing was written, the news has arrived that peace has been made between the United States and Mexico, in consideration of the cession of a large slice of the latter to the former, and fifteen millions of dollars to be paid in exchange. This is

another 'Cosa de Mejico,' and something new under the sun—a people of Spanish blood acknowledging themselves conquered. How the dollars, the *pesos fuertes*, are to be divided, how many will go to the actual negotiators, how many to Santa Anna, and how many to the public chest, is a 'Cosa de Mejico' of little importance. Nor is the whole matter yet certain. The treaty, although ratified by the United States, leaves yet three months after the ratification for the American army to remain in Mexico, and still longer if the season be sickly. It will be odd to us if in the meantime the Mexicans do not furnish sufficient reason for breaking off the treaty and leaving Jonathan in possession of the whole instead of this slice, and with a repudiation of the dollar payment, save a small instalment to Santa Anna of the cork leg, *cum suis*. Heaven help the Mexicans if the Americans do retire! They will fall to upon each other's throats with fresh zest, all the decent people will retire to the American territory, and after a year or two of spectacle to the world, the Americans will again march in by common consent, and the boundary of the Union will ultimately be the Isthmus of Panama, with a railway for all nations between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

From the Quarterly Review.

LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE II.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John Lord Hervey. Edited from the Original Manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1848.

It has been known ever since Walpole published his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors in 1757, that John Lord Hervey, the *Sporus* of Pope, had left *Memoirs of the Court of George II.*; and it was stated by Bowles, in his edition of Pope, 1806, that Lord Hervey's dying injunction must prevent their appearance during the lifetime of George III. That injunction, however, was not Lord Hervey's, but contained in the will of his son Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, whose nephew, the first Marquis, now at last, twenty-eight years after the death of George III., authorizes the publication. Mr. Croker's fitness for the editorial task had no doubt been suggested by his edition of Lady Hervey's Letters, 1821. That lady

(the famous Mary Lepell) survived her lord for many years, and several of her friends, among others probably Lord Hailes and Horace Walpole, had been allowed by her to peruse parts of the *Memoirs*; but Lord Hailes, who in 1778 justly described them as 'written with great freedom,' hinted that whenever they appeared the origin of the antipathy between George II. and his eldest son would be 'revealed to posterity,'—and that promise is not redeemed in the text now given to the world.

The explanation of this seems to be, that the Marquis, upon the expiring of the testamentary injunction, examined the MS. with a view to publication, and not only conceived that a still longer suppression would be

expedient, but that some of its contents ought never to be revealed at all. His Lordship accordingly cut out and burnt various passages; and as he was careful to mark the place and extent of each laceration, the editor concludes from the context that they all bore reference to the feuds in the royal family. It is probable that we have thus lost a clue to what certainly is a very perplexing mystery; for it is evident that the alienation between Prince Frederick and not only his father, but his mother, was strong and decided while he was yet in his early youth—years before he ever saw England; and historical enquirers will now be more than ever puzzled, since Hervey's Memoirs show that the parental animosity did not go so far as to contemplate, if possible, his actual disinheritance:—an extravagance alleged by Frederick himself, or at his suggestion, in the scandalous mock fairy-tale of *Prince Titi*, but not heretofore confirmed by any better authority.

It is to be wished that the noble owner of the MS. had consulted some experienced literary adviser before he made irremediable mutilations, some of them possibly of no ordinary importance. Mr. Croker tells us *he* has altered nothing of the text confided to him, except words or phrases not compatible with modern notions of decorum—a liberty which every recent editor of old letters or journals has (or ought to have) exemplified. No man can be justified in publishing for the first time gross indecencies; and expressions that have this character to every modern eye abounded in the familiar intercourse, oral or epistolary, of the purest men and even women a hundred years ago—as well as in the most classical literature of their age. But Mr. Croker felt that this is a very nice and difficult part of an editor's task. To omit such things wholly and leave no indication of them—is really to destroy historical evidence, both as to individual character and national manners. His rule has been 'to suppress, but not to conceal.' We are to take it for granted, *then*, that whenever we see *Editorial* asterisks or brackets there was heinous offensiveness—for the text, as we have it, is still 'written with great freedom' in every sense of that word. We doubt not Mr. Croker's discretion; but there is no small risk, especially in these days of blue-stockings activity, that the scruples of delicacy may be indulged to the serious damage of historical testimony—and we venture to suggest that among all our book-clubs there might well be one to

perpetuate unmutated copies of private memoirs and correspondence. The plan of limited impressions, kept exclusively for a small circle, might in this case be serviceable to purposes of real value.

These Memoirs extend over the first ten years of George the Second's reign (1727—1737), during seven of which the author was domesticated in the palace. Of his personal history before they commence, and after their conclusion, we have even now rather slender information; but Mr. Croker has probably given us all that the world will ever have. He has certainly added a good deal to what we formerly possessed, and, we think, enough to prepare us very tolerably for the appreciation of Hervey's posthumous narrative, as well as to render intelligible not a few hitherto dark allusions in the prose and the verse of his friend Lady Mary Wortley, and their common enemy, Pope.

John Hervey, the second son of the first Lord Bristol, was born in 1696. His father, the representative of an ancient and wealthy family, was one of the leading Whig commoners at the revolution, created a peer by Queen Anne in 1703 through the influence of Marlborough, and rewarded for his Hanoverian zeal by the earldom on the accession of George I.: a man of powerful talents, elegant accomplishments, and unspotted worth in every relation of life, but not without a harmless share in that hereditary eccentricity of character which suggested Lady Mary Wortley's division of the human race into men, women, and Herveys. After his elevation in 1714 he appears to have lived constantly at his noble seat of Ickworth, in Suffolk, where he divided his active hours between his books, his farm, and country sports, and solaced his leisure with eternal grumblings. The peerage—the earldom—sufficed not; he would fain have had political office, and since this was not tendered to him, he would take no further share in the business of Parliament. His wife was a Lady of the Bedchamber to Caroline both as Princess of Wales and as Queen of England, and four of his sons, as they grew up, were provided for by royal favor, two of them with places in the household; but still he grumbled; and though the most distinguished of his progeny inherited few or none of his virtues, he imitated and exaggerated all the good man's foibles.

Lord Bristol's eldest son, Carr Lord Hervey, was early attached to the household of the Prince of Wales (George II.), and is said by Walpole to have been endowed with

abilities even superior to those of his brother John. He died young and unmarried; but his short life had been very profligate. According to Lady Louisa Stewart (in the Anecdotes prefixed to the late Lord Wharcliffe's edition of Lady Mary Wortley's works), it was generally believed that Carr was the real father of Horace Walpole, and besides various circumstances stated by Lady Louisa in corroboration of that story, it derives new support from the sketches of Sir Robert Walpole's interior life in the Memoirs now before us, but still more, perhaps from the literary execution of the Memoirs themselves, and the peculiar kind of talent, taste, and temper which they evince. If the virtuoso of Strawberry Hill was not entitled to a place in Lady Mary's third class, he at least bore a most striking resemblance to those of that class with whom she was best acquainted; and certainly no man or woman—or Hervey—ever bore less likeness than he did, physically, morally, or intellectually, to the *pater quem nuptiæ demonstrabant*.

John Hervey, on leaving Cambridge in 1715, travelled for some little time on the Continent, and then, not immediately succeeding in his application for a commission in the Guards, attached himself to the "young court" at Richmond, where the Prince and Princess had his mother and brother already in their household. Caroline was then a little turned of thirty, comely, high in health and spirits, and, besides the Chesterfields, Scarboroughs, Bathursts, the Howards, Bellendens, and Lepells of her proper circle, had also in her neighborhood and confidence Pope and the minor literati of his little brotherhood. Lady Mary Wortley, too, occupied a villa at Twickenham. To all this brilliant society John Hervey found ready access, and he soon became one of its acknowledged lights; his person was eminently handsome, though in too effeminate a style—his wit piquant—his literature, considering his station and opportunities, very remarkable—his rhymes above par—his ambition eager—his presumption and volubility boundless—his address and manners, however, most polished and captivating. He by and by stood very high in the favor of the Princess and, perhaps, for a season, in the fancy of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Pope received and cultivated him with the most flattering attention, but in what bitter hostility that connexion ended is known to every body—although it is not to this hour clear in how

far the change in Pope's feelings towards Hervey was caused or quickened by a change in the relations between Lady Mary and

"Tuneful Alexis, by the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' plaything and the Muses' pride."

In 1720 John Hervey married the flower of the maids of honor, Miss Lepell, and, Carr dying in 1723, they became Lord and Lady Hervey. In 1725 he was returned for Bury, and, following the lead of "the young court," joined Pulteney in the Opposition to Walpole. No early speeches are recorded, but it appears from a letter included in these Memoirs, that Sir Robert soon conceived a respect for his ability and a desire to convert him. In 1727 George I. died, and, the new king speedily adopting the minister whom he had as Prince abhorred, Lord Hervey naturally took a similar course. He received a pension of £1000 a-year, deserted Pulteney, and supported Sir Robert in the House of Commons, but still more efficiently by a series of pamphlets against Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the other wits of the "Craftsman:" but his father not having been converted, the change in the son's politics cost him fresh grumblings, and by-and-bye the son himself grumbled audibly. No difference in politics, nor in still more weighty matters, ever disturbed the affectionate confidence between them. Lord Hervey talked of giving up his pension unless Walpole would give him place. "Quite right," said the Earl of Bristol; and added generously, "whenever you choose to drop it I will give you an equivalent myself." However, the grumbling never took the shape of resignation, and at last, shortly after a foolish duel with Pulteney, Hervey received the key of Vice-Chamberlain, at which point (1730) the peculiar interest of these Memoirs begins.

That office in those days implied constant residence in the Palace, and, of course, as his wife had ceased on her marriage to have any post in the household, something very like a virtual separation *à mensa et thoro*. Such conditions would have seemed hard enough in 1720:

"For Venus had never seen bedded
So handsome a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell,"—

and they were then as fond as graceful; but by 1730 there seems to have been no

particular difficulty. Hervey indeed had spent the year 1729 in Italy *en garçon*—an excursion which left such traces in his tastes that several years later Lady Mary Wortley calls him, for shortness, "*Italy*." Lady Louisa Stuart (*Anecdotes*, p. 66) says, "that *dessous des cartes*, which Madame de Sevigné advises us to peep at, would have betrayed that Lord and Lady Hervey lived together on very amicable terms—as well-bred as if not married at all, according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one." On this Mr. Croker says:—

"As Lady Hervey was going out of the world as Lady Louisa came into it, she could not have spoken from any personal knowledge; and one or two slight touches of her grandmother's satirical gossiping pen are too slight to affect a character so generally respected as Lady Hervey's."—Vol. I., p. xvii.

But in this instance, as in several others, our editor is perhaps too ingenious. It is true that Lady Mary died in 1762, when Lady Louisa was in the nursery; but Lady Mary's daughter, the Countess of Bute, survived till 1794—and who can doubt that it was to her mother and her mother's co-eval friends that Lady Louisa Stuart owed her peeps at the *dessous des cartes* of the Court of George II.? Mr. Croker proceeds to say:—

"On the other hand, it is only too clear from some passages in the following Memoirs, that the gentleman's conjugal principles and practice were very loose, and that his lady, if she had not had an innate sense of propriety, might have pleaded the example and the provocation of her husband's infidelity. And here it may be as well to state that this laxity of morals was accompanied, if not originally produced, by his worse than *scepticism*. How a son so dutiful and affectionate, and resembling a singularly pious father in so many other points, was led into such opposite courses both in morals and religion, we have no distinct trace; but about the time that he exchanged the paternal converse of Ickworth for the society of London and the free-thinking Court of the Prince, Tindal, Toland, and Woolston were in high vogue, and it is too certain that Lord Hervey adopted all their anti-Christian opinions, and, by a natural consequence, a peculiar antipathy to the Church and Churchmen."—p. xviii.

All this is very true; but we are sorry to say we think it is quite as plain, from Lady Hervey's Letters to *the Rev. Mr. Morris*, that, if she never had any occasion to plead "the example and provocation of her hus-

band's infidelity," her "innate sense of propriety" could have derived little support from religious principle. (See Letters, pp. 98 and 251.)

Lady Louisa says:—

"By the attractions she retained in age she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome, and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge which some called affected, but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing.—*Anecdotes*, p. 66.

The Lepells were proprietors of the Island of Sark, where the people are more than half French, and her partiality for French society and manners was such that she seems never in her later days to have been so happy as in Paris; nay, her correspondents, whenever any battle has occurred between the nations, drop hints that she cannot be expected to sympathize heartily with the English side. We may add from Lady Louisa a singular circumstance, which Mr. Croker has overlooked or rejected. This maid of honor to Caroline, Princess of Wales—this wife of George II.'s Vice-Chamberlain, and mother of three servants of that government—was nevertheless through life in her private sentiments a warm partisan of the exiled Stuarts. We may also observe, though we are far from insinuating that Lady Hervey received Voltaire's personal flattery as we are afraid she did his sceptical philosophy, that this French-English lady had the rare distinction of being the subject of English verses by the author of *Zaire*:—

"Hervey, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast,
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be express'd;

"In my silence see the lover—
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the powers of your own."

Lady Hervey was a woman of both solid and brilliant talents (we think the editor of her letters speaks less highly of them than they deserve), and no one doubts that she had many most amiable qualities. She was an excellent mother to a large and troublesome family, and the correspondence of her widowhood expresses both respect and tenderness for her husband's memory. To all these circumstances Mr. Croker will natu-

rally point in support of himself against Lady Louisa's *dessous des cartes*. We have no wish to prolong the controversy—but she and her lord certainly lived together on a footing of confidence “more French than English.” To her he left the care of these Memoirs. In them he expatiates on some infidelities of his own, earlier and later, interrupted and renewed, with a perfect tranquillity of self-satisfaction; and he quite as coolly recites that both Pulteney and Walpole had made love to his wife, explaining in a tone of the most serene indifference that, though she admired their talents, she did not like either of their persons, and that they were both unsuccessful; and clearly implying, which indeed the course of his history rendered superfluous, that such liberties never at all disturbed his cordiality of intercourse with either the first or the second of his political captains.

Pope, who had often addressed the maid of honor in a style only less impudent than that of Voltaire's stanzas to the married woman, either retained a kindness for her, or fancied that her praise would annoy her husband—for in most of his attacks on Hervey he was careful to introduce her as a contrast. We need not add, that the whole strain of his invective was expressly designed to represent Lord Hervey as one who must be to every woman an object of contempt and disgust.

Whatever the original offence had been, it was Pope who threw the first stone in the eye of the world. The acquaintance appears to have dropped about 1725. In the *Miscellanies* of 1727, and again in the first *Dunciad* of 1728, Hervey was sneered at as a poetaster. In 1732 came out the satire with the contemptuous lines on *Lord Fanny*, and the unquotable couplet on *Sappho*. Upon this, Hervey and Lady Mary laid their heads together in the “Lines to the Imitator of Horace” (Lady M. Wortley's Works, vol. iii.), and Hervey penned the prose philippic against Pope, entitled “Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity;” both these appeared in 1733. To the Letter Pope replied in prose—and that production, which Johnson treats very slightly, was estimated far differently by Warburton and by Warton, in whose opinion Mr. Croker concurs as to the brilliant execution of the piece, though he adds that its substance was borrowed from a preceding libel by Pulteney, and repeats Dalway's just animadversion on the baseness of Pope's denying that by Lord Fanny and

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Sappho he had meant Hervey and Lady Mary. Whether Warburton was right in saying that this, certainly the best specimen of Pope's prose, was printed as well as written in 1733—or Mr. Croker in deciding that it was never printed till after Pope's death—is a question that will not greatly interest our readers; though probably most of them will incline to think that Pope's own friend, executor, and first editor could hardly have been deceived as to such a matter, and that when Johnson says “the letter was never sent,” the Doctor means merely that it never reached Hervey except in the shape of a pamphlet—that it was a letter, not for the post, but for the press. However, in the following year Pope administered a finishing flagellation. We doubt if in the whole literature of modern Europe there is anything to match that awful infliction—on which all the malignity and all the wit of a dozen demons might seem to have been concentrated—the character of Sporus in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1734).

Every syllable, no doubt, did its work at the time; but the reader of the Memoirs now before us, and of Mr. Croker's very piquant preface, will understand it far better than has been possible for those who had no clue to its minuter allusions, except what they might find in the notes of Pope's successive commentators. Pope remains the worst-edited of our first-rate authors. Lord Hervey, in 1734, was still only Vice-Chamberlain; but he was, in fact, of more importance to the government than any member of the cabinet, except the Premier, and an attack like this upon him was calculated to give more deadly offence to the real moving power of the State than any possible castigation of any other British subject whomsoever. Sir Robert Walpole only governed George II. by governing Queen Caroline, and he mainly governed her through the influence of our Vice-Chamberlain—the only gentleman of the household whose duties fixed him from January to December under the same roof with the Queen. A favourite before she was queen, he had not occupied this post long before he had no rival in her confidence. There was not the least scandal; but, as her Majesty pleasantly remarked, she owed that escape only to her years. When he received his key in 1730 she was forty-seven—he but thirty-four; and so youthful was his appearance years later, that she still used to call him “this boy.” He, to be sure, was made for a carpet-knight: he abhorred all rough out-

of-doors work—seldom even mounted a horse—but, the Queen always following the King when he hunted at Richmond, in her open chaise, the Vice-Chamberlain attended her Majesty in that vehicle—to which opportunities of confidential talk we owe much. In 1734 he says:—

“Lord Hervey was this summer in greater favor with the Queen, and consequently with the King, than ever; they told him everything, and talked of everything before him. The Queen sent for him every morning as soon as the King went from her, and kept him, while she breakfasted, till the King returned, which was generally an hour and a half at least. She called him always her ‘child, her pupil, and her charge;’ used to tell him perpetually that his being so impertinent, and daring to contradict her so continually, was owing to his knowing she could not live without him; and often said, ‘It is well I am so old, or I should be talked of for this creature.’ Lord Hervey made prodigious court to her, and really loved and admired her.”—Vol. I., p. 382.

However flattering her favor, and sincerely and affectionately attached to her as Hervey really seems to have been from the beginning, full of admiration as he certainly was for her talents, partaking most of her opinions, and very heartily sympathizing in all her dislikes—it is easy to understand, nevertheless, that he should have by and by considered his fixture in the Vice-Chamberlainship as a legitimate grievance. His generous father, it is evident, continually made such suggestions to him, and we must infer, from conversations reported and letters inserted in his Memoirs, that he himself laid his complaints before Sir Robert Walpole, who evaded them as well as he could, by strong expressions of his own personal anxiety for his friend's advancement, coupled with significant hints that the difficulty lay with the King;—a stroke of art on which Walpole must have hugged himself, for the bellicose and uxorious monarch had, in the earlier period, a considerable distaste for the slim chaise-hunter and his Italian cosmetics—and his Majesty was not addicted to conceal his prejudices—and no one knew so well as Hervey that a prejudice of his could never be assailed with the least chance of success except through the Queen—and Walpole felt quite sure that Hervey would never attempt to bring that engine to bear upon that particular prejudice, because to tell the Queen that it was hard the King stood between him and promotion would have been telling her that there were things in the world which seemed

to “her child and charge” more desirable than the hourly enjoyment of her society. The *tone* of the Memoirs leaves little doubt that Hervey was never quite satisfied with Walpole's apologies—but it must have puzzled him to answer them. We have no repetition of the complaints after an early chapter—and thenceforth, though Walpole is occasionally criticized pretty smartly, the King is kept before the reader, page after page, present or absent, as the one great object of spleen and abuse. The narrative stops with the Queen's death in 1737; but Lord Hervey must have understood the *dessous des cartes* of his own case in the sequel. Queen Caroline once gone, Walpole soon proposed him for a Cabinet office—and the King made no sort of objection. It must have been evident then, that Walpole had kept him in the Household for so many years, merely because he was the most convenient instrument he could have had for the most delicate task of his administration—the best sentinel for the *ruelle*—the adroitest of lay-confessors for the true sovereign.

But there is a subject of still greater delicacy connected with Hervey's continued toleration of the Vice-Chamberlainship. Horace Walpole, both in his *Reminiscences* and in his *Memoirs*, mentions as a fact of perfect notoriety, that George II.'s youngest daughter, the Princess Caroline,* her mother's favorite child, who was, at the date of the appointment, a pretty girl of seventeen, “conceived an *unconquerable passion* for Lord Hervey”—that his death was the cause and the signal for her retirement from the world—that after that, to her, fatal event she never appeared at Court or in society, devoting her time to pious meditation, and most of her income to offices of charity, which were never traced until her own death suspended them. Hervey's Memoirs have many passages which imply not

* Under the Stuart, as all preceding reigns, the daughters of Royalty were styled the *Lady Mary*, the *Lady Anne*, and so on; nor was the German innovation of Princess quite fixed in the usage of the time of George II. That King and Queen Caroline were themselves strenuous for the German fashion; their son, the Prince of Wales, on the contrary, among other attempts at popularity, declared himself for the old English *Lady*, and, if he had lived to be King, it would no doubt have been re-established. Horace Walpole, perhaps in part from his antiquarian feelings—though he hated all Germanisms except Albert Durer and Dresden china—adheres usually to the *Lady Emily*, the *Lady Caroline*, &c. Lord Hervey, of course, takes his cue from Queen Caroline—with him it is always *Princess*.

only his perfect cognizance of the Princess's partiality, but, strange to say, a clear cognizance of it on the part of the Queen. But Horace Walpole, no friend to Hervey, and not over squeamish on the subject of unmarried Princesses (for he very distinctly intimates that another of the sisters gave ample indulgence to her passion for the Duke of Grafton—which story is also told by Hervey in this book)—Walpole always guards the reputation of the Lady Caroline—he carefully distinguishes her case from that of her elder sister (who, by the way, was a friend of his own in after days), styling her, carefully, “the virtuous Princess Caroline;” and *perhaps* there is nothing in Hervey's Memoirs, as given to the world, that may not be reconciled with Walpole's epithet as he meant it. The question, at best a painful one, is treated very briefly by Mr. Croker, who is no great admirer of romance. He observes that the Princess's retirement from the world was to be accounted for sufficiently by her grief at the death of her mother, and her notorious dislike of her father; that she outlived Hervey by fourteen years; and that Hervey's widow, in her Letters to the Reverend Mr. Morris, alludes in terms of special kindness to the Princess Caroline, who is known to have, during her retirement, interfered on various occasions for the advancement of her Ladyship's sons. It is not those that have had the best opportunities for observation of the world, and used them with the best skill, who are the readiest to come to a decision on problems of this order. Mr. Croker, when he published the Suffolk Papers in 1824, used charitable or at least ambiguous language respecting the nature of the connexion between Lady Suffolk and George II. This, we own, appeared to us at the time rather odd; but we felt rebuked when, in the Character of Lady Suffolk written by Lord Chesterfield, and first published by Lord Mahon in 1845, we found the same subject treated much in the same manner. Although Hervey's Memoirs extinguish all doubts about Lady Suffolk, the caution of Chesterfield is a lesson of value; and we may add that in his Character of the mother of George III., included in the same publication, there occurs a parallel but fuller passage concerning that Princess and Lord Bute, which, for its thorough good sense, deserves to be well weighed by every reader of Court gossip:—

“I will not nor cannot decide (says Lord Chesterfield). It is certain that there were many strong indications of the tenderest connexion between them; but when one considers how deceitful appearances often are in those affairs—the capriciousness and inconsistency of women, which makes them often be unjustly suspected—and the impossibility of knowing exactly what passes in *tête-à-têtes*—one is reduced to mere conjecture. Those who have been conversant in that sort of business will be sensible of the truth of this reflection.”—*Mahon's Chesterfield*, vol. II., p. 471.

We suspect that, if Lady Mary Wortley's *poems* were properly elucidated, several odd passages would turn out to have reference to Hervey and Princess Caroline. Whether Pope had the Princess in his eye as well as the Queen when he elaborated his Epistle to Arbuthnot, we cannot tell; but if he had, the venom was the more demoniacally brewed.

Herbert was subject to fits of epilepsy; and the ascetic regimen which the shrub-sipper of Twickenham holds up to such contempt, had been adopted and steadily persevered in by one fond of most pleasant things in this world, for the mitigation of that afflicting malady. The “ass's milk” was his strongest beverage: and Lady Louisa Stuart reports a story, that when some stranger one day at dinner asked Lord Hervey, with a look of surprise, if he never ate beef, the answer was—“No, Sir—neither beef, nor horse, nor anything of that kind:” a story probably as authentic as that of Beau Brummell and “a pea.” Even in the works of Lady Mary there occur some Eclogues on Hervey which indicate a sort of dandy not likely, one should have thought, ever to obtain much tolerance with such a critic as her ladyship. Old Sarah of Marlborough describes him as “certainly having parts and wit, but the most wretched profligate man that ever lived—besides ridiculous—a *painted face* ;” and Lord Hailes, in his note on the Duchess's page, remarks, that Pope's allusion to these cosmetics in the “painted child of dirt” was ungenerous, because Pope must have known that art was resorted to only to soften “the ghastly appearance produced by either the disease or the abstemious diet.” We do not see that Lord Hailes's explanation removes the ridicule—the far worse than ridiculousness of what Mr. Croker mildly calls “one of Lord Hervey's fopperies.” But let us now look at Pope's portrait with our editor's framing:—

"P. Let *Sporus* tremble—

A. What! that thing of silk?
Sporus! that mere white curd of ass's milk?
 Satire or sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes and beauty ne'er enjoys;
 As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way:
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad!
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high now low, now *master* up, now *miss*,
 And he himself one vile antithesis.
 Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart—
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord!
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
 A cherub's face—a reptile all the rest:
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none can trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

"Though the substance and many of the sharpest points of this bitter invective, as well as of the prose 'Letter,' were originally taken from Pulteney's libel, the brilliancy is all the poet's own; and it is impossible not to admire, however we may condemn, the art by which *acknowledged* wit, beauty, and gentle manners—the Queen's favor—and even a valetudinary diet, are travestied into the most odious defects and offences. The only trait, perhaps, that is not either false or overcharged is Hervey's hereditary turn for *antithesis*, which, as the reader of the Memoirs will see, was habitual in both his writing and speaking. His speeches were, as Warton says, very far above 'florid impotence; but they were in favor of the Ministry, and that was sufficiently offensive to Pope.' Smollett too, led away, no doubt, by the satirist, calls his speeches '*pert and frivolous*.' Those that have been preserved are surely of a very different character; but *pert* speeches, if such they were, and even the foppery and affectation of a young man of fashion, are very subordinate offences, while that more serious defect which might have been really charged upon him, and which was strongly hinted at in the 'Letter'—laxity of moral and religious principle—has here altogether—or nearly so—escaped the censure of the satirist. Was it too fashionable and too general—or, in the eyes of the friend of Bolingbroke, too venial—to be made an object of reproach?"—*Preface*.

On this commentary we shall not comment at much length. Mr. Croker, we should suppose, hardly expected Pope to dwell on the point of infidelity: and as to the "laxity of moral principle all but escaping," we may content ourselves with

hoping that the very name *Sporus* (in the first draft *Paris*) constituted the foulest of calumnies as well as the most atrocious of insults.

With respect to Pope's copying of sharp points from Pulteney's "Craftsman," Mr. Croker seems not to have observed a refinement of the executioner's art in borrowing some hints also from Hervey's own "Lines to the Imitator of Horace." (*Wortley*, vol. iii., p. 384.) Thus the butterfly-bug is developed from—

"Is this the *thing* to keep mankind in awe?
 To make those tremble who escape the law?
 Is this the *ridicule* to live so long,
 The deathless satire and immortal song?
 No: like the self-blown praise, thy scandal flies,
 And as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies."

Again—nothing can surpass Pope's exquisite felicity in picturing Queen Caroline as *Eve* and Hervey as the fiend at her ear; but here, too, he had seized the suggestion from his victim:—

"When God created thee, one would believe,
 He said the same as to the snake of *Eve*,
 To human race antipathy declare," &c., &c.

And since we quote this piece, let us give also its closing couplets, which if not travestied by Pope, were more resented than all the rest:

"Thou, as thou hatest, be hated by mankind—
 And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
 Mark'd on thy back, like *Cain*, by God's own hand,
 Wander, like him, accursed through the land."

These verses, it must be confessed, afforded fair provocation for all but the main and pervading idea in the character of *Sporus*. Let us conclude with reminding our readers of the hereditary "eccentricity" in the Hervey family: what that gentle term occasionally indicates is often found in connexion with the terrible disease by which this remarkable person was afflicted—and there was no lack of eccentricity in some of his progeny, for one son was the Augustus Hervey who married Miss Chudleigh (the Duchess of Kingston), and another was the fourth Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry—the celebrated "Comte-Evêque" of the Continent, and of Cumberland's entertaining Autobiography.

We have kept our readers too long from the Memoirs themselves—but their revelations are such that in fairness to the author it seemed necessary to give a clear idea of his position when he wrote them,

and justice to the people he deals with no less demanded some scrutiny into the character of the witness.

The editor says :—

"Lord Hervey himself fairly admits that impartiality in such cases as his is not to be expected, and he justifies that confession to its fullest extent; but while he thus warns us of what we should have soon discovered without any warning—that his coloring may be capricious and exaggerated—no one can feel the least hesitation as to the substantial and, as to mere facts, the minute accuracy of his narrative. He may, and I have no doubt too often does, impute a wrong motive to an act, or a wrong meaning to a speech; but we can have no doubt that the act or the speech themselves are related as he saw and heard them.

"I know of no such near and intimate picture of the interior of a court; no other memoirs that I have ever read bring us so immediately, so actually into not merely the presence, but the company of the personages of the royal circle."—*Preface*.

We are not quite sure that the revelation is more close and intimate than that of the manners of two smaller courts, of nearly the same date, by the Margravine of Bareuth; or that of a far more splendid court, which we owe to St. Simon; but certainly we have no picture of the interior of English royalty at all to be compared with this; and the author having been not only a resident in the Palace, but also an active statesman, holding the most confidential intercourse with the minister, and taking a zealous part in parliamentary conflicts and intrigues, his work is enriched with a mixture of interests such as never could be at the command of any one penman under a continental despotism, whether great or small. Since our constitution assumed anything like its present form, it has been a very rare thing for a man of political eminence to be also a domesticated attendant on the person of a British sovereign; we doubt if any other man of public talents nearly equal to Lord Hervey's has ever within that period spent seven years in the daily observation of a royal circle; nor have we as yet had—not even in the Malmesbury papers—a series of political revelations, properly so called, extending over a similar space of time, and executed by a hand so near the springs of action. The combination of court and politics here is, we believe, entirely unique.

The editor proceeds thus :—

"Lord Hervey is, may I venture to say, almost the *Boswell* of George II. and Queen Caroline—but a *Boswell* without good nature. He seems to

have taken—perhaps under the influence of that wretched health of which he so frequently complained—a morbid view of mankind, and to have had little of the milk of human kindness in his temper. In fact, whether in his *jeux d'esprit*, his graver verses, his pamphlets, or his memoirs, satire—perhaps I might say *detraction*—seems to have been, as with Horace Walpole, the natural bias of his mind. There is, as far as I recollect, in all his writings, no human being of whom he speaks well, or to whom he allows a good motive for anything they say or do, but his father and the Princess Caroline. It must be owned few others of his personages deserved it so well: but the result is that all his portraits, not excepting even his own, are of the *Spagnoletto* school."—*Ibid*.

This is, we venture to say, a little too stern. If we had been to select a pictorial parallel, we own Hogarth would have occurred to us rather than Spagnolet. We cannot allow that good motives are wholly denied to Hervey's *Queen Caroline*; he could hardly be expected to be in love with both the mother and the daughter—but we believe that the touches which seem to Mr. Croker the severest were not introduced with any unkindly purpose; nay, that he meant them to be received as ornamental. For example, that overtolerance of the King's irregularities, which, Mr. Croker says, "if truth is ever to be veiled, might have been spared on this occasion," was probably considered by Lord Hervey as a fine trait in his patroness; and if "an impression injurious to the Queen's character" results, not from capricious exaggeration of shadow, but merely from faithful transcript of feature, have we a right to blame the pencil?

On that particular trait Mr. Croker afterwards gives us some clever remarks, which we cannot altogether reconcile with his sweeping allegation now quoted. He says :—

"The general fact is from many other sources too notorious, but the details are odious. The motive which Lord Hervey, Horace Walpole, and Lord Chancellor King suggest for the Queen's complaisance—that she did it to preserve her power over her husband—would be, in truth, the reverse of an excuse. But may not a less selfish motive be suggested? What could she have done? The immoralities of kings have been always too leniently treated in public opinion; and in the precarious possession which the Hanoverian family were thought to have of the throne until the failure of the rebellion of 1745—could the Queen have prudently or safely taken measures of resistance, which must have at last ended in separation or divorce, or at least a scandal great enough, perhaps, to have overthrown her dynasty; and in such a course her *prudery*, as it might have been called, would probably have met

little sympathy in those dissolute times. But even in this case we must regret that she had not devoured her own humiliation and sorrow in absolute silence, and submitted discreetly, and without confidants, to what she could not effectually resist. But neither the selfish motives imputed by former writers, nor the extenuating circumstance of *expendiency* which I thus venture to suggest, can in any degree excuse the indulgence and even encouragement given, as we shall see, on her death-bed to the King's vices; and we are forced, on the whole, to conclude that moral delicacy as well as Christian duty must have had very little hold on either her mind or her heart. I have ventured to say (vol. ii., p. 528, note) that 'she had read and argued herself into a very low and cold species of Christianity;' but Lord Chesterfield (who, however, personally disliked her) goes farther and says, 'After puzzling herself with all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in *deism*—believing in a future state. Upon the whole the *agreeable woman* was liked by most people, while the *Queen* was neither esteemed, beloved, nor heeded by any one but the King.'—*Preface*, p. lxxv.

As both Hervey and Chesterfield were infidels themselves, we might not have trusted implicitly to their representations of the Queen's religion; but there is most abundant evidence to support Mr. Croker's own measured language, and no one can object to the manner in which he connects this question with the one immediately before him. As to his regret that the Queen did not "submit without confidants"—if she had done so, what could we have ever known of the "humiliation and sorrow" that she had to devour? Must it not have been the natural conclusion that she either disbelieved the facts, or was indifferent to them? And then, no doubt, if we could have known that she did suffer intensely, but had pride enough to suppress all within her own bosom, the result would have been a more heroic impression—but would Mr. Croker have preferred a tragedy queen to the true, authentic, flesh and blood Queen Caroline? Would he have preferred that merely in an artistical point of view? Far more, in the reality of the matter? When tragedy queens are involved in sufferings of this sort, the results are apt to be serious. It will not be apprehensions of separation or divorce, or even the downfall of a dynasty, new or old, that will chain up one of them in "absolute silence." A tragedy will have its fifth act. We for our part are well contented to have the character as it was, rather than any grandiose embellishment of it—any fantastical ideal; and though we think Mr. Croker's conjectural

apologies very ingenious, we also think it more probable that the motives he suggests operated in conjunction with the one which he is disposed to reject, than that the "main motive for the Queen's complaisance" escaped such observers as Hervey and Sir Robert Walpole—for it is Sir Robert's opinion most undoubtedly that we have reflected both in Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* and in Lord King's *Diary*. But though Mr. Croker, like an illustrious countryman, of his, "goes on refining," and is perhaps as fond of historical doubts and theories as Queen Caroline was of Socinian metaphysics, we are far from supposing that he has in this curious Preface given us an exhaustive summary of his conclusions on the point before us. The text of Hervey proceeds from the first page to the last in the unhesitating belief that love of power was Queen Caroline's ruling passion, and, if everybody has some ruling passion, what else could have been hers? She was never even suspected of what the poet makes the only other ruling passion in her sex. And if this was not the pleasure of her life, every one who lays down this book will ask what it was that could have made life endurable to this "very clever woman?"*

When Hervey became Vice-Chamberlain, the King was forty-seven years of age—the Queen was her husband's senior by six months—Walpole was fifty-four. Between pens and pencils we are all familiar enough with the outward aspect and bearing of the higher figures in his group:—Walpole the most dexterous and the most successful of English ministers, with a broad, florid, square-like face, a clumsy, gross figure set off with a blue ribbon, a strong Norfolk accent—"certainly," says Hervey, "a very ill-bred man"—addicted to and glorying in the lowest low-comedy strain of wit and merriment:—George II., with something of the countenance that still lives among his descendants—the open blue eye, the well-formed nose, and the fresh sanguine complexion—but wanting advantages that have been supplied from subsequent alliances of the race; his figure short, but wiry, well knit, and vigorous—his manner abrupt, brusque, even when he chose to be gallant in ladies' bower—more

* We have been speaking of tragedies. The book that was found dabbled with blood by Madame de Praslin's bedside was that delicate specimen of Mrs. Gore's skill, entitled "Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination."

of the martinet than the monarch; cholerick, opinionative, sensitive, and jealous of temper—but with a fund of good sense at bottom, and perfect courage and honesty; from vanity and long indulgence the slave of that vice which had degraded the far superior talents of Henry II., Edward I., Edward IV., and Charles II.—but, unlike the ablest of these, seldom allowing any influence connected with such errors to affect his exercise of patronage, and never at all to affect his policy and administration as King; with a strong natural predilection for his native electorate, its people, its manners, and its peculiar interests—and occasionally in word and in writing betraying such feelings to a very unwise extent: but as to them, as on all other subjects but one, quickly reducible to reason and discretion through the patient tact of his Queen, who never had any rival in his confidence any more than in his esteem—nay, never even as a woman had any real rival in his affection—not even now, when years had done their usual work on that once very loveable person, and neither form nor complexion were much caricatured in Lady Mary Wortley's picture of her, (*Works*, vol. iii., p. 424)—

“Superior to her waiting nymphs,
As lobster to attendant shrimps.”

The following passages occur early:—

“She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess ever received a favorable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses: King James by his priests; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favorites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, and asked—‘And who do they say governs now?’—The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels and lampoons of these days were composed:—

You may strut, dapper George, but 't will all be in vain;

You govern no more than Don Philip of Spain.
Then if you would have us fall down and adore you,

Lock up your fat spouse, as your dad did before you.

“Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *regime*. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the King every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, and assenting to what she did not believe, praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it—*consilii quamvis egregii quod ipse non afferet inimicus*: she used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. . . . To contradict his will directly, was always the way to strengthen it; and to labour to convince, was to confirm him. Besides all this, he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon those occasions was a sort of iron reversed, for the hotter it was the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression, it was only when it was quite cool. . . . For all the tedious hours she spent her single consolation was in reflecting that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country.

“His design at first was as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,—

Seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main et voir tout de ses yeux.

He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; but it was very plain that the Queen had subverted all his notions. . . . Instead of betraying (as formerly) a jealousy of being thought to be governed by Sir Robert—instead of avoiding every opportunity of distinguishing and speaking to him in public—he very apparently now, if he loved any body in the world besides the Queen, had not only an opinion of the statesman, but an affection for the man. When Lord Hervey (often to try him) gave him accounts of attacks that had been made on Sir Robert in the House, and the things Sir Robert had said in defence and retaliation, the King would cry out, with colour flushing into his cheeks, tears sometimes in his eyes, and with a vehement oath, ‘*He is a brave fellow; he has more spirit than any man I ever knew.*’ The Queen always joined in chorus: and Lord Hervey, in these partial moments, never failed to make the most he could of his friend and patron's cause.”

The following little sketch of the important evening (9th April, 1733) on which Walpole found himself compelled to give up his Excise Bill is among the first in which all the three principal figures appear :

"As soon as the whole was over, Lord Hervey went to the Queen to acquaint her with what had passed. When Lord Hervey at his first coming into the room shook his head and told her the numbers, the tears ran down her cheeks and for some time she could not utter a word; at last she said '*It is over, we must give way* ; but, pray, tell me a little how it passed.' Lord Hervey said it was not to be wondered at that opponents to this Bill should increase when everybody now believed that my Lord Bolingbroke's party at St. James's was more numerous than at Dawley. . . . Whilst he was saying this the King came in, and the Queen made Lord Hervey repeat all he had been saying. The King heard willingly, but that night said very little; he asked many questions, but was much more costive than usual in his comments upon the answers; however, when he asked if he could remember some of those who had swelled the defection that day, as Lord Hervey repeated the names, his Majesty tacked remarks to them:—Lord James Cavendish, '*a fool*;' Lord Charles Cavendish, '*he is half mad*;' Sir William Lowther, '*a whimsical fellow*;' Sir Thomas Prendergast, '*an Irish blockhead*;' Lord Tyrconnel, '*a puppy that never votes twice together on the same side*.' There were more in the same style. As soon as Lord Hervey was dismissed, he went to Sir Robert Walpole's, who had assembled about a dozen friends to communicate the resolution taken. After supper, when the servants were gone, Sir Robert opened his intentions with a sort of unpleased smile, and saying, '*This dance it will no farther go* ; the turn my friends will take will be to declare that they have not altered their opinion, but that the clamor that has been raised makes it necessary to give way.' . . . On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his firmest friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could."—Vol. I., p. 198.

Hervey adds :—

"Many thought that the Queen imagined her power with the King depended at this time on her being able to maintain Sir Robert Walpole, consequently that she looked on his cause as her own; but these conjectures were mistaken: the Queen knew her own strength with the King too well to be of this opinion. The future Ministry would certainly have been of her nomination, in case of a change, as much as the present, and if they had subsisted, as much at her devotion, for had she found them less so, their reign would not have been long. But it is very probable her pride might be somewhat concerned to support a minister looked upon in the world as her creature, and that she might have a mind to defeat the hope Lady Suffolk might have conceived of being able to make any advantage of the King's seeing himself reduc-

ed by the voice of the people to dismiss a man whom her private voice had so long condemned."—Vol. I., p. 213.

It was in the same year, 1733, that the first marriage among the royal progeny was negotiated, and the details of the whole affair are given in the most pungent style of the favorite "*at the ear of Eve*." The candidate for the hand of the Princess Royal (Anne) was the young Prince of Orange, whose position in his own country was then uneasy and unsatisfactory, for he had not obtained the stadtholderate of Holland, and, his property being overburdened, he had but a free income of 12,000*l.* a-year. The tone of the English Court and of Walpole's adherents in Parliament was, that the King listened to the proposal purely out of his anxiety to strengthen the Protestant succession, and to renew the alliance with the race of "*the great deliverer*;" but, says our author :—

"The true reason for this match was, that there was no other for the Princess in all Europe, so that her Royal Highness's option was not between this Prince and any other, but between a husband and no husband—between an indifferent settlement and no settlement at all.

"The Princess Royal's beauties were a lively clean look and a very fine complexion, though she was marked a good deal with the smallpox. The Prince of Orange's figure, besides his being almost a dwarf, was as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be; his countenance sensible, but his breath more offensive than it is possible to imagine. These defects, unrecompensed by the *éclat* of rank or the more essential comforts of great riches, made the situation of the poor Princess so much more commiserable; for as her youth and an excellent warm animated constitution made her, I believe, now and then remember she was a woman, so I can answer for her that natural and acquired pride seldom or never let her forget she was a Princess; and as this match gave her little hope of gratifying the one, so it afforded as little prospect of supporting the other. There is one of two inconveniences that generally attends most marriages: the one is sacrificing all consideration of interest and grandeur for the sake of beauty and an agreeable person; and the other, that of sacrificing all consideration of beauty and person to interest and grandeur. This match most unfortunately conciliated the inconveniences of both these methods of marrying; however, as she apprehended the consequences of not being married at all must one time or other be worse than even the being so married, she very prudently submitted to the present evil to avoid a greater in futurity. "*For my part (said the Queen), I never said the least word to encourage or to dissuade; as she thought the King looked upon it as a proper match, she said, if it was a monkey, she would marry him.*"—Vol. I., p. 274.

We reach presently the ceremonial of the nuptials, from the procession to the Chapel Royal at St. James's to the solemn inspection of the bedding by the whole royal family and the lords and ladies of the household—which last custom was first “honored in the breach” at the marriage of George III. :—

“The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper than one could naturally have expected such an *Æsop*, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke that flowed all over his back, and hid the roundness of it; and as his countenance was not bad; there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable. But when he was undressed, and came in his nightgown and nightcap into the room to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of every body who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The Queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, ‘*Ah! mon Dieu! quand je voyois entrer ce monstre pour coucher avec ma fille, j’ai pensé m’évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m’a assommée. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n’aviez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Bon Dieu! c’est trop sot en moi, mais j’en pleure encore.*’ Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able. He only said ‘Oh! Madam, in half a year all persons are alike; the figure of the body one’s married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one’s eyes that one looks at it mechanically without regarding either the beauties or deformities that strike a stranger.’ ‘One may, and I believe one does (replied the Queen) grow blind at last; but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference, as long as one sees, in the manner of one’s going blind.’ The sisters spoke much in the same style as the mother, with horror of his figure, and great commiseration of the fate of his wife.”—Vol. I., pp. 310, 311

The honeymoon party being windbound for a short time at Gravesend, Hervey repairs thither, and is not a little surprised to find how completely in the course of a few days the blooming bride had let her “monkey” into all the *dessous des cartes* of St. James's. We have here the first allusion to what was, it seems, the main cause of the hatred between Frederick Prince of Wales and Lord Hervey, namely, their rivalry, or rather their community of success, in the loves of one of the Queen's maids of honor, Miss Vane, sister of the first Lord Darlington. This nymph had

shortly before (1732) “lain in with little mystery in St. James's palace and the child was publicly christened *Fitz-Frederick Vane*.”—

“Here it was, by being closeted two or three hours with the Prince of Orange, Lord Hervey found his bride had already made him so well acquainted with this Court, that there was nobody belonging to it whose character, even to the most minute particulars, was not as well known to him as their face. The Prince of Orange had a good deal of drollery, and whilst Lord Hervey was delivering the compliments of St. James's to him, he asked him smiling, what message he had brought from the Prince of Wales? Lord Hervey said his departure was so sudden that he had not seen the Prince. ‘If you had’ (replied the Prince of Orange), ‘it would have been all one, since he was not more likely to send his sister a message than he was to make your Lordship his ambassador.’ Lord Hervey was a good deal surprised to hear the Prince of Orange speak so freely on this subject, and did not think it very discreet in him. The Prince, however, went on, and talked of Miss Vane, and bade Lord Hervey not to be too proud of that boy, since he had heard from very good authority it was the child of a triumvirate, and that the Prince of Wales and Lord Harrington had full as good a title to it as himself.”—Vol. I., pp. 328, 329.

In the second volume there occurs a chasm which, the editor says, marks probably the detail of Hervey's intrigue, quarrel, and subsequent reconciliation with this Miss Vane. These sentences have been spared :—

“The manner of the reconciliation was from their seeing one another in public places, and their mutually discovering that both had a mind to forget their past enmity—till from ogling they came to messages; from messages to letters; from letters to appointments; and from appointments to all the familiarity in which they had formerly lived: for when two people have a mutual inclination to meet, I never knew any objection that might arise in their own minds prevent their aiming at it, or any foreign obstacle hinder their accomplishing it.”—Vol. II., p. 20.

Hervey was her great adviser in her negotiations about money with the Prince of Wales, when his Royal Highness was about to be married (in 1736), and he takes the opportunity of recording the letters, dictated by himself, with which she pestered the Prince!—a crowning aggravation when the truth came out—for, as kind Lady Mary sings of tying “a cracked bottle to a puppy's tail”—

“For that is what no soul will bear,
From Italy to Wales!”

Miss Vane's child died a year after, and she very soon. All this story Lord Hervey tells in his Memoirs, which he bequeathed to his "amicable" wife—and which she transmitted *in statu quo* to his and her children.

Hervey's sketches of his royal rival would, of course, be taken *cum grano salis*, but, if he reports accurately the conversation of the Prince's own parents and sisters, his view was entirely the same as theirs. He says.—

"The Prince's best qualities always gave one a degree of contempt for him; his carriage, whilst it seemed engaging to those who did not examine it, appearing mean to those who did. He was indeed as false as his capacity would allow him to be, and was more capable in that walk than in any other—never having the least hesitation, from principle or fear of future detection, in telling any lie that served his present purpose. He had a much weaker understanding, and, if possible, a more obstinate temper, than his father. Had he had one grain of merit at the bottom of his heart, one should have had compassion for him in the situation to which his miserable poor head soon reduced him; for his case, in short, was this:—he had a father that abhorred him, a mother that despised him, sisters that betrayed him, a brother set up against him, and a set of servants that were neither of use to him nor desirous of being so."—Vol. I., p. 298.

The amiable state of relations between the Prince and the rest of the family is hit off in the miniature below. The Princess Royal has been paying a visit to her parents in the year after her marriage, 1734, and is now about to return to Holland—very unwillingly, for it had been her and her mother's earnest wish that she should remain here for her accouchement, but that was overruled on representations from the Hague:—

"After a consultation of physicians, midwives, and admirals, it was determined she should embark at Harwich. The Queen was concerned to part with her daughter, and her daughter as unaffectedly concerned to exchange the crowds and splendor of this Court for the solitude and obscurity of her own. Lord Hervey led her to her coach. She had Handel and his opera so much at heart, that even in these distressful moments she spoke as much upon his chapter as any other. In an hour after Lord H. was sent for as usual to the Queen. Lord H. found her and the Princess Caroline together, drinking chocolate, drowned in tears, and choked with sighs. Whilst they were endeavoring to divert their attention by beginning a conversation with Lord Hervey on indifferent subjects, the gallery door opened, upon which the Queen said, 'Is the King here already?' and, Lord H.

telling her it was *the Prince*, the Queen, not mistress of herself, and detesting the exchange of the son for the daughter, burst out anew into tears, and cried out, 'Oh! my God, *this is too much*.' However, she was soon relieved from this irksome company by the arrival of the King, who, finding this unusual guest in the gallery, broke up the breakfast, and took the Queen out to walk. Whenever the Prince was in a room with the King, it put one in mind of stories one has heard of ghosts that appear to part of the company and are invisible to the rest: wherever the Prince stood, though the King passed him ever so often or ever so near, it always seemed as if the King thought the place the Prince filled a void space."—Vol. I., p. 412.

In a preceding page we had a small allusion to the Queen's jealousy of her famous Mistress of the Robes. The first of these volumes affords a much clearer history of that lady than could be extracted from the "Suffolk Correspondence," and all the works of Horace Walpole, Chesterfield, &c., &c., to boot. We shall extract only a few passages, in which Hervey describes the feelings and conduct of Queen Caroline in reference to this first avowed favorite of her husband. At his accession (1727) George II. was a man of forty-four—and Mrs. Howard (in 1733 Countess of Suffolk) had reached the serious æra of forty:—

"an age not proper to make conquests, though perhaps the most likely to maintain them, as the levity of desiring new ones is by that time generally pretty well over, and the maturity of those qualities requisite to rivet old ones in their fullest perfection; for when beauty begins to decay, women commonly look out for some preservative charms to substitute in its place; they begin to change their notion of their right to being adored, into that of thinking a little complaisance and some good qualities as necessary to attach men as a little beauty and some agreeable qualities are to allure them. Mrs. Howard's conduct tallied exactly with these sentiments; but notwithstanding her making use of the proper tools, the stuff she had to work with was so stubborn and so inductile that her labor was in vain, and her situation would have been insupportable to any one whose pride was less supple, whose passions less governable, and whose sufferance less inexhaustible; for she was forced to live in the subjection of a wife with all the reproach of a mistress; to flatter and manage a man who she must see and feel had as little inclination to her person as regard to her advice; and added to this she had the mortification of knowing the Queen's influence so much superior to hers, that the little show of interest she maintained was only a permitted tenure dependent on a rival who could have overturned it any hour she pleased. But the Queen, knowing the vanity of her husband's temper, and that he must have

some woman for the world to believe his mistress, wisely suffered one to remain in that situation whom she despised and had got the better of, for fear of making room for a successor whom he might really love, and that might get the better of her."—Vol. I., p. 58.

Such was the state of things when Hervey penned his first pages. The Mistress of the Robes lived, like himself, all the year round in the palace: yet throughout several of these chapters—(for we evidently have them as written from time to time—no care having been taken to remove the traces of altered sentiment or opinion)—he seems to remain in some little doubt whether the attachment had ever gone so far as to give the Queen cause for serious displeasure. By degrees, as his intimacy with the scene and *dramatis personæ* is ripened, all doubts are removed—but we must hasten to the final disruption of 1734; in which summer, as already mentioned, the King and Queen were visited by the Princess Royal—for she stuck to that title, and, though she could marry a monkey, would never sink to "Princess of Orange."

"The interest of Lady Suffolk with the King had been long declining. At Richmond, where the house is small, and what is said in one room may be often overheard in the next, I was told by Lady Bristol, mother to Lord Hervey, the lady of the bedchamber then in waiting (whose apartment was separated from Lady Suffolk's only by a thin wainscot), that she often heard the King talking there in a morning in an angry and impatient tone. . . . Towards the latter end of the summer Lady Suffolk at last resolved to withdraw herself from the severe trials. The Queen was both glad and sorry; her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown upon her hands. I am sensible, when I say she was pleased with the removal of Lady Suffolk as a rival, that I seem to contradict what I have formerly said of her being rather desirous (for fear of a successor) to keep Lady Suffolk about the King; but human creatures are so inconsistent with themselves, that the inconsistency of descriptions often arises from the instability of the person described. The Prince, I believe, wished Lady Suffolk removed, as, Lady Suffolk having many friends, it was a step that he hoped would make his father many enemies; neither was he sorry, perhaps, to have so eminent a precedent for a prince's discarding a mistress he was tired of. Princess Emily wished Lady Suffolk's disgrace because she wished misfortune to most people; Princess Caroline, because she thought it would please her mother: the Princess Royal was violently for having her crushed; and when Lord Hervey intimated the danger there might be, from the King's coquetry, of some more troublesome

successor, she said (not very judiciously with regard to her mother, nor very respectfully with regard to her father), '*I wish, with all my heart, he would take somebody else, that Mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him for ever in her room.*' At the same time the King was always bragging how dearly his daughter Anna loved him."—Vol. I., p. 426.

The married daughter's affection and respect for her father are further illustrated in the following sketches:—

"The night the news came to England that Philipsburg was taken, the Princess Royal, as Lord Hervey was leading her to her own apartment after the drawing-room, shrugged up her shoulders and said, 'Was there ever anything so unaccountable as the temper of papa? He has been snapping and snubbing every mortal for this week, because he began to think Philipsburg would be taken; and this very day that he hears it actually is taken he is in as good humor as ever I saw him in my life.' 'Perhaps,' answered Lord Hervey, 'he may be about Philipsburg as David was about the child, who, whilst it was sick, fasted, lay upon the earth, and covered himself with ashes; but, the moment it was dead, got up, shaved his beard, and drank wine.' '*It may be like David*' (replied the Princess Royal), '*but I am sure it was not like Solomon.*'

"His giving himself airs of gallantry; the impossibility of being easy with him; his affectation of heroism; his unreasonable, simple, uncertain, disagreeable, and often shocking behavior to the Queen; the difficulty of entertaining him; his insisting upon people's conversation who were to entertain him being always new, and his own being always the same thing over and over again; in short, all his weaknesses, all his errors, and all his faults were the topics upon which (when she was with Lord Hervey) she was for ever expatiating."—*Ib.*, p. 422.

The laudable anxiety of the Princesses, in October, that their father might not allow Lady Suffolk's place to be unsupplied was not much protracted. In the spring of 1735 the king resolved on visiting Hanover. Walpole opposed the plan, but failed—"the Queen not being heartily desirous he should succeed;" that is, as Hervey explains, because her vanity was pleased with the *éclat* of the regency—and she had, besides, the delightful anticipation of at least six months' freedom from the "irksome office" of "being set up to receive the quotidian sallies of the King's temper."

"But there was one trouble arose which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in

England talked of anything but the growing interest of this new favorite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt on this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser, and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats.

"Notwithstanding all the Queen's philosophy, when she found the time for the King's return put off late in the year she grew extremely uneasy; and, by the joy she showed when the orders for his yachts arrived, plainly manifested that she had felt more anxiety than she had suffered to appear whilst they were deferred. Yet all this while the King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a-week with a letter of sometimes *sixty pages*, and *never less than forty*, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought, or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, for few were not transmitted to him by the King's own order, who used to tag paragraphs with '*Montrez ceci—et consultez là-dessus le gros homme.*'"

It was in the same correspondence that Queen Caroline, on her part, had the satisfaction of informing the King that Lady Suffolk had entered into the bonds of matrimony with the Honorable George Berkeley—a keen member of the opposition to Walpole:—

"Mr. Berkeley was neither young, handsome, healthy, nor rich, which made people wonder what induced Lady Suffolk's prudence to deviate into this unaccountable piece of folly: some imagined it was to persuade the world that nothing criminal had ever passed between her and the King; others that it was to pique the King. If this was her reason, she succeeded very ill in her design, for the King, in answer to that letter from the Queen that gave him the first account of this marriage, told her, '*J'étois extrêmement surpris de la disposition que vous m'avez mandé que ma vieille maîtresse a fait de son corps en mariage à ce vieux gousteux George Berkeley, et je m'en rejouis fort. Je ne voudrois pas faire de tels présens à mes amis; et quand mes ennemis me volent, plut à Dieu que ce soit toujours de cette façon.*'"

Then follows the Queen's full detail of all Lady Suffolk's previous adventures—not omitting the grand negotiation about a quieting allowance of 1200*l.* a-year to her first husband, and which that spirited gentlemen had actually expected to be paid by the Queen herself: but no—said the Queen,—"*I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the King's *guenipes* under my roof, but to pay them too.*" (Vol. II., p. 15.)—The King paid the 1200*l.*, and the blood of Howard was satisfied.

We are not to suppose that Walpole never, during this period, had any alarm as to the state of his favor at head-quarters—the occasions were few—but we must give a slight specimen:—

"Sir Robert Walpole was now in Norfolk (May, 1734), pushing the county election there, which the [Ministerial] Whigs lost by six or seven voices, to the great triumph of the opposition. After the election was over he stayed some time at Houghton, solacing himself with his mistress, Miss Skerrett, while his enemies were working against him at Richmond, and persuading the King and Queen that the majority of the new Parliament would infallibly be chosen against the Court. Lord Hervey, who was every day and all day at Richmond, saw this working, and found their Majesties staggering; upon which he wrote an anonymous letter to Sir Robert with only these few words in it, quoted out of a play:—

*Whilst in her arms at Capua he lay,
The world fell mouldering from his hand each hour.*

Sir Robert knew the hand, understood the meaning, and, upon the receipt of this letter, came immediately to Richmond. He told Lord Hervey that this was ever his fate, and that he never could turn his back for three days that somebody or other did not give it a slap of this kind. And how, indeed, could it ever be otherwise, for, as he was unwilling to employ anybody under him, or let anybody approach the King and Queen who had any understanding, lest they should employ it against him, so, from fear of having dangerous friends, he never had any useful ones, every one of his subalterns being as incapable of defending him as they were of attacking him, and no better able to support than to undermine him?"—Vol. I., p. 334.

It is amusing to have this trace of Hervey's suspicion that the retention of himself in the household office might be connected with a private misappreciation of his talents on the part of Walpole; but he often does more justice to the great Minister's natural warmth of feeling. Thus, turn back only ten pages, and we read—

"Sir Robert was really humane, did friendly

things, and one might say of him, as Pliny said of Trajan, and as nobody could say of *his* master, '*amicos habuit, quia amicus fuit*.'—He had friends, because he was a friend.'—Vol. I., p. 324.

On another occasion (February, 1735), the Queen having signified a little surprise at Walpole's dejection of manner, Hervey informs her that there is nothing wrong in politics—it is only that Miss Skerrett is ill of a pleuritic fever:—

"The Queen, who was much less concerned about his private afflictions than his ministerial difficulties, was glad to hear his embarrassment thus accounted for, and began to talk on Sir Robert's attachment to this woman, asking Lord Hervey many questions about Miss Skerrett's beauty and understanding, and his fondness and weakness towards her. She said she was very glad he had any amusement for his leisure hours, but could neither comprehend how a man could be very fond of a woman who was only attached to him for his money, nor ever imagine how any woman would suffer him as a lover from any consideration or inducement but his money. 'She must be a clever gentlewoman,' continued the Queen, 'to have made him believe she cares for him on any other score; and to show you what fools we all are in some point or other, she has certainly told him some fine story or other of her love and her passion, and that poor man—*avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées et ce vilain ventre*—believes her. Ah! what is human nature!' While she was saying this, she little reflected in what degree she herself possessed all the impediments and antidotes to love she had been enumerating, and that '*Ah! what is human nature!*' was as applicable to her own blindness as to his. However, her manner of speaking of Sir Robert on this occasion showed at least that he was not just at this time in the same rank of favor with her that he used to be."—*Ib.*, p. 476.

It will not surprise any one to read that Sir Robert's rough and jocular bluntness now and then discomposed his royal patroness. Swift has not caricatured the mere manners:—

"By favor and fortune fastidiously bless'd,
He was loud in his laugh, and was coarse in his jest;
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in blunders;
A jobber of stocks by reporting false news;
A prater at Court in the style of the stewards."

Thus—when on the King's return from Hanover, in October, 1735, everybody remarked the excessive irritability of his never placid temper, and those in the interior were quite aware that the cause was his separation from Madame Walmoden—Sir Robert, talking over matters with Lord Hervey, said—

"He had told the Queen she must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence that she had formerly; that three-and-fifty and three-and-twenty could no more resemble one another in their effects than in their looks; and that, if he might advise, she should no longer depend upon her person, but her head, for her influence. He added another piece of advice which I believe was as little tasted. It was to send for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good-natured, simple woman (to whom the King had formerly been *coquet*), out of the country, and place her every evening at commerce or quadrille in the King's way. He told the Queen it was impossible the King should long bear to pass his evenings with his own daughters after having tasted the sweets of passing them with other people's, and that, if the King would have somebody else, it would better to have that somebody chosen by *her* than by *him*; that Lady Tankerville was a very safe fool, and would give the King some amusement without giving her Majesty any trouble. Lady Deloraine, who was very handsome, and the only woman that ever played with him in his daughter's apartment, Sir Robert said was a very dangerous one; a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, and a false heart, making always sad work with the smallest degree of power or interest to help them forward; and that some degree of power or interest must always follow frequent opportunities given to a very *coquette* pretty woman with a very *coquet* idle man, especially without a rival to disturb or share with her. Lord Hervey asked Sir Robert how the Queen behaved upon his giving her this counsel, and was answered, that she laughed, and seemed mightily pleased with all he said. That the Queen laughed, I can easily believe; but imagine the laugh was rather a sign of her having a mind to disguise her not being pleased, than any mark that she was so; and I have the more reason to believe so, as I have been an eyewitness to the manner in which she has received ill-understood jokes of that kind from the same hand, particularly one this year at the King's birthday, when, pointing to some jewels in her hair, she said, '*I think I am extremely fine too, though—alluding to the manner of putting them on—un peu à la mode; I think they have given me horns.*' Upon which Sir Robert Walpole burst out into a laugh, and said he believed Mrs. Purcel (the woman who usually dressed the Queen's head) was a wag. The Queen laughed on this occasion too; but, if I know any thing of her countenance, without being pleased, and not without blushing.

"This style of joking was every way so ill understood in Sir Robert Walpole, that it was astonishing one of his extreme penetration could be guilty of it once, but much more that he could be guilty of it twice. For in the first place, when he told the Queen that the hold she used to have of the King by the charms of her person was quite lost, it was not true; it was weakened but not broken;—the charms of a younger person pulled him strongly perhaps another way, but they had not dissolved her influence, though they balanced it. In the next place, had it been true that the Queen's person could no longer charm

any man, I have a notion that would be a piece of intelligence which no woman would like any man the better for giving her. It is a sort of thing which every woman is so reluctant to believe, that she may feel the effects of it long without being convinced that those effects can proceed from no other cause; and even after she is convinced of it herself, she still hopes other people have not found it out."—Vol. II., p. 38.

The fair Countess Dowager of Deloraine here mentioned made visible advances in his Majesty's good graces. She was at this time in her thirty-fifth year; but, Hervey says, looked ten years younger. She was by birth a Howard—had had many adventures—some very strange ones—and is supposed to have been the "dangerous one" meant in Pope's line—

"Slander or *poison* dread from Delia's rage."

She had lately remarried to a Mr. Windham, but kept her place as "*governess to the younger Princesses*." Enter again the courtly premier—

"Sir Robert Walpole one day, whilst she was standing in the hall at Richmond, with her little son, of about a year old, in her arms, said to her 'That's a very pretty boy, Lady Deloraine; whose is it?' To which her Ladyship, before half-a-dozen people, without taking the question at all ill, replied, 'Mr. Windham's, upon honor;' and then added, laughing, 'but I will not promise whose the next shall be.' . . . To many people, from whom it used to come round in a whisper to half the inhabitants of the palace, she used to brag of this royal conquest, and say she thought England in general had great obligations to her, and particularly the Administration; for that it was owing to her, and her only, that the King had not gone abroad."—Vol. II., p. 350.

This was early in 1736. Madame Walmoden, however, was still the great favorite;—for her sake, to the extreme disgust of his daughters' governess, the King revisited Hanover in the following autumn, and—

"The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor Queen, and railing at his Majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them (and those would have fretted him most) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man at his time of day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous, as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask if he must have a mistress whether England could furnish never a one good enough to serve his turn; and if he thought Parliament had given him a greater civil-

list than any of his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary expenses of his travelling charges, and enrich his German favorites."—Vol. II., p. 190.

Walpole finding these recurring absences very inconvenient for business, and being still afraid of Lady Deloraine's gaining a fixed ascendant here, he and Hervey combined their efforts to persuade the Queen to press the King to bring Madame Walmoden home to England with him. It may be supposed that the Premier set about this delicate job in no very delicate manner; but he laid the blame elsewhere:—

"Sir Robert told Lord Hervey that it was those bitches Lady Pomfret and Lady Sundon, who were always bemoaning the Queen on this occasion, and making their court by saying they hoped never to see this woman brought under her Majesty's nose here, who made it so difficult to bring the Queen to do what was right and sensible for her to do. Lord Hervey replied, 'You and I, Sir, are well enough acquainted with the Queen to know that when she lets a sentiment escape her which she is ashamed of, she had rather one should think it was planted in her, than that it grew there. But, believe me, the greatest obstacle in this kingdom to Madame Walmoden's coming here is the Queen's own heart, that recoils whenever her head proposes it.'"

However, the Queen at last complies. She writes to the King that she has had the apartments formerly tenanted by Lady Suffolk put into proper order—nay, that thinking Lady Suffolk had found the accommodation rather scanty, she has had her own library removed, which will give the new comer an additional room adjoining. The King answers—and, as Mr. Croker says, "it is impossible not to wonder at the modesty, and even elegance of the expressions, and the indecency and profligacy of the sentiments they convey:"—

"This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been written to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship, and affection. He extolled the Queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head and the value he set upon her heart. He told her too she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. '*Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline! Vous connaissez mes foiblesses—il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur*'"

pour vous—et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez ! Plut à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer." His Majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said that she had told him she relied on the Queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their Majesties thought fit. . . . Sir Robert Walpole assured Lord Hervey that if the King was only to write to women, and never to strut and talk to them, he believed his Majesty would get the better of all the men in the world with them."

Madame Walmoden, however, did not appear in England until Queen Caroline was no more. Her Majesty had for several years suffered from an organic lesion, which the King was aware of, but which was never told except to Lady Sundon. The symptoms became very serious on Wednesday, the 9th of November, 1737; but the Queen persisted in concealing the nature and seat of her danger.

"At seven o'clock, when Lord Hervey returned to St. James's from M. de Cambi's, the French ambassador's, where he dined that day, he went up to the Queen's apartment and found her in bed, with the Princess Caroline only in the room, the King being gone, as usual at that hour, to play in the Princess Emily's apartment. The Queen asked Lord Hervey what he used to take in his violent fits of the cholic; and Lord Hervey, imagining the Queen's pain to proceed from a goutish humour in her stomach that should be driven from that dangerous seat into her limbs, told her nothing ever gave him immediate ease but strong things. To which the Queen replied, 'Pshaw! you think now, like all the other fools, that this is the pain of an old nasty gout.' But her pain continuing in a degree that she could not lie one moment quiet, she said about an hour after to Lord Hervey, 'Give me what you will, I will take it;' and the Princess Caroline bidding him not lose this opportunity, he fetched some snake-root and brandy.

"Next evening (10th)—whilst the Princess Caroline and he were alone with the Queen, she complaining and they comforting she often said, 'I have an ill which nobody knows of;' which they both understood to mean nothing more than that she felt what she could not describe, and more than anybody imagined.

"On the 11th—Lord Hervey went once or twice in the night, as he had promised, to Princess Caroline; the King sat up in the Queen's room, and Princess Emily lay on a couch in Mrs. Herbert's."

On the night of the 12th, Princess Caroline, though herself in very weak health, was in such alarm that she lay in the Queen's ante-chamber.

"Princess Emily sat up with the Queen, the

King went to bed, and Lord Hervey lay on a mattress on the floor, at the foot of Princess Caroline's couch. About four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 13th, the wound had begun to mortify. Hulst (a surgeon) came to the Princess Caroline, and told her the terrible news, upon which she waked Lord Hervey, and told him if he ever saw the Queen again it must be immediately. . . . Lord Hervey went in with them just to see the Queen once more, looked at her through his tears for a moment, and then returned to his mattress."

These passages complete our notion of the extraordinary intimacy in which Hervey lived with the royal ladies. According to Sarah of Marlborough, the King had always hitherto disliked him, but was entirely changed in this respect by his constant watchfulness and evident distress during the Queen's illness. He says himself that he was never out of the sick room for more than four or five hours at a time, and that he never left the King without being entreated to come back as soon as he could. It is plain that the most delicate (or indelicate) communications between the Queen and her family took place in his presence or were forthwith reported to him. Thus, as to the fatal concealment, after stating his "firm belief" that the Queen, now aged fifty-four, and after all the affairs of Lady Suffolk, Lady Deloraine, Madame Walmoden, &c., had still been mainly swayed by the fear of losing something in the King's fancy, and consequently in her power over him—he adds,

"Several things she said to the king in her illness, which both the king and the Princess Caroline told me again, plainly demonstrated how strongly these apprehensions of making her person distasteful to the King had worked upon her."—Vol. II., p. 507.

On that Sunday, the 13th,

"the King talked perpetually to Lord Hervey, the physicians and surgeons, and his children, who were the only people he ever saw out of the Queen's room, of the Queen's good qualities, his fondness for her, his anxiety for her welfare, and the irreparable loss her death would be to him; and repeated every day, and many times in the day, all her merits in every capacity with regard to him and every other body she had to do with; that he never had been tired in her company one minute; that he was sure he could have been happy with no other woman upon earth for a wife, and that if she had not been his wife, he had rather have had her for his mistress than any woman he had ever been acquainted with; that she had not only softened all his leisure hours, but been of more use to him as a minister than any other body had ever been to him or to any other prince; that with a pa-

tience which he knew *he* was not master of, she had listened to the nonsense of all the impertinent fools that wanted to talk to him, and had taken all that trouble off his hands; and that, as to all the *brilliant* and *enjouement* of the Court, there would be an end of it when she was gone; there would be no bearing a drawing-room when the only body that ever enlivened it, and one that always enlivened it was no longer there. "Poor woman, how she always found something obliging, agreeable, and pleasing to say to everybody! *Comme elle soutenait sa dignité avec grace, avec politesse, avec douceur.*"

That afternoon the Queen took a solemn leave of the King, her daughters, and the young Duke of Cumberland. Hervey's minute narrative leaves no doubt that she never saw the Prince of Wales during her illness at all—hence the sting of Pope's last tribute to her memory—(the *italics* are his own):—

"Hang the sad Verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her Passage to the Realms of Rest—
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest."

Hervey's account of her farewell to the King is certainly one of the most startling things in this book:—

"It is not necessary to examine whether the Queen's reasoning was good or bad in wishing the King, in case she died, should marry again:—it is certain she did wish it; had often said so when he was present, and when he was not present, and when she was in health, and gave it now as her advice to him when she was dying—upon which his sobs began to rise and his tears to fall with double vehemence. Whilst in the midst of this passion, wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: '*Non, j'aurai des maitresses.*' To which the Queen made no other reply than '*Ah! mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas.*' I know this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true.

"The Queen after this said she believed she should not die till Wednesday, for that she had been born on a Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, and brought to bed of her first child on a Wednesday; she had heard the first news of the late King's death on a Wednesday, and been crowned on a Wednesday. This I own showed a weakness in her, but one which might be excused, as most people's minds are a little weakened on these occasions, and few people, even of the strongest minds, are altogether exempt from some little taint of that weakness called superstition. Many people have more of it than they care to let others know they have, and some more of it than they know themselves."

Walpole all this while was in Norfolk—his colleague the Duke of Newcastle is said to have wished to conceal the Queen's dan-

ger from him; but Hervey does not tell why he himself did not convey proper information. No doubt he was busy enough. At last, however, the truth reached Houghton; and on Wednesday the 16th, Sir Robert arrived at St. James's. He was alone with the Queen for a few minutes, during which she "committed the King, the family, and the country to his care." As he came out he found the Princesses in the ante-chamber surrounded by "some wise, some pious, and some very busy people," who, to the pity or scorn of Hervey, were urging "the essential duty of having in some prelate to perform sacred offices:"—

"And when the Princess Emily made some difficulty about taking upon her to make this proposal to the King or Queen, Sir Robert (in the presence of a dozen people who really wished this divine physician for the Queen's soul might be sent for, upon the foot of her salvation) very prudently added, by way of stimulating the Princess Emily, 'Pray, madam, let this farce be played: the Archbishop will act it very well. You may bid him be as short as you will. It will do the Queen no hurt, no more than any good; and it will satisfy all the wise and good fools, who will call us all atheists if we don't pretend to be as great fools as they are.' After this eloquent and discreet persuasion—the whole company staring with the utmost astonishment at Sir Robert Walpole, some in admiration of his piety, and others of his prudence—the Princess Emily spoke to the King, the King to the Queen, and the Archbishop (Potter) was sent for; but the King went out of the room before his episcopal Grace was admitted. . . . The Queen desired the Archbishop to take care of Dr. Butler, her Clerk of the Closet; and he was the only body I ever heard of her recommending particularly and by name all the while she was ill. Her servants in general she recommended to the King, saying he knew whom she liked and disliked, but did not, that I know of, name any body to him in particular."—Vol. II., p. 529.

This special concern as to the great author of the analogy is one of the few circumstances in Hervey's detail that it is at all agreeable to dwell upon. Indeed it is one of very few satisfactory details that occur in this book respecting her Majesty's interference with the ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown. Lord Mahon (*History*, ii. p. 172) exalts her "discerning and praiseworthy" selection of Bishops; but nothing can be more offensive than Hervey's whole account of her exertions on behalf of Hoadley, whom she forced up step by step in spite—(not to mention the repugnance of the clergy and the nation)—of the King's own unusual stiffness on the avowed ground that

"the man did not believe one word of the Bible;" and we suspect there is no uncharitableness in the surmise that in Butler himself she patronized not the divine, but the philosopher. Yet the Queen's last word was *pray*—

The Queen died at ten on the night of Sunday the 20th:—

"Princess Caroline was sent for, and Lord Hervey, but before the last arrived the Queen was just dead. All she said before she died was 'I have now got an asthma. Open the window.' Then she said '*Pray*.' Upon which the Princess Emily began to read some prayers, of which she scarce repeated ten words before the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking glass to her lips, and finding there was not the least damp upon it cried, '*'Tis over*;' and said not one word more, nor shed as yet one tear, on the arrival of a misfortune, the dread of which had cost her so many. The king kissed the face and hands of the lifeless body several times, but in a few minutes left the Queen's apartment, and went to that of his daughters, accompanied only by them. Then advising them to go to bed and take care of themselves, he went to his own side; and as soon as he was in bed sent for Lord Hervey to sit by him, where, after talking some time, and more calmly than one could have expected, he dismissed Lord H. and sent for one of his pages; and as he ordered one of them, for some time after the death of the Queen, to lie in his room, and that I am very sure he believed many stories of ghosts and witches and apparitions, I take this (with great deference to his magnanimity on other occasions) to have been the result of the same way of thinking that makes many weak minds fancy themselves more secure from any supernatural danger in the light than in the dark, and in company than alone. Lord Hervey went back to the Princess Caroline's bedchamber, where he stayed till five o'clock in the morning, endeavoring to lighten her grief by indulging it, and not by that silly way of trying to divert what cannot be removed, or to bring comfort to such affliction as time only can alleviate."—Vol. II., p. 540.

During the interval before the interment the King remained invisible, except to his daughters, to Hervey, and for a moment occasionally to Walpole. Meantime, in the antechamber, the great subject of discussion is, in what female hand the power is now to be vested. Newcastle and Grafton, both admirers of the Princess Emily, are in great hopes that at the King's age he may allow that favored daughter to replace the mother in his confidence; but—

"Sir Robert, in his short, coarse way, said he should look to the King's mistress as the most sure means of influence. '*I'll bring Madam Walmoden over, and I'll have nothing to do with*

your girls: I was for the wife against the mistress, but I will be for the mistress against the daughters.' And accordingly he advised the King, and pressed him, to send for Madame Walmoden immediately from Hanover; said he must look forward for his own sake, for the sake of his family, and for the sake of all his friends, and not ruin his health by indulging vain regret and grief for what was past recall. The King listened to this way of reasoning more kindly every time it was repeated; but Sir Robert Walpole tried this manner of talking to the Princesses, not quite so judiciously, respectfully, or successfully; for the pride of Emily and the tenderness of Caroline were so shocked, that he laid the foundation of an aversion to him in both, which I believe nobody will live to see him ever get over."—Vol. II., pp. 544, 545.

Lord Hervey wrote the Queen's epitaph in Latin and in English, and therein extolled her "firm faith in the doctrines of Christianity and rigid practice of its precepts." She was buried in Westminster Abbey; and George II., on his death-bed, twenty-three years afterwards, directed that his remains should be placed close by hers—a side of each of the coffins to be removed, in order that the cerements might be in actual contact. This story has been doubted; but within these few years it became the duty of one of the Chapter (the Rev. H. H. Milman) to superintend some operation within that long-sealed vault, and the royal coffins were found on the same raised slab of granite, exactly in the condition described—the sides that were abstracted still leaning against the wall behind.

Soon after the Queen's death Madame Walmoden arrived in England, and was created Countess of Yarmouth—the last peerage of exactly that class.

In 1740 Hervey became Lord Privy Seal. He died in 1743, aged forty-seven; and was survived until 1757 by the Princess Caroline, who then died, aged forty-five.

Hitherto modern readers have in general, it is probable, connected at best frivolous ideas with Lord Hervey's name; henceforth, whatever may be thought of his moral character, justice will at least be done to the graphic and caustic pen of Pope's victim.

From 1733 he was a constant correspondent of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton, whose *Life of Cicero* is inscribed to him in a long and pompous dedication, enumerating not only every intellectual power and accomplishment, but every grace and virtue that could contrast with Pope's portraiture.

It will not least amuse the reader to turn to that specimen of pedantic adulation: but Lord Hervey fully deserved all that Middleton says of his scholarship. The scraps from Livy and Tacitus, with which his memoirs are garnished, were according to the taste and habit of that day; and we are by no means to set them down for proofs either of shallowness or affectation, as we should do if we met them in a modern page. He was qualified to hold his own in corresponding with Middleton on any question of classical research—for example, that still mysterious one of the gradual changes in the composition of the Senate during the Republic. It is not true, however, that Hervey made the translations inserted in Middleton's "Cicero." Lady Hervey, in justice to the Doctor, contradicted that story in one of her letters to Mr. Morris. She says, all her husband did was to purify the MS. by striking out "a number of low, vulgar, college expressions." Infidelity, no doubt, was a strong bond between his Lordship and the incumbent of Hanscombe, who, in writing to his friend about signing the Thirty-nine Articles as a step to that benefice, says—"While I am content to acquiesce in the *ill*, I should be glad to taste a little of the *good*, and to have some amends for the *ugly ascent and consent* which no man of sense can approve."—(*Lady Hervey's Letters*, p. 61.) It is probable that, if Queen Caroline and Lord Hervey had lived, Dr. Middleton would in due time have signed again as a Bishop-elect.

We feel that we have already given sufficient space to this book—though it seems to us one of very rare distinction in its class—otherwise we would fain have extracted some of the author's minor portraits. Those of the Speaker Onslow, Sir Joseph Jekyll, the Duke of Argyle and his brother Islay, and many more, are remarkable specimens, and, we believe, done without the least exaggeration. Not so that of Lord Chesterfield. Indeed the slighting style in which Hervey (like Horace Walpole) uniformly speaks of his talents seems quite astonishing. It is true that Hervey had never seen the writings on which chiefly we form our high notion of the man; but Hervey heard the speeches of which we have but poor reports, and Horace Walpole's "hero of ruelles" is admitted even by Horace Walpole to have made the best speech he ever heard—adding that he had heard his

own father, and Pulteney, and Chatham. Walpole had besides access to almost all our own materials. We believe the fact to have been that both of those clever spirits were rebuked in the presence of Lord Chesterfield. You have but to turn from the most brilliant page either of them ever wrote to any one of his, and the impression of his immense superiority—of the comprehensive, solid, and balanced understanding, which with him had wit merely for an adjunct and instrument—is immediate and irresistible.

A more puzzling point is the frequent repetition of most contemptuous allusions, both in Walpole and in Hervey, to the personal appearance of Chesterfield. All the portraits represent a singularly refined and handsome countenance. We have them of his youth, his middle life, and his age, even his extreme old age—and by painters of the most opposite schools, from Rosalba to Gainsborough—but in all the identity of feature is preserved: and making every allowance for pictorial flattery and *Herveyian* spleen, it is hardly possible to understand the violent contrast of such a description as this by our present author:—

"With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion. . . . He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. Ben Ashurst told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant."—Vol. I., p. 96.

But Hervey makes George II. himself—and his majesty was of short stature—speak with the same sort of disparagement. The subject of conversation in vol. II., p. 360, is Lord Carteret's having told the Queen (it was shortly before her last illness) that "he had been giving her fame that very morning:"—

"The King said, 'Yes, I dare say he will paint you in fine colors, *that dirty liar*?' 'Why not?' said the Queen; 'good things come out of dirt sometimes: I have ate very good asparagus raised out of dung.' Lord Hervey said he knew three people that were now writing the History of his Majesty's Reign, who could possibly know nothing of the secrets of the palace and his Majesty's closet, and yet would, he doubted not, pretend to make their whole history one continued dissection of both. 'You mean,' said the King, 'Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret.—They will all three have about as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*. Not but I shall like to read

Bolingbroke's, who, of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge. He is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs; as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon."

Mr. Croker remarks, that Bolingbroke never wrote Memoirs—that Carteret's, if they ever were written, have perished—that Chesterfield has left us nothing of this sort but a few Characters, including those of George II. and his Queen, which are in fact drawn with admirable candor—done, no doubt, in his old age—and that it is curious enough to have all this criticism on three books of Memoirs that do not exist from

the man who really was at that moment giving their Majesties such "fame" as neither would perhaps have much coveted.

Who could have dreamed, a hundred years since, that posterity would owe its impressions of the society and policy of George II. mainly to the spurious Walpole and the Sporus Hervey? Which of us can guess now who may, in 1948, be the leading authorities for the characters and manners of our own day—the *dessous des cartes* of the courts and cabinets of William IV. and Queen Victoria? Some haunter of Christie's rooms and the French play, who occasionally shows his enamelled studs below the gangway? Some "Patch" or "Sillian-der," whom our Lady Mary (if we had one) would bid—as she bade Hervey—

"Put on white gloves, and lead folks out,
For that is your affair"——?

From the Edinburgh Review.

COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY.

1. *Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey.* By JOSEPH COTTLE. London, 1847.
2. *Biographia Literaria; or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions.* By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Second Edition, prepared for publication in part by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, completed and published by his Widow. London, 1847.
3. *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of William Taylor of Norwich, containing his correspondence of many years with Robert Southey, Esq.* Compiled and edited by J. W. ROBERTS, F.G.S. of Norwich. London, 1843.

THE lives of Coleridge and Southey are yet to be written. For that of Coleridge a large quantity of materials has from time to time been thrown before the public; much of which relatives must have wished withheld. Perhaps the best thing now remaining for the family, would be to find a kind and discerning friend, to whom might be entrusted the relating truly, but without exaggeration, the unhappy passages of his life. It is impossible to read five pages of Mr. Cottle's reminiscences, without seeing that he has one of the kindest hearts joined to one of the worst judgments of any man that ever lived. His revelations, to which there is a very large addition in this new edition, appear to leave no longer any choice to those, who, from affection to his person or admiration of his genius, must desire that the life and character of Cole-

ridge should be known and remembered for good as well as for evil,—for something better than a long train of humiliating weaknesses and neglected duties.

Among the additions to Mr. Cottle's new edition are a number of letters from Southey. Indeed, almost the whole of what relates to him is new; and of all Mr. Cottle's disclosures concerning Coleridge, the opinion of him, as expressed in these letters, is the most painful. The disapprobation, severely as it is delivered, does Southey no discredit; no impartial person can deny its justice. At the same time, he never can have wished that his harsh judgment should go forth alone and be supposed to represent his estimate of the whole of Coleridge's character, or all his feelings towards him. Above all, most assuredly he never could have imagined, that a confi-

dential correspondence with their common friend and benefactor would have been published to the world, while any children of Coleridge were alive to be pained by their uncle's testimony against their father. He cannot have anticipated, that Mr. Cottle would 'think this proper.'

Except for the unseasonable publication of these passages, we should thank Mr. Cottle, without any abatement, for giving us so many of Southey's letters. His life might be almost written from his correspondence with William Taylor for the period comprised in it. And his extensive correspondence with other friends will supply his biographer with materials for the rest. This is a fortunate thing for Southey, for his letters are the perfection of letter writing, or nearly so; clear, lively, unaffected, largely dashed with humor, and entering into whatever he is writing or reading. But, what is still more in his favor, he is not seen here as the fierce controversialist or uncharitable politician. On the contrary, the kind and friendly heart beams out continually from them; so that, while fresh from the perusal of them, our sympathy with his attachments disposes us to leave him a little more latitude for the capriciousness of his antipathies than of old, and we are willing to put a lenient construction upon those unpleasant faults of temper, and provoking prejudices and errors into which people are pretty sure of falling, when they shut themselves up with their women, their admirers, and their books. 'Am I the better or the worse,' he asks in one of his letters to Mr. Taylor, 'for growing alone like a single oak?' In many respects worse, there can be no doubt. We meet in his letters with many a harsh criticism on contemporaries, of whom, if he had known them, he would have judged differently; and many broodings on political events, which he would have discarded, had he but come a little oftener to London, and let himself be hustled in its streets and contradicted at its dinner tables. Such passages might have provoked us to anger, if we had still to deal with Southey living; but he is gone:—the grave has closed over a writer and a man of whom England has reason to be proud, and our angry controversies are buried with him.

The new edition of Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria' was begun and carried some way by his nephew, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and has been since completed by a lady who is the poet's daughter, and

nephew's widow. Of such a work we would speak with the respect due alike to her position, her talents, and her feelings. She describes, in a few touching words, the task, which had thus descended on her, as one "full of affecting remembrances, and brought upon me by the deepest sorrow of my life." A biographical sketch, begun by her husband, but which does not proceed farther than Coleridge's twenty-fourth year, and which even so far has the appearance of only a skeleton sketch, is appended to the work. To this Mrs. Nelson Coleridge has only added a brief chronological account of her father's publications. But she has prefixed a long 'Introduction,' in answer to various attacks. We abstain from particular criticism. The publication of Mr. Cottle's second edition of his 'Reminiscences,' a few days after the appearance of the new edition of the 'Biographia Literaria,' must have painfully convinced her, how disqualified even the gifted daughter of a gifted parent may be for the strict responsibilities of a judge, in a case like the present,—no less, how vain her affectionate endeavors to clear the memory of her father from all, and even heavy blame.

It appears that when Mr. Cottle was engaged in preparing the first edition of his book, he consulted Southey about it. Southey's letters on this occasion are now published. He wrote as follows, 14th of April, 1836, and again, on the 30th of September, to the same effect:—

"If you are drawing up your 'Recollections of Coleridge' for separate publication, you are most welcome to insert anything of mine which you might think proper: but it is my wish that nothing of mine may go into the hands of any person concerned in bringing forward Coleridge's MSS.

"I know that Coleridge, at different times of his life, never let pass an opportunity of speaking ill of me. Both Wordsworth and myself have often lamented the exposure of duplicity which must result from the publication of his letters, and of what he has delivered by word of mouth to the worshippers by whom he was always surrounded. To Wordsworth and me it matters little. Coleridge received from us such substantial services as few men have received from those whose friendship they had forfeited. This, indeed, was not the case with Wordsworth, as it was with me, for he knew not in what manner Coleridge had latterly spoken of him. But I continued all possible offices of kindness to his children, long after I regarded his own conduct with that utter disapprobation which alone it can call forth from all who had any sense of duty and moral obligation."

After this it is vain for relatives' any

longer to let their affections dictate to them more than a qualified version of the life of Coleridge. It is a brother-in-law who writes; and that brother-in-law, Southey. The facts cannot be got rid of. But we must bear in mind that incidents arising out of their family connexion probably aggravated his asperity of feeling: and that a hasty letter to a friend would not be likely to contain the calm and comprehensive review of the character of his departed brother-in-law, for which he would wish to be held responsible to the world. They had become brothers-in-law forty years before. There arose, even then, a misunderstanding between them, and for several months an estrangement. In 1796, they were living in Bristol, on opposite sides of the same street, holding no intercourse. Southey made the first overture for reconciliation, by sending across the street a slip of paper with these words from Schiller's *Conspiracy of Fiesco* written upon it; "*Fiesco! Fiesco! thou leavest a void in my bosom, which the human race thrice told will never fill up.*" Forty years, whatever may have happened to excite wrath, would not have utterly effaced such feelings. His admiration of the intellectual powers of his friend was even greater. Some years after, when he thought Coleridge was dying, he could not help expressing it to William Taylor—a less partial judge:—

"Coleridge and I have often talked of making a great work upon English literature: but Coleridge only talks; and, poor fellow! he will not do that long, I fear; and then I shall begin, in my turn, to feel an old man—to talk of the age of little men, and complain like Ossian. It provokes me when I hear a set of puppies yelping at him, upon whom he, a great, good-natured mastiff, if he came up to them, would just lift up his leg and pass on. It vexes and grieves me to the heart, that when he is gone, as go he will, nobody will believe what a mind goes with him—how infinitely and ten thousand-thousand fold, the mightiest of his generation."

This was written in June, 1803: in December he was still desponding about Coleridge's health.

"I know not when any of his works will appear, and tremble lest an untimely death should leave me the task of putting together the fragments of his materials: which, in sober truth, I do believe would be a more serious loss to the world of literature, than it ever suffered from the wreck of ancient science."

Southey's admiration was reciprocated by Coleridge; and what it might fall short of in homage to his genius, it more than made up for in its testimony to his moral nature. We are tempted to extract from the "*Biographia Literaria*," (of which we are glad to have a new edition, though we should have preferred it less burdened with commentary), a portion of an eloquent eulogium on Southey, to which his nephew informs us that Coleridge referred in his will, as expressing his latest feelings. It is a pity that Southey should have ever heard of anything to the contrary.

"To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanor, which in his early manhood and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove; this will his schoolmates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are familiar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as his genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power to achieve more, and in more various departments, than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labors, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied in the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which, in the aggregate, so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility: while, on the contrary, he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind in those around him, or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but

inspire and bestow; when this, too, is softened, without being weakened, by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an ancient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise. As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety: his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence, and of national illumination."—(Vol. i., p. 62.)

Coleridge and Southey first met in the summer of 1794 at Oxford. Southey was at that time an undergraduate at Baliol, and in his twentieth year. Coleridge was two years older, and an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge. Coleridge was then at Cambridge for the second time, after having been discharged by his friends from the regiment in which he had enlisted; and at the beginning of the long vacation he happened to take Oxford on his way to Wales, where he was going on a pedestrian tour with some Cambridge friends. He was introduced to Southey. Their acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. They had many points of common interest; besides both being poets and philosophers, while all around them were tasking their faculties by academic rule. The young enthusiasm of both had been kindled by the French Revolution. "Wat Tyler" was written about this time; "Joan of Arc" had been composed the year before. Both had abjured university orthodoxy, and declared themselves Unitarians. Southey, who had gone to Oxford with a view to the Church, was now on the point of quitting it without a degree, because he had become an Unitarian. Coleridge had imbibed Unitarianism at Cambridge from Friend, who was a Fellow of his college, and he had narrowly escaped rustication the year before for shouting at Friend's trial. The two new friends soon parted. Southey went home to his mother at Bath, bidding good bye to Oxford; Coleridge made his Welsh tour, at the end of which he too was to have gone home to Ottery St. Mary; but instead of this he diverged to Bristol, and remained there and at Bath, planning with Southey a colony of choice spirits on the banks of the Susquehannah, where all property was to be held in common, and vice and misery to be unknown.

This is the scheme known by the imposing name of Pantisocracy. The original idea was Coleridge's; he had mentioned it to Southey at Oxford, and the scheme was reproduced at Bristol, when the two friends determined on emigration. Southey had found two other companions; George Burnet, an Oxford friend, the son of a Somersetshire gentleman-farmer, and Robert Lovell, a young Quaker residing at Bath. Eight more recruits at least were wanted. Coleridge was to write a quarto volume explanatory of the project; which, besides filling up their numbers, was expected by its sale to augment the colonial exchequer. Ways and means were much needed. "With regard to pecuniary matters," Coleridge wrote to a friend whom he was anxious to enlist in the service, "it is found necessary, if twelve men with their families emigrate on this system, that £2000 should be the aggregate of their contributions; but infer not from hence that each man's *quota* is to be settled with the littleness of arithmetical accuracy." ("Biographia Literaria," new edition, vol. ii., p. 344.) Southey and Coleridge, who had no money, were to strain every nerve to raise funds by writing. At the end of the long vacation Coleridge returned to Cambridge, to complete a series of "Translations of Modern Latin Poems," for which he had issued proposals, and had already obtained a large number of Cambridge subscribers: while Southey staid at Bristol, to see what he could do with "Joan of Arc," and to write more poetry.

Both, in the meantime, had taken steps to provide themselves with one requisite for the founders of a new colony—a wife. They were engaged to be married to two sisters living at Bath—Edith and Sarah Fricker. A third Miss Fricker was already married to their fellow-Pantisocratist, Lovell.

Coleridge went to Cambridge, and published there the "Fall of Robespierre," a joint production by himself and Southey; but nothing was done with the projected "Translations:" they shared the fate of innumerable other projects, and were never finished. At the end of the term he went up to London; and there, in the pleasant society of Charles Lamb, and other old Christ's Hospital school-fellows, Miss Fricker and Pantisocracy seemed for awhile forgotten.

"Coleridge did not come back again to Bristol," Southey writes, "till January, 1795; nor would

he, I believe, have come back at all, if I had not gone to London to look for him: for, having got there from Cambridge, at the beginning of the winter, there he remained without writing either to Miss Fricker or myself. At last I wrote to Favell (a Christ's Hospital boy, whose name I knew as one of his friends, and whom he had set down as one of our companions), to inquire concerning him; and learnt, in reply, that S. T. Coleridge was at the "Cat and Salutation," in Newgate street. Thither I wrote. He answered my letter and said that on such a day he should set off for Bath by the wagon. Lovell and I walked from Bath to meet him. Near Marlborough we met with the appointed wagon; but no S. T. Coleridge was therein. A little while afterwards I went to London, and not finding him at the "Cat and Salutation," called at Christ's Hospital, and was conducted by Favell to the "Angel Inn," Butcher Hall street, whither Coleridge had shifted his quarters. I brought him then to Bath, and in a few days to Bristol."—(Cottle, p. 405.)

Charles Lamb's readers will remember his fond and frequent references to the evenings spent with Coleridge at the "Cat and Salutation," when they sat together, reading poetry and "speculating on Pantisocracy and golden days to come on earth," and "drinking egg-hot and smoking Oronoko." Lamb did not then know the pain which every additional day of Coleridge's lingering in London was giving to an affectionate and trusting heart at Bath.

Southey, since they parted, had been working earnestly and to some purpose. He and Lovell had published a small volume of poems together; and he had struck a bargain with a Bristol bookseller for the publication of "Joan of Arc," such a bargain as, probably, was never made before or since, by a young and unknown author for a first epic. The bookseller was Joseph Cottle, the author of the "Reminiscences:" at that time a bookseller at Bristol, of about four years' standing. Southey, who had already announced "Joan of Arc" for publication by subscription, was introduced to him by Lovell. On reading some parts of it one evening to Cottle, he was astonished by the generous offer of fifty guineas for it, and fifty copies for his subscribers—more than the subscription list amounted to. Coleridge, on his return, was speedily introduced to their new Mæcenas; and can have had little difficulty in closing with an offer of thirty guineas, to be paid immediately, for a volume of small poems, a great part of which was still to be written. Besides this, Southey was also to furnish a volume of small poems on the

same terms: and some lectures which they gave at Bristol, were well attended and profitable. Pantisocracy seemed now in the ascendant. Coleridge was the first to marry. He married in October, 1795, and retired with his wife to a small cottage at Clevedon, of the humble rent of five pounds a year; this was to be their temporary abode until everything was arranged for emigration to the Susquehannah. Southey, meanwhile, was cooling upon the plan; and when he married, a month after Coleridge, he had renounced Pantisocracy. A temporary quarrel, in consequence, ensued.

Southey was married on the morning of the 14th of November, 1795, without the knowledge of his family, no other persons being present than Cottle and Cottle's sister. On the afternoon of the same day he started for Lisbon by way of Corunna and Madrid. He went with his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, who had supplied the place of father to him, had educated him at Westminster and Oxford, and was now chaplain to the British embassy at Lisbon. Southey deposited his wife with Cottle's sisters. He had just corrected the last proof-sheet of 'Joan of Arc,' and left it to be published in his absence. A letter to Cottle from Falmouth before embarkation, explains his clandestine marriage. The conscientious sense of duty, so predominant in it, promised ill for his union with Coleridge, whatever it might do for that with Mrs. Southey:—

"My dear friend,—I have learnt from Lovell the news from Bristol, public and private, and both of an interesting nature. My marriage is become public. You know that its publicity can give me no concern. I have done my duty. Perhaps you may think my motives for marrying (at that time) not sufficiently strong. One, and that to me of great weight, I believe was not mentioned to you. There might have arisen feelings of an unpleasant nature at the idea of receiving support from one not legally a husband: and (do not show this to Edith) should I perish by shipwreck or any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudices would then yield to the anguish of affection, and who would then love and cherish, and yield all possible consolation to my widow. Of such an evil there is but a possibility; but against possibility it was my duty to guard. Farewell."

In six months Southey returned to his deferred honeymoon, and to hear of the success of 'Joan of Arc.' In November, 1796, he went up to London, entered at Gray's Inn, took lodgings at Newington Butts, and began to keep terms and read for the bar. On arriving in town he wrote

to Cottle with characteristic energy. But, to combine poetry with law baffled even Southey:—

"I am now entering on a new way of life, which will lead me to independence. You know that I neither lightly undertake any scheme, nor lightly abandon what I have undertaken. I am happy because I have no want, and because the independence I labor to attain, and of attaining which my expectations can hardly be disappointed, will leave me nothing to wish. I am indebted to you, Cottle, for the comforts of my later time. In my present situation I feel a pleasure in saying thus much.

"Thank God! Edith comes on Monday next. I say thank God, for I have never, since my return from Portugal, been absent from her so long before, and sincerely hope and intend never to be again. On Tuesday we shall be settled, and on Wednesday my legal studies begin in the morning, and I shall begin with 'Madoc' in the evening. Of this it is needless to caution you to say nothing, as I must have the character of a lawyer; and though I can and will unite the two pursuits, no one would credit the possibility of the union. In two years the poem shall be finished, and the many years it must lie by will afford ample time for correction.

"I have declined being a member of a literary club, which meet at the Chapter Coffee House, and of which I have been elected a member. Surely a man does not do his duty who leaves his wife to evenings of solitude; and I feel duty and happiness to be inseparable. I am happier at home than any other society can possibly make me. With Edith I am alike secure from the wearisomeness of solitude, and the disgust which I cannot help feeling at the contemplation of mankind, and which I do not wish to suppress."

Disgust at mankind, is strange language, except in the mouth of Swift. It represents a feeling which no sensible man will ever countenance, and which no good man could harbor and be happy: so leaving Southey till he is in better humor with his fellow-creatures, we are the less sorry to return to Coleridge in his cot at Clevedon. His nature was not such as to justify us in expecting to find him happy, however favorable his outward circumstances: but, unfortunately, his first year of married life was clouded by continual uneasiness about the means of living, and by continually changing schemes of subsistence. He had not Southey's determination, perseverance, and self-reliance. The volume of poems, which Cottle had been unwary enough to pay for beforehand, had made little progress when he married; he engaged to furnish copy every day, but every day brought some new excuse for postponing writing till tomorrow, when, of course, nothing should

prevent him. After a long series of most amusing notes of this description, and after many delays and disappointments, the long expected volume was, at last, published in the spring of 1796. Before his marriage, Cottle had promised him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines of poetry he might bring him after the volume was finished; and on the strength of this promise Coleridge married. Alas! little did he know himself. He could sketch out books in his head, and compose rapidly in thought, but it was with the utmost difficulty that he could force himself to write. Some of the visions which were floating through his head at the time of his marriage, found their way into a letter to his friend Mr. Poole three days afterwards:—

"I shall assuredly write rhymes, let the nine Muses prevent it if they can. I have given up all thoughts of the Magazine for various reasons. It is a thing of monthly anxiety and quotidian bustle. To publish a magazine for one year would be nonsense; and if I pursue, what I mean to pursue, my school-plan, I could not publish it for more than one year. In the course of half-a-year I mean to return to Cambridge, having previously taken my name off from the University's control; and, hiring lodgings there for myself and wife, finish my great work of *Imitations* in two volumes. My former works, I hope, prove somewhat of genius and of erudition: this will be better, it will show great industry and manly consistency. At the end of it I shall publish proposals for a school."—(*Biogr. Lit.*, vol. ii., p. 348.)

None of all this came to pass. In a short time Coleridge found Clevedon too far from men and books, and moved to Bristol. In the beginning of 1796 he projected a weekly newspaper called the 'Watchman,' travelled to most of the chief towns in the manufacturing districts for subscribers, preaching wherever he stayed a Sunday in the Unitarian chapels, and returned to Bristol with a subscription list full of promise. The first number of the 'Watchman' was published on the 1st of March; it was dropped at the tenth number with a loss. The management of a periodical publication was the last thing for Coleridge to succeed in. Soon afterwards, an accidental visit of Mr. Perry to Bristol opened a prospect of profitable connexion with the 'Morning Chronicle,' and Coleridge made up his mind to establish himself in London. This went off. He sustained another disappointment in the loss of a situation, which had been offered him, of private tutor to the sons of Mrs. Evans, a widow lady living in Derbyshire.

He had actually gone with Mrs. Coleridge to stay in Mrs. Evans's house. It was then suggested to him, with offers of patronage, to take a house at Derby, and receive pupils; he engaged for a house: but this plan was also given up, why does not appear. At the end of a year of restless and feverish uncertainty, Coleridge settled himself, towards the close of 1796, in a small cottage at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, adjoining the ground of Mr. Poole. He had now a child, whom, in the height of his admiration of Hartley's *Metaphysics*, he christened Hartley. At this time, too, his means were increased by receiving as an inmate a Cambridge friend and brother poet, Charles Lloyd, the son of a wealthy Birmingham banker, who had been led by the mere force of love and admiration to propose living with him. Here Coleridge remained till he went to Germany in the autumn of 1798. This is the residence referred to in the beautiful lines to his brother:

"Beside one friend
Beneath the impervious covert of one oak
I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names
Of husband and of father; nor unhearing
Of that divine and nightly whispering voice,
Which from my childhood to maturer years
Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
Bright with no fading colors."

Mr. Poole was a Somersetshire country gentleman and magistrate, a man of great benevolence, and combining considerable practical talent with a highly cultivated taste: Southey and Coleridge had become acquainted with him accidentally, while they were meditating '*Pantisocracy*' at Bristol; and he took a great interest in their fortunes ever afterwards. He had lately circulated among some friends a proposal for a subscription for an annuity for Coleridge; which, by relieving him from actual want, might set his mind more at ease for the prosecution of works worthy of his talents; not succeeding in this, he invited Coleridge to take up his residence in a cottage by his house. To Mr. Poole Coleridge owed three friendships, which had a great effect on his after life; those of William Wordsworth and the two brothers Thomas and Josiah Wedgewood. Wordsworth, at the time of Coleridge's settling at Stowey, was about twenty miles off, at Racedown, in Dorsetshire; and in the summer of 1797 he moved to a place called Allfoxden, close to Stowey. The two poets rambled together over the Somerset-

shire hills, discussed the principles of poetry, and planned and produced the famous '*Lyrical Ballads*.' Each wrote a tragedy: Coleridge undertook his at the suggestion of Sheridan, who, when it was sent to him, took no notice of it; it was '*Remorse*,' and was not published till 1813. Mr. Wordsworth's is still unpublished. Making every allowance for the enthusiasm of youthful friendship, Coleridge's testimony, in a letter to Cottle, of the impression which it made upon him at the time is certainly remarkable; more especially as the warmest admirers of Mr. Wordsworth have never considered his genius dramatic:

"I speak with heartfelt sincerity and I think, with unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself. His drama is absolutely wonderful. You know I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases, and therefore will the more readily believe me, there are in the piece those profound touches of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the '*Robbers*' of Schiller, and often in Shakspeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities."

Through the Wedgewoods Coleridge became acquainted with Mackintosh, and by him was introduced to Stuart, Mackintosh's brother-in-law, then editor of the "*Morning Post*;" in consequence of which he afterwards wrote occasional poetry for it. In the beginning of 1798 he received an invitation to settle as an Unitarian minister at Shrewsbury; Thomas Wedgewood hearing of it wrote to dissuade him, and sent him a present of a hundred pounds; but, as the Shrewsbury invitation opened to him for the first time the prospect of a certain income he determined to entertain it,—and returning Wedgewood his cheque, he went off to Shrewsbury to preach the probation sermon. Among his auditors on that occasion was William Hazlitt, whose father was Unitarian minister at Wem, and who has published a vivid account of the delight and admiration, which the sermon kindled in him. The impression was universal. But the Shrewsbury Unitarians were to be disappointed of their preacher; for the Wedgewoods, bent on securing Coleridge for literature, wrote to him at Shrewsbury, and offered him, if he would come back, an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds for life. The offer was immediately and gratefully accepted. The first volume of the "*Lyrical Ballads*," containing the "*Ancient Mariner*" and a few other small poems

by Coleridge, but the greater part of them Wordsworth's, was published by Cottle in the summer of 1798; and in the autumn Coleridge and Wordsworth set out together for Germany.

"Have you seen," (writes Southey to Wm. Taylor, Sept. 1798), "a volume of Lyrical Ballads, &c.? They are by Coleridge and Wordsworth, though their names are not affixed. Coleridge's ballad of the 'Ancient Mariner' is the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw. Many of the others are very fine; and some I shall read upon the same principle that led me through Trissino, whenever I am afraid of writing like a child or an old woman."

Such a criticism on the "Lyrical Ballads" by one of the "Lake Poets" will probably take many of our readers by surprise. But a variance in their tastes, so deeply grounded, ought to prepare us for the converse of this proposition, and for at least an equal indifference on the part of Wordsworth to the poetry of Southey. They do not appear to have yet fallen in one another's way. Their friendship did not begin till some years later, after Southey had settled at Keswick.

From the time Southey had gone over to the law, he seems to have seen or heard little of Coleridge. But they are together again for a few weeks in Devonshire in the autumn of 1799, immediately after Coleridge's return from Germany. The latter had worked hard there; and was now full of a projected "Life of Lessing," for which he had made a large collection of materials, but which (we might almost say, of course), was never written. In the mean time Southey, who had previously spent two legal years in London, had been living for the last twelve months at Westbury near Bristol. We make no doubt but that he went up regularly enough to London to eat his Gray's Inn dinners; the evidence that he was prosecuting his poetical studies with a keener sense of his true calling, is more substantial. He had already finished "Madoc" and commenced "Thalaba!" During his residence at Westbury he acquired an intimate friend in Davy, who had lately come to Bristol as assistant to Dr. Beddoes at the Pneumatic Institution, and was laying there the foundation of future eminence. Southey has commemorated this happy year in one of those pleasant autobiographical prefaces, which give such interest to the collected edition of his poems.

"This was one of the happiest portions of my

life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time. The smaller pieces were communicated by letter to Charles Lamb, and had the advantage of his animadversions. I was then also in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy, then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury, there was a fresh portion of 'Madoc' for his hearing."

Coleridge, on rejoining Southey, after so long a separation, would have much to report of his fellow-traveller, Wordsworth; in return, Southey would have much to relate of his friend Davy. 'He is a miraculous young man,' Southey wrote to William Taylor, 'whose talents I can only wonder at.' Southey was at this time editing an 'Annual Anthology;' and Davy was supplying him with poetry for it. Coleridge and Southey projected, while they were together, a joint poem in hexameters, on Mahomet: the memory of which survives, we suppose, in that striking fragment, beginning,

"Uter the song, O my soul, the flight and return
of Mohammed," &c.,

one of the few readable attempts of the kind (being only fourteen lines) in the English language. When they next parted, Coleridge went from Devonshire to London to write leading articles for the 'Morning Post;' and Southey to a house that he had taken in the village of Burton, near Christchurch, in Hampshire.

Coleridge spent the next six months in London, engaged in writing for the 'Morning Post,' and in translating 'Wallenstein.' He seems never to have worked so hard as during his residence in Germany, and for several months afterwards. In consideration of his tendency to describe as done that which was only intended, some deduction, perhaps, is to be made from the report he rendered to Mr. Thomas Wedgwood of his present labors:—

"I shall remain in London till April. The expenses of my last year made it necessary for me to exert my industry, and many other good ends are answered at the same time. Likewise, by being obliged to write without much elaboration, I shall greatly improve myself in naturalness and facility of style, and the particular subjects on which I write for money are nearly connected with my future schemes. My mornings I give to

compilations, which I am sure cannot be wholly useless; and for which, by the beginning of April, I shall have earned nearly 150*l*. My evenings to the theatres, as I am to conduct a sort of drama-*ter*ye, or series of essays on the drama, both its general principles and likewise in reference to the present state of the English theatres. This I shall publish in the 'Morning Post.' My attendance on the theatres costs me nothing; and Stuart, the editor, covers my expenses in London. Two mornings and one whole day, I dedicate to these essays on the possible progressiveness of man, and on the principles of population. In April I retire to my greater work,—'The Life of Lessing.'—(Cottle, p. 430.)

In another letter from London he gives us the impression made upon him by a visit to the gallery of the House of Commons:—

"Pitt and Fox completely answered my pre-formed ideas of them. The elegance and high finish of Pitt's periods, even in the most sudden replies, is *curious*; but that is all. He argues but so so, and does not reason at all. Nothing is rememberable of what he says. Fox possesses all the full and overflowing eloquence of a man of clear head, clear heart, and impetuous feelings. He is to my mind a great orator; all the rest that spoke were mere creatures. I could make a better speech myself than any that I heard, except Pitt and Fox. I reported that part of Pitt's speech which I have enclosed in brackets; not that I report *ex officio*, but my curiosity having led me there, I did Stuart a service by taking a few notes. I work from morning to night, but in a few weeks I shall have completed my purpose, and then adieu to London for ever. We newspaper scribes are true galley slaves. When the high winds of events blow loud and frequent, then the sails are hoisted, or the ship drives on of itself. When all is calm and sunshine, then to our oars."

In the spring Coleridge went to Stowey, and after a short time removed to Keswick, within reach of Wordsworth, who by this time had made out his way to Grasmere. Coleridge was now settled at the Lakes for some years. He continued to write from Keswick for the 'Morning Post,' but Mr. Stuart will be believed when he says, very irregularly. We will extract from a letter to Mr. Josiah Wedgewood (Nov. 1, 1800), his own view of his new residence at Keswick, the house which afterwards became Southey's home for life:—

"The room in which I write commands six distinct landscapes; the two lakes, the vale, the river and mountains, and mists, and clouds, and sunshine, make endless combinations, as if heaven and earth were for ever talking to each other. Often when in a deep study, I have walked to the window and remained there looking without seeing; all at once the lake of Keswick and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale at the head of it

have entered into my mind, with a suddenness as if I had been snatched out of Cheapside and placed for the first time in the spot where I stood, and that is a delightful feeling,—these fits and trances of novelty received from a long known object. The river of Greta flows behind our house, roaring like an untamed son of the hills, then winds round and glides away in the front, so that we live in a peninsula. But besides this ethereal eye feeding, we have very substantial conveniences. Our garden is part of a large nursery garden, which is the same to us and as private as if the whole had been our own, and then too we have delightful walks without passing our garden gates. My landlord, who lives in the sister house, for the two houses are built so as to look like one great one, is a modest and kind man, of a singular character. By the severest economy he has raised himself from a carrier into the possession of a comfortable independence. He was always very fond of reading, and has collected nearly 500 volumes, of our most esteemed modern writers, such as Gibbon, Hume, Johnson, &c. His habits of economy and simplicity remain with him, and yet so very disinterested a man I scarcely ever knew. Lately, when I wished to settle with him about the rent of our house, he appeared much affected, told me that my living near him, and the having so much of Hartley's company were great comforts to him and his housekeeper; that he had no children to provide for, and did not mean to marry, and, in short, that he did not want any rent from me. This of course I laughed him out of; but he absolutely refused to receive any rent for the first half year, under the pretext that the house was not completely furnished. Hartley quite lives at the house; and it is, as you may suppose, no small joy to my wife to have a good, affectionate, motherly woman divided from her only by a wall."

Southey's health had, in the mean time, given way under his various and incessant labors; and in the spring of 1800, he sailed, with his wife, for Lisbon, with the intention of spending a year in Portugal. Medical advisers had recommended change to a warmer climate. If an Englishman at that time had had greater choice, Southey nevertheless would probably have chosen Lisbon, for his uncle was still chaplain there; and the thought of writing a History of Portugal had already crossed his mind. A southern climate speedily revived him, and he was soon at work as hard as ever, collecting materials for a Portuguese history, and finishing 'Thalaba,' which he sent home, to be published before his return. Davy, and an old school-friend, Danvers, corrected the press for him. Of his historical researches, he sent an interesting account to W. Taylor:—

"I am up to the ears in chronicles, a pleasant

day's amusement; but battles and folios, and heroes and monarchs tease me terribly in my dream. I have just obtained access to the public manuscripts, and the records of the Inquisition tempt me—five folios—the whole black catalogue; yet I am somewhat shy of laying heretical hands upon these bloody annals. The holy office is not dead, but sleepeth. There, however, it is that I must find materials for the history of the Reformation here and its ineffectual efforts. I obtain access through one of the censors of books here, an ex-German divine, who enlisted in the Catholic service, professing the one faith with the same sincerity that he preached the other; a strong-headed, learned, and laborious man, curious enough to preserve his authoritative revisions of all that is permitted to be printed or sold in Portugal. These revisions I have seen, and by this means become acquainted with what is not brought to light. The public library here is magnificently established; the books well-arranged, with ample catalogues, a librarian to every department, and free access to all—without a cloak. The Museum is also shut to all in this the common dress, a good trait of national honesty. The ruin of the priests gave rise to this foundation. Their libraries were all brought to Lisbon, and the books remained as shovelled out of the carts for many years. They are not yet wholly arranged. English writers are very few, scarcely any. But for what regards the Peninsula, for church and monastic history, and the laborious and valuable compilations of the two last centuries, a more complete collection does not probably exist. I regret my approaching return to England, and earnestly wish I could remain six or seven years in a country whose climate so well suits me, and where I could find ample and important occupation. Once more I must return, when my history shall be so far completed as is possible at home, to give it its last corrections here."

Southey returned to England in July, 1801, with restored health, and a large collection of historical materials. He had had thoughts while in Lisbon, from his experience of the benefits of a warm climate, of going out to the Indian bar, but these were soon dismissed; it would have prevented him from writing the History of Portugal, and this was to be his great work, and passport to posterity. On his return to England, prospects of official preferment, compatible with his literary plans, dawned upon him. "I have the hope and prospect," he announces to W. Taylor, "of visiting Italy in a provident way—as secretary to some legation there—an office of little trouble; with the prospect of advancement. My destination will probably be Palermo; if peace comes, as likely to any of the other states, and as willingly. Ultimately, I look to Lisbon, and certainly to a long absence from England." In the

mean time he was to be with his brother-in-law. "I am going to Keswick, to pass the autumn with Coleridge—to work like a negro, and to arrange his future plans with my own. He is miserably ill, and must quit England for a warmer climate, or perish. I found letters announcing his determination to ship himself and family for the Azores: this I have stopped; and the probability is that he will accompany me abroad." But Dublin, and not Palermo, became Southey's destination. As early as November, he was appointed private secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, for one year. He was a stranger to Mr. Corry, but had been recommended to him by Mr. Rickman, afterwards Clerk of the House of Commons,—at that time private secretary to Abbott, secretary for Ireland. Southey had made Rickman's friendship at Burton, while relaxing from his law studies, in the long vacation of 1796. The appointment was limited to a year, that the master and secretary might see how they suited each other before they were further bound. At the end of the year, Southey ceased to be secretary: "losing," he writes, "a foolish office and a good salary. The salary I might have kept, if I would have accepted a more troublesome situation, that of tutor to his son. All this was transacted with ministerial secrecy and hints; but with respectful civility,—so much for that." He had valued the appointment only as giving him a salary, which would place him above the necessity of writing for daily bread, and would leave him time for the careful composition of the works which were to bring him fame. His heart had been all the while in his literary pursuits. Within ten days of his installation as private secretary, he wrote to W. Taylor, projecting a new Review. During his year of office, half of which was spent in London, and the other half in Dublin, he made some progress with the 'Curse of Kehama,' and worked steadily at his History. When he lost his private secretaryship, he found consolation for the loss of income in the sense of freedom. He was now at liberty to bury himself in the country, and pursue his studies in quiet. His first thought was to settle in Wales, and a treaty for a house in the Vale of Neath was all but concluded. Disappointed of this, he took up his quarters for some months at Bristol, where he was always, as it were, at home, and house-hunted in all directions, but without success. The loss

of his first and then only child drove him away in August, 1803; he joined Coleridge at Keswick, and did not again move. Greta Hall, Keswick, continued their joint residence till the spring of 1807, when Southey took the house for himself.

The letter, in which he conveyed to his friend W. Taylor the intelligence of his planting himself for a permanency at the Lakes, contained other important news. On the break-up of the administration of "All the Talents," Lord Grenville had procured him a pension of £200 a year. In the following passage, as it is printed in W. Taylor's Life, a blank is left for the name of Wynn; but the blank has been filled up by Mr. De Quincey, in his sketch of Southey, in "Tait's Magazine." And it was right to do so; for the fact is equally to the honor of both parties. Mr. Charles Wynn and Southey had been schoolfellows and college companions; and it was the happy privilege of the wealthier friend to help our aspiring student in his early struggles, and place him above want, before he had attained an independence by his own indefatigable labors.

"When the late ministry saw that out they must go, Wynn thought of saving something for me out of the fire; he could only get an offer of a place in the island of St. Lucia, worth about 600*l.* a year. There was no time to receive my answer, but he divined it rightly, and refused. Instead, one of Lord G.'s last acts was to give me a pension of 200*l.*, to which the King 'graciously assented.' You cannot be more amused at finding me a pensioner, than I am at finding myself so. I am not, however, a richer man than before. Hitherto Wynn has given me an annuity of 160*l.*, which I felt no pain in accepting from the oldest friend I have in the world, with whom my intimacy was formed before we were either of us old enough to think of difference of rank and fortune. But Wynn is not a rich man for his rank; and of course I shall receive this no longer from him, now that it is no longer necessary. Of 200*l.* the taxes have the modesty to deduct 36*l.*, and the Exchequer pays irregularly; he is in luck who has only one quarter in arrear, so Bedford tells me, who has an office there. I therefore lose 16*l.* per year, during the war, and gain 20*l.* whenever the income tax is repealed, having the discomfort always of uncertain remittances. It is but wearing a few more grey goose-quills to the stump in the course of the year, and in the course of one year I have better hopes than I ever yet had of getting a-head, as you will presently see. The last copy of MS. for 'Espriella's Letters' sets off this night on its way to Richard Taylor."

The letter goes on to describe the work he had on hand—an edition of "Palmerin

of England," "Kirke White's Remains," the "History of Brazil," (a part, and, in proper order, the last part, of his "History of Portugal," but to be brought out first on account of the interest then felt in South America), and a translation of the "Cid." He had just brought "Espriella's Letters," and three volumes of "Specimens of English Poets," through the press, to the eve of publication. Besides all this, there was magazine writing. We quote again from the same letter:—

"About a fourth part of the first volume of the History (of Brazil) is done, and I shall, perhaps, print it volume by volume. Two quartos are the probable extent. I might, doubtless, obtain five hundred guineas for the copyright; but I will not sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. This is not all: I cannot do one thing at a time; so sure as I attempt it my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night; and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book, not relating to either, for half an hour after supper; and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked) a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to be out of order as any man's can be. The 'Cid' is therefore my other work in hand; I want only an importation of books from Lisbon to send this to the press, and shall have full time to complete the introduction and notes, while the body of the work is printing. It will supply the place of preliminaries to the 'History of Portugal,' and exhibit a complete view of the heroic age of Spain. I had almost forgotten to say that the reason why you have not received a copy of my Specimens is that it is delayed for some cancels. Lastly, I have to tell you that before the change of ministry took away all my expectations, I was weary of them; and as some arrangements of Coleridge's made it necessary that I should either decide upon removing hence at a fixed time, or remaining with the house, I have chosen the latter alternative. Here, then, I am settled—am planting currant trees, purchasing a little furniture, making the place decent, as far as scanty means will go, and sending for my books by sea, perfectly well contented with my lot, and thankful that it has fallen in so goodly a land."

Meanwhile Coleridge had gone to Malta in the spring of 1804, in search of health, leaving his wife and family at Keswick. The office of chief secretary becoming vacant while he was there, Sir Alexander Ball, the governor, appointed him to act until a new secretary came from England. He acted for about eighteen months: the office of treasurer, then associated with the secretary-

ship, he declined to undertake, losing thereby the half of 1000*l.* a year, the salary of the two offices. He returned to England in 1806, by way of Sicily and Italy. His health had not improved; nor, though he might have deluded himself as to the cause of his sufferings, could any one else, who knew the fatal habit he had contracted, expect improvement from change of climate. He had become an opium-eater before he went to Malta, and he returned an opium-eater still.

None of the various accounts of Coleridge which have yet been published enter into any detail concerning the next seven or eight years of his life. Mr. Cottle saw nothing of him between his lecturing at Bristol in 1807, and his coming back to lecture there in 1814; and he tells us only what he knows himself. Mr. Gilman's unfinished biography, a very meagre performance, gives us no information for this period. Keswick remained Coleridge's nominal residence till 1810; but his absences became frequent, and his returns, as Southey says, more difficult to be calculated than those of a comet. He was often with Wordsworth, at Grasmere. He was occasionally in London, lecturing. The "*Friend*" occupied him at Keswick and Grasmere during the year 1809, and part of 1810. He had not in the interval become better adapted for the conduct of a periodical than when he failed with the "*Watchman*," in 1796; it was brought out very irregularly, managed expensively, and not written so as to please generally. It lingered on through twenty-seven numbers, though Southey had predicted a much earlier demise. Southey writes (September 1809), "Coleridge has sent out a fourth number to-day. I have always expected every number to be the last; he may, however, possibly go on in this intermitting way till subscribers enough withdraw their names (partly in anger at its irregularity, more because they find it in heathen Greek) to give him an ostensible reason for stopping short." In 1810 Coleridge went to London, and lived for a short time with Mr. Basil Montagu; from him he passed on to an old Bristol friend, Mr. Morgan, then residing at Hammersmith. Mr. Morgan removed afterwards to Calne, and Coleridge removed with him; where for some three or four years Mr. Morgan's house continued to be his home. In 1813, his play of "*Remorse*" was brought out at Drury Lane, with very great success; so

much so, that Lord Byron, who was a great admirer of his genius—placing him and Crabbe at the head of their contemporary poets—was most urgent with him to set about another tragedy, instead of which, he kept writing a great deal for the newspapers, chiefly for the "*Courier*." It was in 1814 that he returned to Bristol, to lecture; here Mr. Cottle becomes again communicative; and this is the sad part of Mr. Cottle's book. Coleridge was now the slave of opium; whatever money he made, went at once in the purchase of that destructive poison, to the ruin of his health, his principles, and character. Domestic disagreement is a weak word for the inevitable consequences of such habits: he became, in poetic language, a voluntary exile from his family, a wanderer on the face of the earth. We are not of opinion that the private life of every eminent person becomes public property immediately on his death, even though higher objects than amusement only, may be attained by publication—for instance, what is familiarly called a moral lesson. But, after the course Mr. Cottle has taken, there is an end to any question of the kind in the case of Coleridge. There is no longer a possibility of concealment; and under the circumstances, we are satisfied that his memory will derive far more honor from such a letter as the following, than from any attempts to deny or to distort the published truth. The letter was written in 1814, by Coleridge, to one of his oldest and most attached friends, Mr. Wade of Bristol.

"Dear Sir,—for I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused: accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers.

"Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have.

"I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offended in one point offends in all,' very harsh: but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. For the one crime of *OPIMUM*, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors! injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children! self-contempt for my repeated promise-breach, nay, too often actual falsehood!

"After my death I earnestly entreat that a full

and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.

"May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart grateful, S. T. COLERIDGE."—(*Cottle*, p. 394.)

Such was Coleridge's terrible confession! Southey had addressed two remarkable letters to Cottle on this painful subject, a few months before; recommending earnestly self-restraint, and labor, and returning home.

"The restraint, which alone could effectually cure, is that which no person can impose upon him. Could he be compelled to a certain quantity of labor every day for his family, the pleasure of having done it would make his heart glad, and the sane mind would make the body whole. I see nothing so advisable for him, as that he should come here to Greta Hall. . . . here it is that he ought to be. He knows in what manner he would be received,—by his children with joy; by his wife, not with tears if she can control them, certainly not with reproaches; by myself only with encouragement."

To Keswick Coleridge would not and did not go; nor to Mr. Poole. He returned to the Morgans. In April, 1816, he placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, a surgeon at Highgate, in the hope that he might be broken of his fatal propensity. In Mr. Gillman, he found the kindest of friends, and he lived in his house till his death, on the 25th of July, 1834. Mr. Cottle's reminiscences of Coleridge close with the year 1814. Mr. Gillman's first volume does not go beyond the time of Coleridge's coming to reside with him,—so that the particulars of his eighteen years at Highgate are yet to come.

What a different picture will Southey's biographer have to draw! His life at Keswick was, like all his previous life, one of uninterrupted industry. Year by year his reputation grew, and his humble means, the honest produce of a most conscientious industry. In 1809 he undertook to write the historical part of the "Edinburgh Annual Register," at a salary of 400*l.* a year; and took a twelfth share of the property, which he expected would return him 40 per cent. So that at last he thought himself well paid for his labors; with "a fair prospect (life and health permitting) of beginning in a very few years to get above the world, in the worldly meaning of the phrase." In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate, Scott having previously declined

the honor. From this period his correspondence with Wm. Taylor begins to flag.

Southey survived Coleridge nearly nine years. He died on the 21st of March, 1843; having been for nearly a year before his death in a state of complete unconsciousness. His overworked mind had broken down. Two singular incidents happened to him in his later life. In 1826 he was returned to parliament for the borough of Downton, while abroad, without his consent. On the meeting of parliament he wrote to the Speaker to inform him that he was not qualified as required by law, and could not take the prescribed oaths. Sir Robert Peel, during his short tenure of office in 1835, offered him a baronetcy; which, however, he at once declined, as incompatible with his worldly circumstances. Upon this, Sir Robert conferred on him a pension of 300*l.* a-year. He received it joyfully: it released him from all further necessity of writing for bread. As soon as his current engagements were discharged, by the completion of his edition of Cowper, and of his "Lives of the British Admirals," in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," he looked forward to devoting himself to his favorite work, the "History of Portugal." But time was not granted him for this. Large materials have doubtless, been left, which the public cannot afford to lose; for the history of Portugal, is still a desideratum in our literature. Three volumes from his "Common Place Book" are now passing through the press; good news for all who relish the "Omniana" and the "Doctor." While in his "Life and Correspondence," which will soon appear under the editorship of his son, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey, the lovers of pleasant English prose may make sure of having as agreeable a specimen of unconscious autobiography, in the form of letters, as any in the language.

Other works, also, Southey is known to have meditated through life, and to have been compelled to defer, under the necessity of writing for subsistence; until at last, when he had obtained a competence, too little of life remained to turn to account the materials which he had been long collecting. Among these works were a "History of the Monastic Orders," a "History of English Literature from the beginning of the Reign of Elizabeth," and a "History of English Domestic Life." If, at the age of thirty, or even forty, a wise distribution of bounty had given him the pension, with which it was reserved for Sir

Robert Peel to secure the comforts of his old age, how great would have been the gain to our literature! Let the rest be said by his friend Henry Taylor, in the last of those striking essays, his 'Notes from Life:'—By a small pension, and the office of Laureate (yielding together about 200*l.* per annum), he was enabled to insure his life, so as to make a moderate posthumous provision for his family; and it remained for him to support himself and them, so long as he should live, by his writing. With unrivalled industry, infinite stores of knowledge, extraordinary talents, a delightful style, and the devotion of about one-half of his time to writing what should be marketable, rather than what he would have desired to write, he defrayed the cost of that frugal and homely way of life which he deemed to be the happiest and the best. So far it may be said that all was well; and certainly man was never more contented with a humble lot than he. But at sixty years of age he had never yet had one year's income in advance; and when between sixty and seventy his powers of writing failed, had it not been for the timely grant of an additional pension, his means of subsistence would have failed too. It was owing to this grant alone that the last years of a life of such literary industry as was the wonder of his time, were not harassed by pecuniary difficulties; and at his death the melancholy spectacle was presented of enormous preparations thrown away, one great labor of his life half finished, and other lofty designs which had been cherished in his heart of hearts from youth to age, either merely inchoate or altogether unattempted. We mourn over the lost books of Tacitus and Pliny, and rake in the ruins of Herculaneum to recover them; but 300*l.* a-year,—had it been given in time,—might have realized for us works over the loss of which our posterity may perhaps mourn as much, or more!

"Things incomplete, and purposes betrayed,
Make sadder transits o'er Truth's mystic glass
Than noblest objects utterly decayed."

The nature of the subject has carried us further into Southey's letters, as part of our narrative, than we were quite aware: but we cannot close this paper without extracting one letter more from Mr. Cottle's *Reminiscences*; a very beautiful one, being an answer to Cottle's expression of his regret that, on retiring from the bookselling

business, he had not returned to Southey the copyrights of his early works.

"My dear Cottle,—What you say of my copyrights affects me very much. Dear Cottle, set your heart at rest on that subject. It ought to be at rest. They were yours; fairly bought and fairly sold. You bought them on the chance of their success, which no London bookseller would have done; and had they not been bought, they could not have been published at all. Nay, if you had not published 'Joan of Arc,' the poem would never have existed, nor should I, in all probability, ever have obtained that reputation which is the capital on which I subsist, nor that power which enables me to support it.

"But this is not all. Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my home when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left my Edith during my six months' absence; and for the six months after my return, it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of our cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters, and if you are not, I would entreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am that there never was a more generous nor a kinder heart than yours; and you will believe me when I add that there does not live that man upon earth, whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My heart throbs, and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good night, my dear old friend and benefactor.—ROBERT SOUTHEY."

SCALE OF PUNISHMENT.—The Florentine *Patria* publishes a sentence said to have been written by the Duke of Modena himself on some prisoners in the late disturbances. "As it appears that,—1st, Dr. Menozzi is a man of talent and acquirements, we condemn him to imprisonment for eight months; 2nd, that Surgeon Giro Berselli has less talents and fewer acquirements, we condemn him to be imprisoned for four months; 3rd, that Campana has still less talent and fewer acquirements, we condemn him to be imprisoned for two months."

ASYLUM FOR MEN OF LEARNING.—M. Verdee, a wealthy landed proprietor, who has lately died at Paris at the age of eighty-nine, has left, by will, the sum of 1,500,000*frs.* for founding an asylum for aged persons in reduced circumstances, especially for professional men, such as physicians, lawyers, professors, literary persons, and *savans*.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Government has granted £2400 for the purchase of a collection of English portraits, and a selection of etchings by Rembrandt.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE RISE AND FALL OF MASANIELLO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIRESS OF BUDOWA."

THE page of history has been marked with few more extraordinary events than the rise and fall of Masaniello. There is no story upon record of despotic power so suddenly acquired—so well employed—so quickly lost. It was within the short space of six days that the bare-footed fisherman of Amalfi raised and organized an army of 50,000 men, subjugated to his absolute sway a powerful and flourishing city, triumphed over the deputed authority of Spain, and trampled under foot the honors and privileges of the proudest and most ancient among the Italian nobility. The wonders wrought by his rude arm and uncultivated genius were never equalled by the practised skill and experienced heroism of the greatest men in ancient or modern times. Perhaps in the very ignorance of difficulty lay a part of his strength, as those who wander recklessly during sleep or intoxication pass unscathed through dangers that must needs be fatal to a fully conscious agent. But the use made of his strangely-acquired power cannot in any degree be thus accounted for. The justice, the wisdom, the sound policy, and the noble disinterestedness unvaryingly displayed throughout his brief but brilliant career, will bear evidence to the latest posterity that its disastrous close was owing to the treachery of the Spaniard, not to the weakness of the Neapolitan. The admirable harmony existing amongst Masaniello's mental and moral qualifications for government, fairly lead to the conclusion that his character was far too powerfully constituted to be moved to giddiness by the most unaccustomed heights. The mystery of his sad fate must, however, always remain shrouded in darkness: any decision that can now be formed respecting it must depend more upon the metaphysical analysis of the inquirer than on the certain testimony of facts. To many it is more difficult to believe in the strange, slow-working efficacy of a now-forgotten drug than that the powerful mind of Masaniello was upset by its own inner workings alone. To such the popular belief is entirely satisfactory; they easily find in the excitement of a vain, self-satisfied, quickly-intoxicated brain the

real solution of the hero's mysterious madness. Respecting the other facts of his extraordinary career, there exists no manner of doubt: these are well attested by historians worthy of credit, and these alone are here presented to the reader.

In a corner of the great market-place of Naples rose the humble dwelling of Thomas Anello, of Amalfi; he was by trade one of those whom the Neapolitans call Pescivendoli. He got his living by angling for small fish with a cane, hook, and line. Sometimes he bought fish and retailed them to his neighbors; his was a life of industry and hard labor, and so it continued until he attained the age of twenty-four. Some prophetic instincts of future greatness, however, had gleamed through the darkness of a lot of drudgery and privation, or more probably the prophecy of the future was involved in the workings of his own mind, its peculiar form alone being received from the external circumstances most calculated to impress it. By a strange coincidence the arms and the name of Charles V. were placed in very ancient carving under one of the windows of the fisherman's humble home. This great monarch's memory was dear to the people of Naples, as they were indebted to him for the grant of a very important charter of privileges; and Thomas Anello was heard at times to boast, half in jest half in earnest, that he was the person destined to restore the city to the liberty and exemptions accorded them by the Emperor of Austria. Many years had now elapsed since the kingdom of Naples, having undergone sundry changes and revolutions, submitted itself voluntarily to the power of Austria. Its attachment to that imperial house had been proved by liberal contributions to its treasury. Large donations were freely offered to the kings Philip II., III., and IV. of Spain;* and the sovereigns of the house of Austria professed themselves fully sensible of a loyalty and affection so satisfactorily proved. The people, however, suf-

* Charles V. was Emperor of Austria in right of his father Philip; King of Spain, in right of his mother Joanna, the heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella.

ferred severely from their governors' acts of generosity. They were oppressed with heavy exactions; the provisions necessary for the support of life grew dear, and were placed almost beyond the reach of the poor. Even the indolent patience of a sunny clime and cloudless skies began to fail; popular discontents arose, gathered strength, and were at length openly expressed. The populace were already ripe for an outbreak, when, in an evil hour for Spain, a new donative was offered to the acceptance of its king, Philip IV. It was eagerly accepted; but all commodities being already taxed, it was difficult to contrive a method to raise the money. The expedient hit upon was eminently unfortunate. It was decided to lay a gabel (or tax) on every sort of fruit, dry as well as green; grapes, figs, mulberries, apples, pears, and plums were all included, thus depriving the lowest class of people of their usual nourishment and support, and reducing them to the extreme of misery and distress. This gabel was collected with severity for seven months; many poor wretches were obliged to sell all their household stuff, even the beds they lay upon; and at last, driven to despair, they resolved to resist exactions impossible to satisfy.

The Duke of Arcos, a grandee of the first order, was the viceroy of Naples under the king of Spain. He was a man of mild and yielding temper, personally brave, but utterly incapable of acting with energy or promptitude either for good or evil. The thin "blue blood" of a Spanish grandee, filtered in its long descent through hundreds of noble ancestors, could ill support the test of collision with the fresh and healthy current that flowed in the veins of the low-born and free-hearted Masaniello. The fisherman of Amalfi is described as "a man of middle stature, with sharp and piercing black eyes, his body rather lean than fat, his hair cropped short; he wore a mariner's cap upon his head, long linen slops or drawers, a blue waistcoat, his feet were always bare. Daring and enterprise were expressed in his strongly marked countenance, his address was bold and confident, his disposition pleasant and humorous." It is, however, probable that this description was drawn from memory, after Masaniello had become world-famous. Other accounts represent him as looked down upon by his associates for inferiority of intellect. To few is the insight granted

to see the hero until the outward semblance is put on.

Masaniello's affections were as warm as his temper was impetuous. An insult offered to his wife first roused the sleeping lion in his breast, and gave consistency and determination to his projects of resistance to the government. She had been met in the streets by the officers of the customs, with a small quantity of contraband flour concealed in her apron, and though the fiery Masaniello stooped to the most humble entreaties and even to tears, she was dragged to prison before his eyes, and confined there until he had sold everything he possessed to pay the fine set on her offence. But not again was he to experience the agony of helplessness; it was for the last time he had implored in vain. He had no sooner replaced his wife in their now desolate home, than he set about the execution of projects of vengeance to be speedily realized; the insult offered to the fisherman's wife was washed out in the noblest blood of Naples.

His first undertaking was only partially successful; the riot he had excited was soon quelled, and the disappointed fisherman returned home, less hopeful but not less determined. As he approached his stall in the market-place, it so happened that a number of boys were at that moment collected about it;—such was the scene and such the instruments that served as foundations to his future power;—an empty fish stall and a few of the boy-rabble of an enslaved and impoverished city.

Worked upon by the rude eloquence of Masaniello, the boys, who listened to his impassioned appeals, consented readily to obey his directions. Traversing hourly every street of the city, they repeated loudly and incessantly the lesson he had taught them, "look ye here, how we are ridden, gabel upon gabel! thirty-six ounces the loaf of bread, twenty-two the pound of cheese, two granas the pint of wine! Are these things to be endured? Let God live! let the Lady of Carmine live! let the pope live! long live the king of Spain, but let our cursed government die!" The tumult caused by the incessant repetitions of Masaniello's lesson set the whole city in an uproar; the noise the boys made produced different impressions; "some fell a laughing at the oddness of the thing, others began to be in pain for the consequences." They little knew the powerful hand that

was on the watch to direct them aright, and out of the tumult to bring forth peace. On that very day Masaniello enlisted the boys who offered to follow him to the number of five hundred; their ages were about sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, "all choice, sturdy lads."

Sunday, the next day, the country fruiters assembled just as usual to sell, and the officers to collect the tax, but all these preparations were in vain; the shopkeepers positively refused to buy unless the promise that had quieted them the day before were fulfilled, and the gabel removed. The countrymen, finding they were to have no market for their goods, were full of rage and disappointment; Masaniello was at hand to seize the opportunity, and heading his troop of boys, he ran into the midst of the tumult, exclaiming loudly, "Without gabel! without gabel!" The people soon collected in great numbers; they marched in triumph through the streets, crying loudly, "Long live the king of Spain, but let the cursed government die." It was then that, standing upon the highest table among the fruit-stalls, Masaniello addressed to them the following speech, given at full length, that the reader may judge of the nature of that eloquence which for a few short days swayed every heart, and ruled every hand, within the reach of its influence:—

"Again, my dear companions and countrymen, give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption and the time of our deliverance draweth near: this poor fisherman, barefooted as he is, shall, as another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh the Egyptian king, free you from all gabels and impositions that ever were laid upon you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who reduced the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil to the liberty of Christ, and the whole world followed that deliverance and obtained their freedom from the same bondage. Now another fisherman, one Masaniello (I am the man), shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. To bring this glorious end about, for myself, I don't value if I am torn to pieces and dragged up and down the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it. Let all the blood in my body flow cheerfully out of these veins; let this head fall from these shoulders by the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place on a pole to be gazed at, yet I shall die contented and glorious. It will be triumph and honor sufficient for me to think that my blood and my life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the savior of my country."

The breathless silence maintained

through this long harangue—an excited mob of fiery southern temperament being the listeners, is alone a sufficient test of its eloquence. Universal applause succeeded, and the people declared themselves ready to follow wherever Masaniello chose to lead.

The toll-houses, where the account-books of the gabel were laid up, were the first objects of their fury. They were ransacked of their contents, and most of them burnt to the ground. The spreading flames alarmed the whole city, and many of the peaceably inclined joined the rioters, as the best means of preserving their property uninjured. Towards the afternoon the following of Masaniello had increased to the number of 10,000, and they now demanded with loud cries to be led to the Viceroy's palace. Personally fearless, the Duke of Arcos made no attempt to escape, but appeared at a balcony and endeavored to soothe the rioters into submission. The offers he made of partially repealing the taxes were, however, scornfully rejected; the mob forced their way into the palace, and irritated by the opposition of the guards would certainly have torn the duke to pieces, had he not been conveyed away by a stratagem of the Duke di Castel de Sangro.

Darkness brought no calm to Naples, nor cessation to the exertions of the people: all the night through they were engaged in collecting arms and ammunition, and making hostile preparations for the following day. Three times the loud peal of the great bell belonging to the church of the Lady of the Carmine was heard in the remotest quarters of the city, summoning their inhabitants to arm for the cause of freedom.

Before it was clear day Masaniello appeared in the great market-place, and dividing the people, who were there met together, into regiments and companies, he distributed among them whatever arms they had been able to collect. With singular dexterity he had already acquired complete authority, and his rude oratory kindled the passions, and swayed the wills of his followers so effectually that "they needed but a motion of his hand," says the historian, "to cut the throats of all the nobility, and set every house in the city on fire." Nothing now was to be heard in the streets but the noise of drums and trumpets, and the clashing of armor. Banners waved aloft, each man ranging himself under his appointed colors; that which was yesterday

but a rabble-rout, is to day a formidable and well-ordered army. The soldiers marched along, bearing lances and targets, with swords drawn, musquets and arquebuses cocked. The country-people had by this time thronged into the city in great multitudes; armed with plough-shares, pitch-forks, spades, and spikes, they joined themselves to the more regular troops, their wild cries and furious gestures inspiring universal terror. The insurgents were accompanied by numbers of women, who carried fire shovels, iron-tongs, and any other household instrument they could convert to purposes of destruction. They exclaimed loudly as they marched along, that "they would burn the city, and themselves and children along with it, rather than bring up their children to be slaves and pack-horses to a proud and haughty nobility." And truly it was now the turn of this proud and haughty nobility to obey and to tremble. Those who had not made their escape in time knew that they were entirely at the mercy of the infuriated populace. No man was safe either in life or property. All business and public offices were at a stand. Studies were neglected, books abandoned; the bar was solitary, the law ceased; advocates were dumb. The judges were fled, and the courts of justice were shut up.

In the meantime the viceroy had taken refuge in the stronghold of Castelnovo. He summoned a council of the nobility who hastily gathered round him, and consulted with them as to the best measures to be pursued. The nobles of Naples, as well as the merchants had advanced large sums to the government on the gabel, and they strongly dissuaded the viceroy from concessions necessarily prejudicial to their interests. Their opinion was in favor of a sally from Castelnovo. The Duke of Arcos, however, gentle in disposition and unwarlike in habits, was averse to any violent measure; he decided against the proposal of the nobles and sent a conciliatory embassy to Masaniello.

Many of the nobility were joined with the Duke of Mataloni, a nobleman in high favor with the people, in this embassy, and forcing their way in amongst the insurgents, they loudly announced to them in the name of the viceroy that all gabels should be abolished by public authority: they intreated them, therefore, to lay down their arms. But Masaniello quickly arrested their progress. He who was yesterday

the barefooted fisherman of Amalfi now exercised despotic authority over the hearts and hands of thousands, and he confronted the haughty nobility with a pride equal to their own. Mounted on a noble and richly caparisoned charger, he headed his followers, sword in hand, and refused to allow any answer to be given to the embassy until credentials from the viceroy were produced. Astonished at his daring, the Duke de Mataloni and his companions had great difficulty in dissembling their indignation; nevertheless, they replied courteously that "if he would condescend to hear their proposal, he might then judge of them as he in his great wisdom should think fit; and if they should be so fortunate as to come to any terms of agreement, they agreed to see the conditions executed at the hazard of their own lives."

The general and his followers proceeded to detail at full length the redress they claimed for their grievances. Their statement is so just in matter, and so moderate in tone, that it well deserves a quotation at full length. The sound reasoning and strong sense of justice manifested throughout the proceedings of a Neapolitan mob of the seventeenth century, affords a striking precedent for a later period.

"They desired no more," they said "than that the privileges granted to the city of Naples by King Ferdinand should be made good. They were afterwards confirmed by Charles V., of glorious memory, who by oath had promised to this faithful city that no new taxes should be laid on the people of Naples by himself or his successors without the consent of the Apostolic See. If they were imposed with that authority they were to be obeyed; otherwise the city and the people had the liberty to refuse the payment. They might, if they pleased, rise one and all with sword in hand, in defence of their charter, without the imputation of rebellion or irreverence to the prince who governed them. Now, since all taxes, very few, and they of small consequence, excepted, have been imposed without the consent of his Reverence, it was but just that they should be immediately taken off, being in themselves void and of no effect; they further claimed to have the original of said charter, preserved in the archives of St. Lawrence's Church, delivered into their hands." The noblemen listened with patience, and took their leave with courtesy, promising as they departed to use their best endeavors with the Viceroy.

When they returned to Castelnovo, the Duke of Arcos called another council to advise with them as to the possibility of acceding to the demands of Masaniello. This delay added fuel to the violence of the insurgents; fire and sword raged unopposedly everywhere, and the most splendid palaces of Naples were burnt to the ground.

The people, when they appointed Masaniello their general, gave him for privy councillor a priest of the name of Julio Genovino. He was beloved and much depended upon by the people for his singular ability, prudence, and experience. These qualities were, however, stained by cruelty and craft, and it is to him and to the bandit Perrone that the murders and burnings that now devastated the city are justly to be attributed. These two councillors were given to attend upon Masaniello under the pretence of being a curb to his fury, instead of which it was all in vain he attempted to exercise a restraint upon theirs. Blazing faggots were seen in every quarter preparing for the execution of their sentences, and it was happy for the inmates when they escaped with life.

In the midst of all these disorders, however, the most exact rules of justice and moral honesty was strictly observed. "All was done for the public good, and no private interest was to be considered." One man was instantly struck down dead for pilfering a small towel, and many who had fallen victims to the temptations of seeing so much splendid property and coin pass through their hands into the fire, were hung up in the market-place by the order of Masaniello. In the flames that glowed and spread beneath his eyes, the viceroy read the absolute necessity of acquiescence. He consented to all and every demand, and it was arranged the articles of capitulation should be read aloud next morning in the great market-place.

Hope dawned on the city with the morning's sun. The better disposed among the people sighed for peace, and desired earnestly the termination of the disturbances, only to be tolerated, they thought, as a necessary means to the attainment of their rights. Even the rabble themselves, dazzled by the prospect of the immunities and privileges they were on the point of enjoying, laid aside their fury, and wished and hoped for a return of tranquillity. But the fair prospects of the eager crowds gathered in the market-place were all blasted by a fatal and unexpected incident. While the

dense multitude, wedged close together, awaited in triumphant confidence the arrival of the archbishop, the life of their leader, Masaniello, was attempted. Five musket shots were fired at him by a party of banditti who had forced their way among the crowd. A bullet or two came so near as to singe his clothing, but the precious life remained untouched. The people shouted loudly that this was a manifest sign of the favor of Providence; that a miraculous interposition had preserved their deliverer. Gratitude to heaven was rapidly succeeded by revenge upon men; thirty of the bandits were killed on the spot, and though the rest took refuge in the church of Carmine, the sanctity of the place could not preserve them from the rage of the populace. The whole pavement was soon covered with slaughtered bodies, and the anguished cries of the wounded for confessors were drowned in the triumphant shouts of the avengers. One of the dying men acknowledged that the five hundred bandits had been sent by the Duke of Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa, his brother, to revenge, by the death of Masaniello, the insults he had received from the rabble. Domenico Perrone, the coadjutor of Masaniello, had been, he added, another prime mover in the plot; the rage of the people revenged this treachery by instant death.

Masaniello now despatched troops in every direction in search of the Duke of Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa. By speed and cunning the duke escaped, but Caraffa was dragged from under a bed in the convent where he had taken refuge, and his head cut off with a chopping-knife by Michael de Sanctis, who owed his expertness to his parentage. The powerful noble, at whose name the whole kingdom of Naples had been used to tremble, met with his ignominious end by the hand of a butcher's son. Masaniello now directed his rage against the viceroy.

But his positive denial of any share in the attempts on Masaniello's life, and his zeal for the punishment of the surviving assassins, soothed the angry passions of the people, and inclined them to listen to proposals of peace. He had taken underhand precautions which were still more effectual. He had won over the priest Julio Genovino by bribes and promises, and the ambitious colleague of Masaniello found little difficulty in beguiling the honest and open hearted fisherman to a compliance with the measures best suited to forward Genovino's views.

The treaty of accommodation was at last perfected and drawn up by Genovino, read and approved by Masaniello, then finally signed by the viceroy. The substance of the articles was this:—"That the people should from that time forward enjoy all the benefits, privileges, and immunities granted them by the charter of Charles V.; that all excesses committed from the 7th of July, the day on which the insurrection began, until the signature of the treaty, should be pardoned by a general amnesty; that the elect and all the other officers of the people should be chosen every six months by the commons, without need of any further confirmation; and in case they should not obtain such confirmation, they might with impunity rise in arms, and strive to redress themselves, without being deemed guilty of rebellion."

The next step towards a general pacification was the visit of Masaniello to the viceroy, a visit he most reluctantly consented to pay, and was only at last prevailed upon by the solicitations of the archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Filomarino. He also succeeded in persuading him to lay aside for the first time, the "tattered fisherman's dress," in which he had conquered and ruled with authority as despotic as ever belonged to the purple and ermine of hereditary sovereignty.

Masaniello, however, now appeared in magnificent vestments, corresponding to the high station he held. A lofty plume of feathers waved over his burnished helmet, his well-tried sword was drawn; in splendid and martial array he rode before the archbishop's coach, his whole route appearing one long triumphal procession. The citizens strewed the way before him with palm and olive branches; whilst from balconies hung with the richest silks and tapestries, the brightest eyes of Naples cast eager glances of curiosity and admiration upon the hero as he passed. Garlands of flowers were showered upon him from every side; the air was filled with sounds of exquisite music, and with this mingled in rapturous acclamation the praises and the blessings of the thronging crowd, who greeted him with the glorious title of "Savior of his country."

When Masaniello arrived at Castelnuovo, he addressed the people in words that long lived in their memories. He commenced with calling upon them all to thank God "and the most gracious Lady of Carmine for the recovery of their liberty." He then,

in glowing terms, described the advantages procured to them by the articles just ratified, holding out the charter of Charles V. as a substantial proof of the reality of the occurrences of the last few days, "which otherwise," he said, "might well appear to them nothing more than a splendid dream." He continued by reminding them of the disinterestedness of his services to his country, calling the archbishop to witness that he had refused large bribes which had been offered him in the very first day of the Revolution, if he would only calm the people, and induce them to give up their just claims. "Nor even at this time," he continued, "should I have thrown off my tattered weeds, to assume the gaudy magnificence had not his Eminence, for decency's sake, and under pain of excommunication, obliged me to it. No, no, I am still Masaniello the fisherman, such was I born, such have I lived, and such I intend to live and die. And after having fished for and caught the public liberty, in that tempestuous sea wherein it had been immersed so long, I'll return to my former condition, reserving nothing for myself, but my hook and line, with which to provide daily for the necessary support of the remainder of my life. The only favor I desire of you, in token of the acknowledgment for all my labors is, that when I am dead, you will each of you say an Ave Maria for me. Do you promise me this?" The people's shout rose high into the air, "Yes," was exclaimed by thousands, "but let it be a hundred years hence." Again the rich clear voice of Masaniello fell on the ears of the assembled multitude, and again their silence became still as the grave: "My friends, I thank you," he said, "and as a further testimony of my love to you, and my adherence to your interests, I will give you two words of advice, the first is not to lay down your arms till the confirmation of your privileges arrives from Spain, the second, that you should ever mistrust the nobility, who are our sworn and professed enemies. Take care of them and be upon your guard." There was much in the foregoing address that partook of the nature of a farewell; Masaniello's exceeding reluctance to consent to this visit to Castelnuovo may have arisen from a presentiment of the fate awaiting him there, but the frank and honest son of the people could never have conceived the depth of treachery meditated against him by aristocratic cowardice. If any dark

shadow of coming events passed over his mind, it never assumed the form or likeness of the truth, he thought he provided for the "wild justice of revenge," by commanding that if he did not return before the next morning the palace should be set on fire. Loud cries of "We will do it," assured him of vengeance at least, it not of safety.

The viceroy stood at the head of the great staircase to receive Masaniello, who threw himself at the duke's feet, and having kissed them he thanked his excellency in the name of the people for his gracious acceptance of the treaty. He then added that he had come to present himself to receive any punishment he thought fit to inflict. But the viceroy raising and embracing him, assured him that he was so far from looking upon him as a criminal that he would daily give him substantial proofs of his favor and esteem. He then led him into a private apartment, where, in company with the archbishop they consulted together on the best measures to be adopted for carrying the articles into effect. In the meantime the concourse of people in the palace-yard were seized with apprehension on account of Masaniello's long absence, and became so clamorous for his appearance, that the viceroy was obliged to break up the council, and to lead him to a balcony where they stood together, while Masaniello assured the people that he was safe and under no restraint. The crowd below replied by loud shouts of "Long live the King of Spain, long live the Duke of Arcos."

Masaniello's eye flashed with the pride of power: "Your excellency shall now see how obedient the Neapolitan can be," said he, as he put his finger to his mouth, and at the signal, a profound silence instantly fell on the shouting crowd below; even the breathing of that dense mass seemed suspended, so hushed, so deep, so solemn was the stillness impressed on that vast multitude by the silent signal of one strong-willed man. In a few moments more, Masaniello raised his powerful voice, and commanded that every soul should retire; the court yard cleared so suddenly, that contemporary writers say the viceroy looked upon it as a kind of miracle. But if the viceroy had before hesitated, this rash display of Masaniello's power sealed his fate. Amongst the hospitalities lavishly proffered, the finest wines of Naples held of course a place, and while Masaniello quaffed the

deep red juices, a fatal drug of fiery efficacy, but slow operation, insinuated itself through his veins, and laid the foundation of his ruin.

When the fisherman departed, the viceroy loaded him with compliments and commendations, assuring him he so highly approved of his conduct hitherto, "that he would for the future leave the administration of affairs entirely to his care and wisdom;" and Masaniello accepted these words so literally, that from that moment to the last of his life, he acted, and in all respects governed, as if he had been king of Naples. As a final farewell, the viceroy hung round his neck a splendid gold chain; this he several times refused, and only at last accepted at the earnest solicitation of the archbishop. He also created him Duke of St. George, a title the high-spirited son of the people never deigned to assume. The numerous orders he afterwards issued for the promotion of the peace and welfare of the city were signed by the name under which he had triumphed, Thomas Anello d'Amalfi. The day following was appointed for the solemn ceremony of finally ratifying the articles in the cathedral church of Naples. Masaniello spent all the morning in hearing causes, redressing grievances, and making regulations relating both to civil and military affairs. He displayed throughout the same clear head and sound judgment as usual. It was only in the harangue closing the final ceremony at the cathedral, that his fine mind began to give evidence of deranged powers. Even in the hour that set the seal to his glorious triumph, the treacherous vengeance of his enemies began to take effect.

The vice-roy, the council of state and war, the royal chamber of Santa Chiara, the tribunals of the chancery, and all the civil and criminal judges of the great court of the Vicaria, were assembled in the cathedral when Masaniello arrived; they swore upon the Holy Evangelists "to observe inviolably for ever" the articles before agreed to, and to procure without delay their ratification from the King of Spain. A *Te Deum* followed, and then Masaniello rose to address a respectful and admiring audience.

His natural eloquence had not yet forsaken him; his speech to the noble and dignified assembly within the cathedral, and the thronging multitude without, contained many passages deserving of high admiration, but so mixed up with extrava-

gant boasts and wildly improbable assertions, that the listeners stared at each other in mute amazement. Some amongst them imagined that his sudden elevation had intoxicated his brain; others, that with overweening pride and haughtiness he desired to show his contempt for the august assemblage of lay and ecclesiastical dignity to whom his incoherent speech was addressed. Those few only who were in the fatal secret prudently avoided noticing a result they knew to be the triumph of their own treachery.

Masaniello having finished his harangue, began to tear in pieces the splendid dress he wore, calling with an air of command upon the archbishop and the viceroy to help him off with it. He had only put it on, he said, "for the honor of the ceremony; it was become useless since that was ended; and having done all that he had to do, he would now return to his hook and line." The soothing persuasions of the good archbishop at length succeeded in prevailing on him not to lay aside his robes of state until the procession homeward was concluded, and the viceroy and the rest of the nobles having taken leave of him with all due respect and courtesy, he returned to his humble dwelling in the market-place.

The next day that lowly abode was besieged by a crowd of the most distinguished nobles and ecclesiastics, also the ministers of state, all eager to pay their compliments to Masaniello, and congratulate him on his wonderful successes. But alas! the dignity and elevation, the calm of conscious superiority, before ensuring his self-possession under every variety of circumstance, had now completely abandoned him. The strangest, wildest expressions escaped him; the most extravagant acts tested his no longer revered, but still strictly obeyed authority; none dared to oppose his will or contradict his assertions, but suspicions gradually strengthened into certainty, that his once powerful intellect was by some means or other completely overthrown. Various suppositions were put forward to account for the sudden madness of Masaniello. Some asserted that the height of absolute power attained to almost in an instant, had made his head giddy and turned his brain; others accounted for it by the great and continual fatigues he had undergone, scarcely allowing himself the necessary refreshments of food and sleep; but the opinion, since more openly expressed, was universally whispered then, that the viceroy's

draught had heated his blood to madness, and would gradually produce hopeless insanity.

The day after the ceremony in the cathedral Masaniello's derangement was still more openly manifested. He rode full speed through the streets of Naples, abusing, menacing, and even killing several of the people who had not time to get out of his way; he also caused several officers to be instantly put to death for the most trivial offences. About three in the afternoon he went to the palace, with ragged clothing, only one stocking, and without either hat or sword; and in this condition, forcing his way into the viceroy's presence, he told him he was "almost starved to death, and he would fain eat something." The viceroy instantly commanded food to be set before him; but Masaniello exclaimed that he had not come there to eat, but to request his excellency would accompany him to Posilippo, to partake of a collation with him there; then giving a call, several sailors entered loaded with all sorts of fruits and delicacies. The viceroy hurriedly excused himself on account of a pain in his head, which he said had that moment seized him; but he ordered his own gondola to be prepared for the voyage, saw Masaniello on board, and took leave of him with seeming friendliness, but real hate and dread. He had, however, no cause for alarm. Until they confront each other before the judgment-seat, the betrayer and the betrayed were never to meet again.

The gondola that conveyed Masaniello in viceregal state to Posilippo, was accompanied by forty feluccas, filled with attendants on his pleasures; some danced, others played and sang, others dived repeatedly to pick up the pieces of gold he threw into the sea. During this voyage he is said to have drunk twelve bottles of lachrymæ Christi, and this so heightened the efficacy of the viceroy's fatal drug, that from that moment he never knew another interval of reason.

No sooner had the next day dawned than he recommenced his frantic rides through the city. He now held a drawn sword in his hand, and with it he struck and maimed every one who ventured within his reach. At times he loudly threatened that he would take off the viceroy's head; and issued the most extravagant orders to his followers. Don Ferrant and Don Carlos Caracciolo, two illustrious brothers, were passing in their carriages through the street where

Masaniello was on horseback, because they did not get out to salute him, he issued an order "under pain of death and firing," that they should come to kiss his feet publicly in the market-place. Instead of obeying this insolent summons, the fiery nobles hastened to the viceroy's palace and inveighed against the intolerable indignity of "A wretch sprung from the very dregs of the rabble, thus trampling under his feet the dignity of the proudest Neapolitan nobles." Even while they yet spoke Genovino and Arpaja entered with heavy complaints against Masaniello, who had, that very morning caned one of them, and given a slap on the face to the other. They asserted that many of the chief citizens were so terrified at the extravagances of Masaniello, that if the viceroy would only confirm the privileges he had obtained for them, they desired nothing better than to return to their allegiance to his excellency, and to take away the office of captain-general of the people from Masaniello. The Duke of Arcos was overjoyed to find his treachery so far successful that the people were brought into the very disposition he could wish, as it appeared, too, by Masaniello's own act; he immediately published a new ban re-confirming the capitulation; and Masaniello was, in a public meeting of the citizens, deposed from all his offices and condemned to be confined in a stronghold for the rest of his days. Notwithstanding the many outrages he had committed, no one could find it in their hearts to consent to the death of one who had restored liberty to his country. But the viceroy could not feel himself in safety while breath remained in the wretched body which he had deprived of mind. He therefore eagerly accepted the proposal of Michael Angelo Ardizzone, who offered to make away with him at the hazard of his own life. He promised him lavish rewards and unbounded favor, and urged him to immediate action.

The last scene of the fisherman's strange career now approaches. It was the festival of our Lady of Carmine, and the church of that name was filled with an infinite number of persons waiting for the arrival of the archbishop to begin the singing of the mass. The moment he appeared Masaniello rushed forward and made a passionate address to him of mingled complaint and resignation, concluding with a request that he would send a letter for him to the viceroy. Soothing the poor lunatic with his accustomed gentleness, the archbishop instantly sent

one of his attendants to the palace with the letter, then going up to the grand altar he attempted to begin the service, but Masaniello interrupted him again, and going himself into the pulpit, he held out a crucifix in his hand, and addressing himself to the people earnestly besought them not to forsake him. For sometime he spoke with all his former eloquence; with pathos and earnestness he reminded them of the toils and dangers he had undergone for their sakes, the great deliverance and the invaluable benefits he had procured for them, which they had just seen confirmed in the very church where he, their deliverer, now appealed to them for succor.

As his discourse became more vehement, the lucid interval quickly terminated; the excitement he labored under brought on one of his raving fits, and he began to condemn himself for the badness of his past life, and exhorted every one present to "make the like confession to their ghostly father, that so God's anger might be appeased." He then ran on into many ridiculous and extravagant expressions, some of which even savored of heresy! Upon this the archbishop thought it time to interfere, and commanded his assistants to force him out of the pulpit, and to consign him to the care of the monks in the adjoining convent. He had not been long in this asylum when the assassins employed by the viceroy found an entrance, inquiring loudly for Masaniello. As soon as the victim heard his name pronounced, he hastened to meet his murderers, exclaiming, "Is it me you look for, my people? Behold, I am here." The only answer he received was four musket shots, fired upon him at the same time. He instantly fell dead, only uttering the words "Ungrateful traitors!" as he breathed his last. Salvator Cataneo, one of the four assassins, cut off his head and fixed it on a spear. Thus it was carried through the streets of Naples, the murderers crying out loudly as they went along, "Masaniello is dead! Masaniello is dead! Let the King of Spain live, and let nobody presume hereafter to name Masaniello." The cowardly rabble, who were at that very moment collected in the church and market-place to the number of eight or ten thousand, made no attempt to avenge the death of their benefactor; nor was any opposition offered or murmur uttered when his head, after being carried in procession through the city, was thrown into a ditch called the Corn Ditch. His

body also, after being dragged through all the kennels of Naples, was thrown into another town ditch, lying without Porta Nolana.

In the meantime, the nobility were hurrying in crowds to congratulate the viceroy on the death of their mutual enemy. Their extravagant demonstrations of joy at being rid of Masaniello evidenced how much they dreaded his power. The Duke of Arcos manifested his pious sense of the great deliverance by going in procession with the chief officers and magistrates of the kingdom to the church of Carmine, to return God thanks for the cowardly act of hired murderers. The head and blood of San Gennaro were both exposed to view, to grace the joyful solemnity. At the same time, the confirmation of the articles sworn to the Saturday before, was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the market-place, amid the loud acclamations of the credulous populace. They soon, however, learned, by the publication of the printed treaty, how futile was their confidence in the justice to be rendered them when their protector was withdrawn. By the aid of Julio Genovino's treachery, a salvo had been inserted into the 14th article, of a tenor to make all the rest null and void, and the Neapolitans, reduced to the same state of oppression as before, were compelled to begin over again the desperate struggle against Spanish tyranny.

In the meantime, one of those quick transitions common in all popular demonstrations, had taken place among the volatile Neapolitans. The day following his death, the head and body of Masaniello were looked out and joined together by a few amongst his more adventurous and devoted followers, and an exhibition of them in the church of Carmine excited violent feelings of sorrow and repentance. The corpse was carried through the most public streets of the city, with all the solemnities commonly used at the funeral of a martial commander. It was preceded by five hundred monks, and followed by forty thousand men-in-arms, and almost as many women, with beads in their hands. As the procession passed the palace of the viceroy, he readily conformed to the times, and sent eight pages with torches in their hands to accompany the corpse; the Spaniards on guard were also ordered to lower their ensigns, and to salute it as it was carried by. At last it was brought back to the cathedral church, and there buried, while all the

bells of Naples rung a mournful peal, and passionate lamentations were uttered by the surrounding multitude. An old writer quaintly observes, that, "by an unequalled popular inconstancy, Masaniello, in less than three days was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint."

Thus ended the unexampled career of Masaniello of Amalfi. Neither ancient nor modern history can furnish any parallel to the brief brilliance of his sudden success. "Trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of four days he raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world; of Naples, the metropolis of so many fair provinces, the mother and the nurse of so many illustrious princes and renowned heroes. His orders were without reply, his decrees without appeal, and the destiny of all Naples might be said to depend upon a single motion of his hand." The qualifications that raised Masaniello to such a height of power, are variously stated by various authors, according to their nation and their prejudices, but the actions he performed are incontrovertible proofs of eminent abilities. Cardinal Filomarino was probably the person amongst his contemporaries best qualified to judge of Masaniello's mental capacity; he professed himself often astonished at the solidity of the fisherman's judgment, and the subtlety of his contrivances. One fact alone, his dictating to seven secretaries at the same time, gives evidence of rare command of intellect in a statesman of six days' experience.

In summing up a character, ever destined to remain in some degree a mystery to posterity, a high place should be allotted to the moral qualities displayed by Masaniello under circumstances of strong excitement and extraordinary temptation. So strict was his justice, that amongst the numerous deaths inflicted by his orders, not one suffered who did not deserve it; so noble his disinterestedness, that in the midst of glittering piles of wealth, he remained as poor as in his original condition.

From the harmony existing between his mental and moral qualities, it may be fairly inferred that a character of otherwise apparent completeness, could not have been deficient in the strength requisite to support the elevation attained by its own un-

aided efforts. The metaphysical student of human nature will find it far easier to believe in a physical cause for Masaniello's sudden derangement. There are some discrepancies, some inconsistencies, not possible even to our fallen humanity.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS—THE BICETRE ASYLUM.

1. *The Construction and Government of Lunatic Asylums and Hospitals for the Insane.* By John Conolly, M.D., F.R.C.P.L., and Physician to the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell. With Plans. London: John Churchill, Princes Street, Soho. 1847.
2. *A Letter to Robert Greene Bradley, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Visiting Justices to the Lancaster Lunatic Asylum, on the Condition of the Insane Poor in the County of Lancaster, not resident in Asylums.* By Samuel Gaskell, F.R.C.S., Lancaster: printed by W. Newton, Cheapside. 1847.

OUR object is to call attention to the recent movement in favor of that large and unfortunate class of human beings, known as imbeciles and idiots; and to diffuse a knowledge of the measures successfully practised on the Continent, for the improvement of their condition. We need not stop to inquire whether this movement originated in England or in France: it is sufficient for our purpose to know that it has been practically and most satisfactorily demonstrated, that no member of the great human family, however low in the scale of intelligence he may be placed by reason of deficient mental organization, is any longer to be considered incapable of improvement, either mentally or morally.

It is a melancholy fact, that in most civilized lands idiots have been too long looked upon as "beings devoid of understanding and heart," and as such "shunned with loathing and aversion—shut out from all social relations—regarded as mere animals denied the holy fire of intelligence, and exposed to physical treatment worse than the lowest of the brute creation;" but in other regions, in those for example, where the precepts of Mahomet are received as the rule of faith, "those on whom nature has forgot to smile," are treated with a much greater degree of kindness than in many whose inhabitants "profess and call themselves Christians." It must however be observed, that popular sympathy is enlisted in their favor in districts where the number of idiots is largest in proportion to that of the general population; and, as in Scotland and Ireland, so among the peasantry of some parts of the Continent, the fact of

a person being an *innocent* almost certainly insures for him the kind treatment of his neighbors.

In England, upon nearly every other mental or bodily ill has due attention been bestowed. The deaf, the dumb, the blind, have their appropriate institutions and asylums, where they are successfully treated according to their several necessities, and are thus enabled to assume a certain position in society. But with the more unfortunate members of the human family, whose cause we are now advocating, the case is very different. With the single exception, we believe, of an establishment at Bath, opened during the past year, by a few charitable ladies, the idiotic and imbecile portion of the community have hitherto had no asylum devoted to their reception and education; and the utmost that appears to have been done by way of ameliorating their circumstances, to adopt the words of Dr. Conolly in reference to incurable insane patients, is, that since "they are reduced to the condition of children, they are now treated as children, fed as children, kept clean like children, put into bed like children; they are only not punished like children; but are guarded by night and by day from danger, violence, or neglect, until their poor remains of life can be husbanded no longer."

This neglect may perhaps be traced to three principal causes. 1. The comparatively unobtrusive character of this form of mental disease, so different from many of the modes in which decided insanity manifests itself, and which, from their violence, imperatively demand the prompt interposi-

tion of the most active and energetic measures. 2. Ignorance of the number of these helpless creatures, existing uncared for and unknown, except by parties more immediately connected with them by ties of relationship or otherwise. And, 3. An idea that by no system of tuition could these hapless beings be rescued from their apparently irremediable condition. And this latter idea may probably have led to the little notice bestowed upon the idiotic and imbecile, even by those who have been the most active in their endeavors to secure the proper treatment of those cases of mental alienation for which our lunatic asylums are provided.

The praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Gaskell to obtain something like an approximation to the comparative numbers of the insane and the mentally deficient, in the county of Lancaster, have elicited some most unexpected results. This gentleman, desirous of gaining information as to "the proportion which the idiotic and imbecile bear to the whole number who are returned as lunatics needing hospital accommodation," addressed a letter to the medical officer of each poor-law union in the county of Lancaster, amounting in number to 139, requesting to be informed, "how many of the pauper insane under his charge are persons who have been attacked with insanity, and how many are congenital idiots?" The following is the gross result of replies from 133 unions.

Attacked with insanity	185
Mentally deficient from birth	503
	688
Of these 503, congenitally affected, there are, idiots	198
Imbeciles	305
	503

"As respects this result," says Mr. Gaskell, "I think it right to state, that although from the first I imagined a large majority of the idiotic and imbecile class would be discovered, yet the amount here stated far exceeds any anticipations I had formed. It is worthy of remark, also, that this number, large as it is, does not in all probability represent this body of persons in its full magnitude. For when we take into consideration the circumstance that the whole of the idiotic are less likely to come under the observation of medical officers, than those attacked with insanity, it is probable that some of the former class may be omitted in these returns."—p. 5.

Mr. Gaskell subsequently takes the number of idiotic and imbecile persons in the county of Lancaster at 550, which is probably near the truth, and asks, "What ought now to be done with them?" This question is one of the highest importance, especially when entertained in reference to the whole number of imbeciles in this country; for, although we have at present no means of ascertaining with precision the total number of persons thus afflicted in the United Kingdom, the number must necessarily be large, if we may take the county of Lancaster as our guide in the calculation. The question is, we think, well answered in the interesting details of the mode of treatment adopted in Salpêtrière and Bicêtre Asylums in Paris, originally published by Dr. Conolly in the pages of the "British and Foreign Medical Review," and reprinted in the appendix to the volume whose title stands at the head of this paper; and more fully in a letter from Paris to Mr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, Massachusetts, dated February 1, 1847, hereafter to be referred to.

Dr. Conolly thus describes his visit to the Bicêtre:—

"The first part of the Bicêtre to which I was conducted was a school exclusively established for the improvement of the idiotic and of the epileptic, and nothing more extraordinary can well be imagined. No fewer than forty of these patients were assembled in a moderate sized school-room, receiving various lessons and performing various evolutions under the direction of a very able schoolmaster, M. Seguin, himself a pupil of the celebrated Itard, and endowed with that enthusiasm respecting his occupation before which difficulties vanish. His pupils had been all taught to sing to music, and the little band of violins and other instruments by which they were accompanied, was formed of the old almsmen of the hospital. But all the *idiotic* part of this remarkable class also sang without any musical accompaniment, and kept excellent time and tune. They sang several compositions, and among others a very pretty song, written for them by M. Battelle, and sung by them on entering the classroom. Both the epileptic and idiotic were taught to write, and their copy-books would have done credit to any writing school for young persons. Numerous exercises were gone through, of a kind of military character, with perfect correctness and precision. The youngest of the class was a little idiot boy of five years old, and it was interesting to see him following the rest, and imitating their actions, holding out his right arm, left arm, both arms, marching to the right and left at the word of command, and to the sound of a drum beaten with all the lively skill of a French drummer by another idiot, who was gratified by

wearing a demi-military uniform. All these exercises were gone through by a collection of beings offering the smallest degree of intellectual promise, and usually left, in all asylums, in total indolence and apathy."—p. 158.

Dr. Conolly's testimony as to the greatly improved condition of these poor creatures, induced by this wisely framed and kindly administered system of moral and educational training, is fully confirmed by Mr. George Sumner, a gentleman residing in Paris, who, in a letter to Dr. Howe, of Boston, Massachusetts, gives some exceedingly interesting details as to the method of education pursued at the Bicêtre. Dr. Howe was a member of the Commission appointed in 1846, "To inquire into the condition of the idiots of the commonwealth (of Massachusetts), to ascertain their number, and whether anything can be done for their relief;" and the letter was elicited from Mr. Sumner by inquiries made in pursuance of a request that the Commission would procure evidence of what steps were being taken in Europe to improve the moral and mental condition of idiots. Mr. Sumner says:—

"During the past six months I have watched, with eager interest, the progress which many young idiots have made, in Paris, under the direction of M. Seguin, and at Bicêtre under that of Messrs. Voisin and Vallée, and have seen, with no less gratification than astonishment, nearly one hundred fellow-beings who, but a short time since, were shut out from all communion with mankind, who were objects of loathing and disgust,—many of whom rejected every article of clothing,—others of whom, unable to stand erect, crouched themselves in corners, and gave signs of life only by piteous howls,—others, in whom the faculty of speech had never been developed,—and many, whose voracious and indiscriminate gluttony satisfied itself with whatever they could lay hands upon, with the garbage thrown to swine, or with their own excrements;—these unfortunate beings—the rejected of humanity, I have seen properly clad, standing erect, walking, speaking, eating in an orderly manner at a common table, working quietly as carpenters and farmers; gaining, by their own labor, the means of existence; storing their awakened intelligence by reading one to another; exercising towards their teachers and among themselves the generous feelings of man's nature, and singing in unison songs of thanksgiving."

We naturally ask, How have these results been effected? To Dr. Conolly we are indebted for the following details of the rise and progress of the mode of instruction so successfully practised in France, in the case of persons with imperfect intellectual

organization. These details we give *in extenso*, believing that they cannot be too widely known, in connexion with a more minute account of the peculiar mode of instruction pursued at the Bicêtre, which will form a valuable pendant to Dr. Conolly's description of the happy effects resulting from the adoption of the system.

"To M. Voisin, one of the physicians of the Bicêtre, the honor seems chiefly, if not wholly due, of having attracted attention to the various characters of idiots, and their various capacities, with a view to cultivating, with precise views, even the fragmentary faculties existing in them. His work, entitled '*De l'Idiotie chez les Enfants*,' abounds with remarks calculated to rescue the most infirm minds from neglect, and to encourage culture in cases before given up to despair. Fourteen years' experience has confirmed the soundness of his opinions; and they have had the sanction of MM. Ferrus, Falret, and Leuret, physicians of the highest distinction in the department of mental disorders. M. Ferrus, who is the President of the Academy of Medicine, and Inspector-General of the Lunatic Asylums of France, was, indeed, the first to occupy himself, so long ago as in 1828, with the condition of idiots at the Bicêtre, of which hospital he was the chief physician. He organized a school for them, caused them to be taught habits of order and industry, and to be instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and gymnastic exercises. M. Voisin's first publication on the subject appeared in 1830. The efforts of M. Falret, at the Salpêtrière, for the instruction of the insane, already spoken of, began in 1831, by the establishment of a school in that establishment for idiotic females. Nine years later, MM. Voisin and Leuret, as physicians to the Bicêtre, organized a system of instruction and education on a greater scale. These benevolent and successful efforts deserve to be remembered, as they no doubt prepared the way for the systematic attempt since made at the Bicêtre, where M. Seguin is enabled to apply to practice principles of tuition long recognized as regards the deaf and dumb, but only beginning to be acknowledged as respects those unfortunate beings whose mental faculties are congenitally imperfect in all the various degrees classed under the term idiocy. In this application the master has to educate the muscular system and the sensorial apparatus, as well as the intellectual faculties, or rather the intellectual faculties through them, as a preliminary: doing, in fact, for them by art, by instruction, by rousing imitation, what nature does for healthier infant organizations. The healthy infant is placed in a world calculated to exercise its senses, and to evoke and perfect all its muscular powers, and, to a certain extent, its intellectual faculties. The imperfect or idiotic infant is in the same world, but its senses are, to a great extent, closed to these natural influences, and its powers of muscular motion are incomplete; its intellectual faculties are not evoked by any means whatever. The attention is vague, the memory feeble, the imagination futile, comparison is most limited, judgment most imperfect, and all the af-

fections, sentiments, and moral qualities, are disordered or perverted. The interesting question is, to what extent can careful and skilful instruction make up for these natural deficiencies; and, as already done for the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, reclaim for these unfinished creatures the powers and privileges of life. The exertions of future philanthropists will answer this question. Improvement must not be looked for beyond what is strictly relative to the imperfect individual in each case; but it would seem to be true of idiots, as of the insane in general, that there is no case incapable of some amendment; that every case may be improved, or cured, up to a certain point,—a principle of great general importance in reference to treatment.”—p. 159.

The method adopted at the Bicêtre which has produced such pleasing results, is fully detailed in Mr. Sumner's letter to Mr. Howe, before referred to; this also we gladly give in full, in the hope that it may awaken attention and eventually lead to the adoption of similar educational measures in our own country.

“Let us take a young idiot, in whom scarce any of the senses appear developed; who is abandoned to the lowest passions, and who is unable to walk or to execute voluntary movements. He is brought to Bicêtre, and placed at once in the class of those boys who are executing the moving power. Here, with about 20 others, who have already learned to act somewhat in unison, he is made, at first by holding and guiding his arms and feet, and afterwards by the excitement of imitation, to follow the movements of his companions. These, at the order of the teacher, go through with various steps and movements of the head, arms, and feet, which at the same time that they give wholesome exercise to the animal part of the system, develop the first personal sentiment, that of rest and immobility. After this, the class is made, at the word of command, to designate various parts of the body. On the 20th of January, the number of this class was 18; some of whom had been several months under treatment; others of whom had been but just attached to it. The teacher, 1st, indicated with his hand, a part of the body,—as head, arm, hand, face, hair, eyes, and named it aloud; the children repeated the movement and touched the part. 2nd. The teacher designated, with the voice a part which the idiot touched. 3rd. He designated a part by gesture, and the pupils named it aloud. There are many, of course, who are slow to do this, but the love of imitation, and the care of teachers, produce, in time, the necessary regularity of movement; the organ of speech has yet, however, to be developed in others.

“A complete series of gymnastic exercises, adapted to the various necessities which the physiological examination has established for each case, is now followed up; the result of which is, to create an equilibrium between the muscular and the over-excited nervous system, to fatigue the idiot

sufficiently to procure him a sound and refreshing sleep, and to develop his general intelligence. At the same time, the hygienic treatment, adapted to his peculiar case, is applied. He is exposed to the light of the sun, to fresh air—is made to go through frequent ablutions, and is warmly clad. In most cases a tonic diet is adopted, and he is placed at table, where the monitors, by dint of industry and example, teach him to eat as do those around him.

“The next step is to educate the senses, beginning with that of feeling; and beginning with this, inasmuch as it is the sense by which the idiot acquires most readily a knowledge of external objects, long before his eye is accustomed to fix their image, or his ear to listen to sounds. Smell, and taste are next cultivated; the former by presenting to the pupil various odors, which at first make no impression whatever, rose and asafœtida being received with equal favor. By degrees, and as the harmony of the functions is restored, and the intellectual activity developed, this sense is awakened, and lends again its aid to awaken others. The sense of taste is roused in the same manner, by placing in the mouth various substances, alternately, sapid and acid, bitter and sweet.

“The power of speech, so imperfect in all, is the most difficult to develop; but a method, improving upon that which Pereira practised, in 1760, and which has since been successfully followed up in Germany, has been adopted at Bicêtre, and also in the private practice of Seguin, with great success. This is, however, the part of idiot education that proceeds the slowest, and which, more than any other, except, perhaps, the moral treatment, requires the greatest attention, patience, and intelligence on the part of the teacher.

“The sight is next cultivated; and here, as indeed in every part of this miracle of instruction, great difficulties were at first encountered. The eyes of the idiot are often perfectly formed, but he sees nothing—they fix no object. The organ he possesses—but it is passive and dormant. The senses of smell and taste have been developed by direct action upon them; that of touch, by putting the hand in contact with different bodies; the stagnant eye of the idiot cannot, however, be moved by the hand of another. The method employed is due to the ingenuity of Seguin. He placed the child in a chamber, which was suddenly darkened, so as to excite his attention,—after which, a small opening in a shutter let in a single ray of light, before which various objects agreeable to the pupil, arranged upon slides, like those of a magic lantern, were successively passed. The light, and its direction, having once attracted his attention, was then, by a change of the opening in the shutter, moved up and down, to the right and left, followed in most cases, by his heretofore motionless eyeballs. This is succeeded by exercises of gymnastics, which require the attention of the eye to avoid, not a dangerous bruise, but a disagreeable thump; games of balls and battledores are also used to excite this sense. Another means employed, is to place yourself before the idiot, fix his eye by a firm look, varying

this look according to various sentiments; pursuing for hours even, his moving but unimpressed orbit; chasing it constantly, until finally it stops, fixes itself, and *begins to see*. After efforts of this kind, which require a patience and a superiority of will that few men possess, the first reward comes to the teacher himself, for his identity is recognised by other means than the touch, and he catches the first beam of intelligence that radiates from the heretofore benighted countenance.

"As a consequence of this development of sight, certain *notions*—not ideas—are taught the child; these are those of form, color, dimension, configuration, &c., &c. Form is taught by means of various objects,—by solid blocks, such as cubes, hexaedrons, &c., and by sheets of pasteboard, cut in squares and other geometrical figures. The pupils soon distinguish and name the different varieties of triangles—isosceles, scalene, equilateral, and right-angled, and distinguish the square from the parallelogram, lozenge, and trapezium. There are now, at Bicêtre, some in whom the sense of feeling is more acute than that of seeing, and who can distinguish and name these different forms by the touch, without being able to do so by the eye. For giving the notion of color, one, among various means, which is the most simple, appears to me at the same time the most useful, inasmuch as it excites the reflective faculty. Two large sheets of pasteboard have drawn upon each of them a star,—on one, in simple lines, on the other, with its rays painted with prismatic colors. Small pieces of pasteboard, corresponding in color and form to these rays, are given to the pupil, who is taught to observe the similarity between the rays which he holds and those of the colored star, and then to cover the original rays of this star by the similar rays which are in his hands. After this, by the example of his teacher, and by the exercise of his reflective power, he compares, with his moveable rays, upon the uncolored pasteboard, the colored star.

"To teach these distinctions of color and form, the same patience and will are necessary as in all other parts of this most interesting system of instruction. During the autumn of 1845, I watched with interest, at Nantes, the first essays made by the distinguished oculist, Dr. Guépin, to educate the sight of a young man from whose eyes he had, a short time before, removed cataracts, but who enjoyed all his faculties but that of sight. The labor in this case, to develop *one* faculty, was indeed great, although aided by all the other faculties. Imagine what that labor must be, in the case of the idiot, where this mutual assistance is wanting."

"The number of pupils in the school has varied, for some time past, from 80 to 100. At 5 o'clock they rise, and pass half an hour in washing, combing, and dressing; the monitors, pupils more advanced, aiding those whose instruction is but recently commenced. They then pass into the hall of classes, and range themselves in a double line—no easy task for the beginners—when they sing a simple morning prayer, repeated to them by the teacher. After this, they make

their first breakfast of a simple slice of bread. The class for the education of the senses now begins, and fills up the time till 8½ A.M. In the 1st or highest division, several occupy themselves with face and landscape drawing; and others, less advanced, with geometrical drawing upon the black board. The 3rd division, divided into sections, is of those who are exercising the senses of smell, taste, sight, and observing color and form by the method I have before described. The sense of hearing is exercised, among other means, by the pupils learning to distinguish and name, while blindfolded, the natural sounds as produced by the cords of a bass-viol. Meanwhile, the youngest class of 18 or 20 is going through its elementary gymnastics of the moving power.

"From 8½ to 9, A.M., is taken up by the study of *numeration* and *arithmetic*. Here the whole school is divided into frequently changing groups, according to the various capacities developed. The lowest of all is ranged in line, and taught to count aloud up to 30; a series of sticks, balls, or other material objects, being given them at the time. This helps to ameliorate their speech, and to stimulate to imitation those who have not that faculty. Another group is set to climb upon ladders, counting the number of rounds as they go up,—and thus the muscular system and knowledge of numeration are simultaneously developed. A higher group is of those who count up to 50 with counters, and who, by means of them, get an idea of unity, plurality, subtraction, addition, and equality. A higher group still has learned to count to 100, and another group is learning, by means of moveable figures taken from a case, the combinations of numbers. Higher still are boys working upon their slates, or going through calculations upon the black board, with a facility and precision that any pupil of Warren Colburn might envy.

"From 9 to 9½. Breakfast, of soup and plate of meat. The pupils are here seated at table, and eat with fork and spoon—the more adroit aiding those less so.

"9½ to 10½. Recreation in open air,—running, playing ball, driving hoop, or cultivating a small plot of ground, the hire of which, for three months, each one may gain by a certain number of tickets of good conduct.

"10½ to 11½. Reading class, in which all take part, divided, however, into various groups, as before.

"11½ to 12. Writing class. Here the lowest group is taught only to trace on the black board, with a ruler, these lines:—



"The next group is taught to make upon the board the rudimental curvilinear characters, making three in each line. After this, they write on slates, and, when farther advanced, the monitor being ready to guide their hands, they write in ruled books. The highest class rules its own books, and writes alternately a page of large and fine hand.

"12 to 12½. Gymnastics.

"12½ to 1. Music.

"1 to 4½. Manual labor. In this all take part; some as shoemakers, some as carpenters, or rather cabinet makers, and some as tillers of the ground. One of the best exercises of the body, *inasmuch as it compels the idiot to walk and balance himself unaided*, is that of wheeling a barrow, charged with a weight proportionate to his strength. The most stupid may be soon taught this. Others, more intelligent, wield spade and pickaxe most energetically and profitably; but no where does their awakened intelligence appear more satisfactorily than in the workshop of a cabinet-maker. When one of them has sawed through a plank, or nailed together two pieces of wood, or made a box, his smile of satisfaction,—the consequence of "something attempted, something done,"—the real result of which he can estimate,—is beautiful to see. Nor is their work, by any means, to be despised. With one cabinet maker as teacher and monitor, they performed, last year, all the work necessary for their school-room and dormitories, as well as for a good part of the great establishment of Bicêtre. At shoemaking they show intelligence, but this is too sedentary an occupation for them. Some, however, who have quitted the school, work at it; but the greater number of them become farmers and gardeners.

"After this manual labor they dine, and after dinner play till 6½, P. M.

"From 6½ to 7. Grammar class; the lowest group is taught to articulate syllables,—the highest, as much as in any grammar school.

"From 7 to 8½ is passed in reading to one another, or in conversations and explanations with the teacher, upon things which may excite the reflective power; two evenings in the week this hour is devoted to a concert and a dance.

"After this comes the evening prayer, sung by all; and then, fatigued, but happy, they retire to rest.

"Such is a day at the school of Bicêtre. Every Thursday morning the teacher takes them to walk in the country, and then inculcates elementary notions of botany, designating by their names, and impressing by smell, taste, and sight, the qualities of different flowers and useful vegetables which they see. At the same time he explains, by locality, the first elements of geography. On Saturday evening there is a distribution of tickets of good conduct, three of which, I have before observed, pay the rent of a garden, and one of which may buy off, for another, with the consent of a teacher, the punishment adjudged for certain slight acts of negligence. You will see at once the effect which this must have upon the generous sentiments of the pupils. The sentiment of possession is developed—the rights of property taught; but its duties and its true pleasures are, at the same time, impressed.

"These tickets of good conduct are given also to those who are designated, *by the pupils themselves*, as having done some kind and generous action,—as having been seen to run to the aid of one who had stumbled at play,—who had

divided among his companions the *bon-bons* he may have received from a visitor, or who had helped in any way, one weaker than himself. Thus they are constantly on the look-out for good actions in one another; but they are most positively forbidden to repeat the negligences or unkind conduct which they may observe. The *surveillance* of the monitors is sufficient to detect these; and even were it not, M. Vallée prefers that they should go unpunished, rather than that they should serve to cherish the grovelling sentiments of envy and malice, which lurk in the breast of the informer and the scandal-monger."—Letter, p. 11.

Since the above remarks were written, the first number of a new quarterly "Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology," has been published,* under the able editorship of Dr. Forbes Winslow. Among the excellent and very interesting articles in this number, are two more particularly connected with the subject before us; namely, "Notes on the Parisian Lunatic Asylums," by Henry Hunt Stubbs, M.D. of St. John's, Newfoundland; and "The Idiots of the Bicêtre," by Dr. Sigmond. The author of the former paper corroborates all that has been stated by Dr. Conolly and others, as to the wonderful effects of educational training upon even the worst cases of idiocy. He was present at a reunion of eighty-four boys, idiots and epileptics, in the Bicêtre, and describes them as going through "their various exercises with considerable skill and great propriety;" and gives the following affecting and appropriate song sung by the children.

"Transformons le monde où nous sommes,
Reveillons nos sens endormis,
C'est le travail qui fait les hommes,
Travaillons, travaillons, amis.

La fleur a sa beauté première,
L'oiseau rend des sons différents,
Et le bon Dieu dans sa lumière
Sourit aux petits comme aux grands.

Chacun a son lot d'héritage,
Chacun a des dons définis,
Sommes nous exclus du partage?
Enfans que Dieu n'a pas benis!

Non! puisqu'ici l'on recommence,
Tous nos organes imparfaits,
Et qu'on féconde la sémence,
Des biens que le ciel nous a fait."

Dr. Stubb particularly alludes to two idiots, whom at first sight he judged incapable of improvement, from their peculiarly repulsive appearance.

"Nothing," he says, "could exceed the vacu-

* By Churchill, Princes Street, Soho.

ity of their countenances, with large protruding lustreless eyes, and tongues lolling out of their mouths, nor the wretched appearance of their bodies, with paralytic arms and legs. I was therefore not a little surprised to see these two scarcely human objects brought in their chairs to a small table upon which dominoes were placed, with which they played a game; and it became evident that all was not lost to the mind even for them—they became interested and excited, and a hideous joy was expressed by the winner."

He also mentions Charles Emile, an idiot of the worst class, whose name is met with in every report on the educational proceedings at the Bicêtre, and whose case, judging from the description recorded of him on his admission, might well have been deemed hopeless. This poor fellow he found in the workshops,

"Using a jack plane with tolerable steadiness, grinning and smiling, quite pleased to be doing something; it may be, to be thought capable of doing anything. . . . He had learned something correctly, he knew it to be correct, and took pleasure in having learned it—no mean advancement from the former idiotic state, horrible to contemplate, of this individual, who is described as a voracious, cruel, filthy animal, with the worst of brutal propensities."

Dr. Sigmond, in the second paper to which we have alluded, gives a *resumé* of M. Briere de Beaumont's description of the scenes witnessed by him when he paid a visit to the school of idiots. This gentleman's description of what he observed there fully confirms previous accounts, and need not detain us longer than to mention, that the doubts previously entertained by him as to the *bonâ fide* nature of the exhibitions, were completely dispelled by the results of his minute inquiries into the mode of teaching, and the progress made by the idiot pupils under the superintendence of MM. Vallée and Mallon.

After citing the above conclusive testimony it will be quite unnecessary to adduce further evidence as to the capabilities of the idiotic and imbecile portion of the human family, but we will conclude this part of the subject with another quotation from Mr. Sumner's letter to Mr. Howe, in which the evidence on this head is concisely summed up.

"The fact, I have said, is now clearly established, that idiots may be educated; that the reflective power exists within them, and may be awakened by a proper system of instruction; that they may be raised from the filth in which they grovel to the attitude of men; that they may be taught

different arts which will enable them to gain an honest livelihood; and that, although their intelligence may never, perhaps, be developed to such a point as to render them the authors of those generous ideas and great deeds which leave a stamp upon an age, yet, still, they may attain a respectable mediocrity, and surpass, in mental power, the common peasant of many European states."

There is, however, one defect in the French system, which must be briefly alluded to. The schools for the education of idiots are conducted in the same buildings as contain patients suffering under various degrees and stages of insanity. This should not be; each of these classes of mental malady should have an asylum especially devoted to the reception of patients laboring under it; and if anything can reconcile us to the long-continued neglect of the hapless imbecile, it is the knowledge that the case of patients characterized by mental deficiencies not admissible into institutions devoted to the care and treatment of the insane, having at length attracted attention, active measures have been taken to secure for them the benefits of an asylum expressly devoted to their peculiar case, instead of placing them under the same roof as the insane, which would probably have been the case had any active measures been taken for the improvement of the condition of the idiot, before the necessity of separating the two classes of mental infirmity was fully recognised.

And this brings us to the most agreeable part of our task—that of announcing that in England too the claims of the poor *innocent* are at length admitted, and that public sympathy for the mentally deficient is no longer to be exhausted in barren and fruitless pity for his unprotected condition. After years of neglect, ridicule, and ill-treatment, with no attempt to ameliorate his condition, a society has at length sprung up in the metropolis, the proper object of whose care is declared to be "the idiot, without regard to sex or place;" and its design, "not merely to take the idiot under its care, but especially, by the skilful and earnest application of the best means in his education to prepare him, as far as possible, for the duties and enjoyments of life." The Association originated in July last with a few benevolent individuals, who formed themselves into a provisional committee with the view of carrying out the object they had at heart. After various preliminary steps, including a visit

to the continent for the purpose of ascertaining more precisely what had there been accomplished in the way of education; a meeting was held at the London Tavern, on the 27th of October last, with the Lord Mayor, Sir George Carroll, in the chair; when the first resolution passed was to the effect that "it is most desirable that an asylum be provided for the care and education of the idiot; and that it be forthwith begun." At this meeting men of influence and wealth, of different shades of political opinion, and belonging to various religious denominations, were assembled together in harmony; it was one of those rare occasions on which so many discordant elements could mingle without a conflict, and which when they do occur, ever raise a wish that they were more frequent. The claims of the poor idiot were warmly and eloquently advocated by the various speakers; all the resolutions were unanimously adopted; a regular staff of officers was formed, a board of directors established, and all the usual machinery put in motion in order to carry out the objects of the Association: besides which, the sinews of war, in the shape of subscriptions and donations, seem to have been supplied with a liberality equal to the need; and everything apparently promises a successful career to this labor of love. Indeed, so promising are the prospects of the Association, even at this early stage of their proceedings, that they have already elected eleven or twelve children with deficient mental organization, as the first recipients of those educational measures which are, we trust, destined to result in a rich harvest of the purest pleasure to the promoters of the institution, and of benefit to the objects of their bounty.

Having now, as we hope, demonstrated the fact that the idiot is capable of profiting by education, a fact which would seem to have been previously doubted; as well as shown the necessity for the adoption of some measures, if only as a matter of humanity, for the amelioration of the condition of thousands of our fellows laboring under mental deficiencies; we gladly adopt the language of a powerful appeal promulgated on behalf of the infant "Asylum for Idiots," the object of which institution is to "educate the idiot, especially in the earlier periods of life."

"It proposes to do this by the strenuous application of the most skillful means, appropriate to

the object before us, and worthy of the country in which we dwell. It proposes that the benefit of the first efforts shall supply relief chiefly to the *middle and poorer classes*; and, at the same time, become a model and a motive for improvement in our pauper institutions. It will be, in the fullest sense, an effort of charity. It will help those who cannot help themselves, and it will proffer assistance to those who would otherwise be called to bear a burden that is intolerable.

"Those who make this appeal do it with confidence—the confidence of those who have before challenged public benevolence, and not in vain. Can it be in vain now? It is for the poor, poor idiot they plead—for the idiot, the lowest of all the objects of Christian sympathy—for the idiot, most needing charity, and for whom charity has done nothing. We ask that he may be elevated from existence into life—from animal being to manhood—from vacancy and unconsciousness to reason and reflection. We ask that his soul may be disimprisoned; that he may look forth from the body with meaning and intelligence on a world full of expression; that he may, as a fellow, discourse with his fellows; that he may cease to be a burden on society, and become a blessing; that he may be qualified to know his maker, and look beyond our present imperfect modes of being to perfected life in a glorious and everlasting future."

We take leave of the subject, bidding this nobly conceived institution "God speed!" and with the expression of a hope that, ere long, similar establishments will spring up in other parts of the kingdom, so as to meet the necessities of the numerous cases qualified by their peculiar deficiencies for admission into them.

OFFICIAL REWARDS OF SCIENCE AND OF DOOR-KEEPERS.—A correspondent of the *Athenæum* points out from last year's estimates the various amounts received by certain officers connected with the different departments, contrasting the salaries received by persons whose duties require no education with the pay of men of high attainments. Thus the doorkeeper of the House of Commons receives £874 per annum, while the Astronomer-Royal is paid £74 a year less; the Hydrographer of the Navy, and the Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, having only £500 per annum each. The messengers and deliverers of the votes of Parliament get £300 a-year a-piece, which is more by £50 per annum than is paid to the professor of fortifications at the Royal Military Academy; more by £60 per annum than is allowed to the senior assistant of the MS. department, British Museum; and more by £90 a-year than the second assistant royal astronomer gets. The hall porter at the Admiralty has £160 per annum, while the dole of the third assistant astronomer royal is £150 a-year.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

No. IV.—ARMINIUS'S VICTORY OVER THE ROMAN LEGIONS UNDER VARUS.

To a truly illustrious Frenchman, whose reverses as a minister can never obscure his achievements in the world of letters, we are indebted for the most profound, and most eloquent estimate that we possess of the importance of the Germanic element in European civilization, and of the extent to which the human race is indebted to those brave warriors who long were the unconquered antagonists, and finally became the conquerors of Imperial Rome.

Twenty eventful years have passed away since M. Guizot delivered from the chair of modern history at Paris his course of lectures on the history of civilization in Europe. During those years the spirit of earnest inquiry into the germs and primary developments of existing institutions has become more and more active and universal, and the merited celebrity of M. Guizot's work has proportionally increased. Its admirable analysis of the complex political and social organizations of which the modern civilized world is made up, must have led thousands to trace with keener interest the great crisis of times past, by which the characteristics of the present were determined. The narrative of one of these great crises, of the epoch A. D. 9, when Germany took up arms for her independence against Roman invasion, has for us this special attraction—that it forms part of our own national history. Had Arminius been supine or unsuccessful, our Germanic ancestors would have been enslaved or exterminated in their original seats along the Eyder and the Elbe. This island would never have borne the name of England, and “we, this great English nation, whose race and language are now overrunning the earth, from one end of it to the other,” would have been utterly cut off from existence.

Arnold may, indeed, go too far in holding that we are wholly unconnected in race with the Romans and Britons who inhabited this country before the coming-over of the Saxons; that, “nationally speaking,

the history of Caesar's invasion has no more to do with us than the natural history of the animals which then inhabited our forests.” There seems ample evidence to prove that the Romanized Celts whom our Teutonic forefathers found here, influenced materially the character of our nation. But the mainstream of our people was and is Germanic. Our language alone decisively proves this. Arminius is far more truly one of our national heroes than Caractacus: and it was our own primeval fatherland that the brave German rescued when he slaughtered the Roman legions eighteen centuries ago, in the marshy glens between the Lippe and the Ems.

Dark and disheartening even to heroic spirits must have seemed the prospects of Germany when Arminius planned the general rising of his countrymen against Rome. Half the land was occupied by Roman garrisons; and, what was worse, many of the Germans seemed patiently acquiescent in their state of bondage. The braver portion, whose patriotism could be relied on, was ill-armed and undisciplined; while the enemy's troops consisted of veterans in the highest state of equipment and training, familiarized with victory, and commanded by officers of proved skill and valor. The resources of Rome seemed boundless; her tenacity of purpose was believed to be invincible. There was no hope of foreign sympathy or aid; for “the self-governing powers that had filled the old world had bent one after another before the rising power of Rome, and had vanished. The earth seemed left void of independent nations.”*

The German chieftain knew well the gigantic power of the oppressor. Arminius was no rude savage, fighting out of mere animal instinct, or in ignorance of the might of his adversary. He was familiar with the Roman language and civilization; he had served in the Roman armies; he

* Ranke.

had been admitted to the Roman citizenship, and raised to the rank of the equestrian order. It was part of the subtle policy of Rome to confer rank and privileges on the youth of the leading families in the nations which she wished to enslave. Among other young German chieftains, Arminius and his brother, who were the heads of the noblest house in the tribe of the Cherusci, had been selected as fit objects for the exercise of this insidious system. Roman refinements and dignities succeeded in denationalizing the brother, who assumed the Roman name of Flavius, and adhered to Rome throughout all her wars against his country. Arminius remained unbought by honors or wealth, uncorrupted by refinement or luxury. He aspired to and obtained from Roman enmity a higher title than ever could have been given him by Roman favor. It is in the page of Rome's greatest historian that his name has come down to us with the proud addition of "*Liberator hand dubie Germaniæ.*"*

Often must the young chieftain, while meditating the exploit which has thus immortalized him, have anxiously revolved in his mind the fate of the many great men who had been crushed in the attempt which he was about to renew,—the attempt to stay the chariot-wheels of triumphant Rome. Could he hope to succeed where Hannibal and Mithridates had perished? What had been the doom of Viriathus? and what warning against vain valor was written on the desolate site where Numantia once had flourished? Nor was a caution wanting in scenes nearer home and more recent times. The Gauls had fruitlessly struggled for eight years against Cæsar; and the gallant Vercingetorix, who in the last year of the war had roused all his countrymen to insurrection, who had cut off Roman detachments, and brought Cæsar himself to the extreme of peril at Alesia—he, too, had finally succumbed, had been led captive in Cæsar's triumph, and had then been butchered in cold blood in a Roman dungeon.

It was true that Rome was no longer the great military republic, which for so many ages had shattered the kingdoms of the world. Her system of government was changed; and after a century of revolution and civil war she had placed herself under the despotism of a single ruler. But the discipline of her troops was yet unimpaired,

and her warlike spirit seemed unabated. The first years of the empire had been signalized by conquests as valuable as any gained by the republic in a corresponding period. The generals of Augustus had extended the Roman frontier from the Alps to the Danube, and had reduced into subjection the large and important countries that now form the territories of all Austria, south of that river, and of East Switzerland, Lower Wirtemberg, Bavaria, the Valtelline, and the Tyrol. While the progress of the Roman arms thus pressed the Germans from the south, still more formidable inroads had been made by the Imperial legions on the west. Roman armies moving from the province of Gaul, established a chain of fortresses along the right as well as the left bank of the Rhine, and in a series of victorious campaigns, advanced their eagles as far as the Elbe, which now seemed added to the list of vassal rivers, to the Nile, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Tagus, the Seine, and many more, that acknowledged the supremacy of the Tiber. Roman fleets also sailing from the harbors of Gaul along the German coasts and up the estuaries, co-operated with the land-forces of the empire, and seemed to display, even more decisively than her armies, her overwhelming superiority over the rude Germanic tribes. Throughout the territory thus invaded, the Romans had with their usual military skill established fortified posts; and a powerful army of occupation was kept on foot, ready to move instantly on any spot where any popular outbreak might be attempted.

Vast, however, and admirably organized as the fabric of Roman power appeared on the frontiers and in the provinces, there was rottenness at the core. In Rome's unceasing hostilities with foreign foes, and still more, in her long series of desolating civil wars, the free middle classes of Italy had almost wholly disappeared. Above the position which they had occupied an oligarchy of wealth had reared itself: beneath that position a degraded mass of poverty and misery was fermenting. Slaves, the chance sweepings of every conquered country, shoals of Africans, Sardinians, Asiatics, Illyrians, and others made up the bulk of the population of the Peninsula. The foulest profligacy of manners was general in all ranks. In universal weariness of revolution and civil war, and in consciousness of being too debased for self-government the nation had submitted itself to the absolute authority

* Tacitus, *Annals*, II. 88.

of Augustus. Adulation was now the chief function of the Senate: and the gifts of genius and accomplishments of art were devoted to the elaboration of eloquently false panegyrics upon the prince and his favorite courtiers. With bitter indignation must the German chieftain have beheld all this, and contrasted with it the rough worth of his own countrymen:—their bravery, their fidelity to their word, their manly independence of spirit, their love of their national free institutions, and their loathing of every pollution and meanness. Above all, he must have thought of the domestic virtues that hallowed a German home; of the respect there shewn to the female character, and of the pure affection by which that respect was repaid. His soul must have burned within him at the contemplation of such a race yielding to these debased Italians.

Still, to persuade the Germans to combine, in spite of their frequent feuds among themselves, in one sudden outbreak against Rome;—to keep the scheme concealed from the Romans until the hour for action arrived; and then, without possessing a single walled town, without military stores, without training, to teach his insurgent countrymen to defeat veteran armies, and storm fortifications, seemed so perilous an enterprise, that probably Arminius would have receded from it, had not a stronger feeling even than patriotism urged him on. Among the Germans of high rank, who had most readily submitted to the invaders, and become zealous partizans of Roman authority, was a chieftain named Segestes. His daughter, Thusnelda, was preeminent among the noble maidens of Germany. Arminius had sought her hand in marriage; but Segestes, who probably discerned the young chief's disaffection to Rome, forbade his suit, and strove to preclude all communication between him and his daughter. Thusnelda, however sympathized far more with the heroic spirit of her lover, than with the time-serving policy of her father. An elopement baffled the precautions of Segestes; who, disappointed in his hope of preventing the marriage, accused Arminius, before the Roman governor, of having carried off his daughter, and of planning treason against Rome. Thus assailed, and dreading to see his bride torn from him by the officials of the foreign oppressor, Arminius delayed no longer, but bent all his energies to organize and ex-

ecute a general insurrection of the great mass of his countrymen, who hitherto had submitted in sullen hatred to the Roman dominion.

A change of governors had recently taken place, which, while it materially favored the ultimate success of the insurgents, served, by the immediate aggravation of the Roman oppressions which it produced to make the native population more universally eager to take arms. Tiberius, he who was afterwards emperor, had recently been recalled from the command in Germany, and sent into Pannonia to put down a dangerous revolt which had broken out against the Romans in that province. The German patriots were thus delivered from the stern supervision of one of the most suspicious of mankind, and were also relieved from having to contend against the high military talents of a veteran commander, who thoroughly understood their national character, and also the nature of the country, which he himself had principally subdued. In the room of Tiberius, Augustus sent into Germany Quintilius Varus, who had lately returned from the Pro-consulate of Syria. Varus was a true representative of the higher classes of the Romans, among whom a general taste for literature, a keen susceptibility to all intellectual qualifications, a minute acquaintance with the principles and practice of their own national jurisprudence, a careful training in the schools of the Rhetoricians, and a fondness for either partaking in or watching the intellectual strife of forensic oratory, had become generally diffused, without, however, having humanized the old Roman spirit of cruel indifference for human feelings and human sufferings, and without acting as the least checks on unprincipled avarice and ambition, or on habitual and gross profligacy. Accustomed to govern the depraved and debased natives of Syria, a country where courage in man, and virtue in woman, had for centuries been unknown, Varus thought that he might gratify his licentious and rapacious passions with equal impunity among the high-minded sons and pure-spirited daughters of Germany. When the general of an army sets the example of outrages of this description, he is soon faithfully imitated by his officers, and surpassed by his still more brutal soldiery. The Romans now habitually indulged in those violations of the sanctity of the domestic shrine, and those insults upon honor and modesty by

which far less gallant spirits than those of our Teutonic ancestors have often been maddened into insurrection.*

Arminius found among the other German chiefs many who sympathized with him in his indignation at their country's abasement, and many whom private wrongs had stung yet more deeply. There was little difficulty in collecting bold leaders for an attack on the oppressors, and little fear of the population not rising readily at those leaders' call. But to declare open war against Rome, and to encounter Varus' army in a pitched battle, would have been merely rushing upon certain destruction. Varus had three legions under him, a force which, after allowing for detachments, cannot be estimated at less than fourteen thousand Roman infantry. He had also eight or nine hundred Roman cavalry, and at least an equal number of horse and foot sent from the allied states, or raised among those provincials that had not received the Roman franchise.

It was not merely the number but the quality of this force that made them formidable; and however contemptible Varus might be as a general, Arminius well knew how admirably the Roman armies were organized and officered, and how perfectly the legionaries understood every manœuvre and every duty which the varying emergencies of a stricken field might require. Strata-

* I cannot forbear quoting Macaulay's beautiful lines, where he describes how similar outrages in the early times of Rome goaded the Plebeians to rise against the Patricians.

"Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your still more cruel love.

* * * * *
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms enfold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame;
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare."

gem was, therefore, indispensable; and it was necessary to blind Varus to their schemes until a favorable opportunity should arrive for striking a decisive blow.

For this purpose, the German confederates frequented the head-quarters of Varus, which seem to have been near the centre of the modern country of Westphalia, where the Roman general conducted himself with all the arrogant security of the governor of a perfectly submissive province. There Varus gratified at once his vanity, his rhetorical tastes, and his avarice, by holding courts, to which he summoned the Germans for the settlement of all their disputes, while a bar of Roman advocates attended to argue the cases before the tribunal of Varus, who did not omit the opportunity of exacting court-fees and accepting bribes. Varus trusted implicitly to the respect which the Germans pretended to pay to his abilities as a judge, and to the interest which they affected to take in the forensic eloquence of their conquerors. Meanwhile a succession of heavy rains rendered the country more difficult for the operations of regular troops, and Arminius, seeing that the infatuation of Varus was complete, secretly directed the tribes in Lower Saxony to revolt. This was represented to Varus as an occasion which required his prompt attendance at the spot; but he was kept in studied ignorance of its being part of a concerted national rising; and he still looked on Arminius as his submissive vassal, whose aid he might rely on in facilitating the march of his troops against the rebels, and in extinguishing the local disturbance. He therefore set his army in motion, and marched eastward in a line parallel to the course of the Lippe. For some distance his route lay along a level plain; but on arriving at the tract between the curve of the upper part of that stream and the sources of the Ems, the country assumes a very different character; and here, in the territory of the modern little principality of Lippe, it was that Arminius had fixed the scene of his enterprise.

A woody and hilly region intervenes between the heads of the two rivers, and forms the water-shed of their streams. This region still retains the name (Teutonberger wald—Teutobergiensis saltus) which it bore in the days of Arminius. The nature of the ground has probably also remained unaltered. The eastern part of it, round Detwold is described by a modern German scholar, Dr. Plate, as being a "table-land inter-

sected by numerous deep and narrow valleys, which in some places form small plains, surrounded by steep mountains and rocks, and only accessible by narrow defiles. All the valleys are traversed by rapid streams, shallow in the dry season, but subject to sudden swellings in autumn and winter. The vast forests which cover the summits and slopes of the hills consist chiefly of oak; there is little underwood, and both men and horse would move with ease in the forests if the ground were not broken by gulleys, or rendered impracticable by fallen trees." This is the district to which Varus is supposed to have marched; and Dr. Plate adds, that "the names of several localities on and near that spot seem to indicate that a great battle has once been fought there. We find the names 'das Winnefeld' (the field of victory), 'die Knochenbahn' (the bone-lane), 'die Knochenleke' (the bone-brook), 'der Mordkessel' (the kettle of slaughter), and others."

Contrary to the usual strict principles of Roman discipline Varus had suffered his army to be accompanied and impeded by an immense train of baggage wagons, and by a rabble of camp followers; as if his troops had been merely changing their quarters in a friendly country. When the long array quitted the firm level ground, and began to wind its way among the woods, the marshes, and the ravines, the difficulties of the march, even without the intervention of an armed foe, became fearfully apparent. In many places the soil, sodden with rain, was impracticable for cavalry and even for infantry, until the trees had been felled, and a rude embankment formed through the morass.

The duties of the engineer were familiar to all who served in the Roman ranks. But the crowd and confusion of the columns embarrassed the working parties of the soldiery, and in the midst of their toil and disorder the word was suddenly passed through their rank that the rear-guard was attacked by the barbarians. Varus resolved on pressing forward, but a heavy discharge of missiles from the woods on either flank taught him how serious was the peril, and he saw his best men falling round him without the opportunity of retaliation; for his light-armed auxiliaries, who were principally of Germanic race, now rapidly deserted, and it was impossible to deploy the legionaries on such broken ground for a charge against the enemy. Choosing one

of the most open and firm spots which they could force their way to, the Romans halted for the night, and, faithful to their national discipline and tactics, formed their camp amid the harassing attacks of the rapidly thronging foes, with the elaborate toil and systematic skill, the traces of which are impressed permanently on the soil of so many European countries, attesting the presence in the olden time of the imperial eagles.

On the morrow the Romans renewed their march; the veteran officers who served under Varus, now probably directing the operations, and hoping to find the Germans drawn up to meet them; in which case they relied on their own superior discipline and tactics for such a victory as should reassure the supremacy of Rome. But Arminius was far too sage a commander to lead on his followers with their unwieldy broadswords and inefficient defensive armor, against the Roman legionaries, fully armed with helmet, cuirass, greaves, and shield, who were skilled to commence the conflict with a murderous volley of heavy javelins, hurled upon the foe when a few yards distant, and then, with their short cut-and-thrust swords, to hew their way through all opposition; preserving the utmost steadiness and coolness, and obeying each word of command in the midst of strife and slaughter with the same precision and alertness as if upon parade. Arminius suffered the Romans to march out from their camp, to form first in a line for action, and then in column for marching, without the show of opposition. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by slight skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground, the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions, as if the angry gods of Germany were pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the invaders. But when fatigue and discouragement had begun to betray themselves in the Roman ranks, and a spot was reached which Arminius had rendered additionally difficult of passage by barricades of hewn trees, the fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through the gloom of the forests, and in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the encumbered legionaries as they struggled up the glens or floundered in the morasses, and watching every opportunity of charging through the intervals of the disjointed column, and so cutting off the communication between its several brigades; Varus

now ordered the troops to be countermarched, in the hope of reaching the nearest Roman garrison on the Lippe. But retreat now was as impracticable as advance; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants, and caused fiercer and more frequent charges on the flanks of the disheartened army. The Roman officer who commanded the cavalry, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together, or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted, but more through the instinct of discipline and bravery than from any hope of success or escape. Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had so exasperated by his oppression. One of the lieutenant-generals of the army fell fighting; the other surrendered to the enemy. But mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among their ranks who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter, drank deep of the cup of suffering which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity; and those prisoners who were not hewn to pieces on the spot, were only preserved to perish by a more cruel death in cold blood.

The bulk of the Roman army fought steadily and stubbornly, frequently repelling the masses of the assailants; but gradually losing the compactness of their array, and becoming weaker and weaker beneath the incessant shower of darts and reiterated assaults of the vigorous and unincumbered Germans, at last, in a series of desperate attacks, the column was pierced through and through, two of the eagles captured, and the Roman host, which on the yestern morn had marched forth in such pride and might, now broken up into confused fragments, either fell fighting beneath the overpowering numbers of the enemy, or perished in the swamps and woods in unavailing efforts at flight. Few, very few, ever saw again the left bank of the Rhine. One body of brave veterans, arraying themselves in a ring on a little mound, beat off every charge of the Germans, and prolonged their honorable resistance to the close of that

dreadful day. The traces of a feeble attempt at forming a ditch and mound attested in after years the spot where the last of the Romans passed their night of suffering and despair. But on the morrow this remnant also, worn out with hunger, wounds, and toil, was charged by the victorious Germans, and either massacred on the spot, or offered up in fearful rites at the altars of the terrible deities of the old mythology of the North.

Never was victory more decisive, never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assailed and cut off; and within a few days after Varus had fallen the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader.

The Germans did not pursue their victory beyond their own territory. But that victory secured at once and for ever the independence of the Teutonic race. Rome sent, indeed, her legions again into Germany, to parade a temporary superiority; but all hopes of permanent conquests were abandoned by Augustus and his successors. The blow which Arminius had struck, never was forgotten. Roman fear disguised itself under the specious title of moderation: and the Rhine became the acknowledged boundary of the two nations, until the fifth century of our era, when the Germans became again the assailants, and carved with their conquering swords the provinces of Imperial Rome into the kingdoms of modern Europe.

DEATH OF A SCOTTISH BARD.—It is with a deep feeling of regret that we find ourselves called upon to announce the demise of Peter Still, the deaf bard of Buchan. This melancholy event took place at Blackhouse toll-bar, near Peterhead, on the 21st instant. Mr. Still was in his 35th year, and has left a widow and six children, besides a large circle of devoted friends, attached to him by love of his gentle and winning manners, as well as by admiration of his poetic genius, to lament his untimely end. His name is favorably known to the Scottish public as the author of a volume entitled "The Cotter's Sunday, and other Poems," a favorable opinion of which has been passed by some of the leading Scottish and English newspapers.

TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS TO WHITE PAPER.—Place the engravings for a few seconds over iodine vapor. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and when dry, in a weak solution of the oil of vitriol. When dry, lay the slip upon the engraving, and place them for a few minutes under a press. The engraving will thus be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. The iodine has the property of fixing on the black parts or ink of the engraving, and not on the white. This important discovery is yet in its infancy.—*The Builder*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE GENIUS OF PLATO.

1. *The Apology of Socrates ; the Crito, and Part of the Phædo.* With Notes from Stallbaum, and Schleiermacher's Introductions. 12mo. London, 1840.
2. *A Life of Socrates.* By Dr. G. WIGGERS. Translated from the German. With Notes. 12mo. London, 1840.
3. *A Biographical History of Philosophy.* By G. H. LEWES. Series I. *Ancient Philosophy.* 2 vols. 12mo. London.
4. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.* Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Editor of the 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.' Art. *Plato.*
5. *Initia Philosophiæ Platoniciæ.* P. Van HEUSDE. Svo. Traj. 1827.

MANY of our readers doubtless recollect Warburton's criticism on Mallet, 'that he had written the life of Bacon, and had forgotten that he was a philosopher.' We almost fear lest some of them should deem us chargeable with a similar blunder, in professedly treating of Plato, and saying so little of his peculiar system of metaphysics. We are not without hope, however, if they will give us their patient attention, that they will acquit us on this point, and feel disposed to admit that in the particular phases in which we propose to regard him, there is enough, and more than enough, to occupy the limited space of a single article.

Though we have placed certain works at the head of our lucubrations, and shall refer to them from time to time as we proceed, we need not remind our readers that it is long since reviewers supposed it to be necessary that they should have some book to review. The present article even a little transcends the ordinary license in that respect ; for it is written, not so much to criticize any works that have appeared, as to point out one or two desiderata in our literature ; and in the hope that it may haply stimulate some competent scholar and enterprising publisher to supply them. It is not any one book which has produced the article ; it is the hope that the article may produce a book.

So far as we can recollect, there is no great genius of antiquity at all approaching Plato, either in the importance or in the splendour of his productions, to whom, upon the whole, so little justice has been done by English translators. While many of the greatest writers of antiquity have been repeatedly translated—with various merit, indeed, but in most cases more than respectably,—a comparatively small portion of Plato's writings has occupied the attention of any English scholar at all qualified to do

him justice ; and that little has never been published in a form likely to command any considerable number of purchasers. But what has been done, and what may, we conceive, be successfully attempted, will be more appropriately stated after we have made a few preliminary observations.

The scholarship of our age *ought* to be able to raise up an English Schleiermacher or an English Cousin. But, waiting patiently the discharge in full of a demand, which we may be thought to have almost waived by our long indifference, we would thankfully accept of payment in moderate instalments. For some of the mere abstruse writings of this great author are not very intelligible in the Greek, and are scarcely translatable at all into English ; others which are intelligible have long ceased to have any interest, except as connected with the history of opinions and the development of philosophical systems ; and, however important to the student in metaphysics or the historian of philosophy, will always be more readily and profitably consulted by such men in the original than they can be in any translation, however excellent.

But after making large deductions on this ground, there remains no inconsiderable portion which, whether we consider the value of the contents or the rare graces of the style, ought to make all nations, pretending to a literature, as anxious to possess them in the vernacular, and in a dress not wholly unworthy of the original, as any other of the masterpieces of classical antiquity. To all this part of the writings of Plato may be applied those proud words which Thucydides employs in relation to his own history. They are "the heritage of all posterity."

Even considered simply as *unique* specimens of a very peculiar and transcendent species of literary genius, there are parts of

his writings which deserve all the skill and taste which the most accomplished translator could possibly lavish on them. Plato is one of the very few prodigally gifted men the products of whose genius are as remarkable for their *form* as for their *matter*; characterized not only by great depth and great subtlety, but enriched and adorned with the most various and even contrasted species of literary beauty; as resplendent with the graces of taste, wit, and imagination, as they are distinguished by the traces of a profound, acute, and highly speculative mind. If those lines of Milton (himself an ardent student of Plato) in which he pronounces

"Divine philosophy,
Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,"

be ever true, they are surely so in relation to philosophy as it is found in the pages of the 'Master of the Academy.' In this point of view, indeed, Plato stands alone in the annals of philosophy. Many of his Dialogues are the only examples the world possesses of almost perfect success in one of the most difficult of all conceivable kinds of composition, and deserve, were it only for this reason, to be presented to our countrymen with every advantage which our language can supply. They offer one among many proofs of that inventive genius of ancient Greece, which at once discovered and carried to perfection nearly every species of composition, and which seemed to leave succeeding ages only models for imitation. In this point of view alone, some of the writings of Plato may be commended to the study of all time: and to leave them untranslated or ill-translated is to defraud the unlearned of much enjoyment, and the great author of part of that homage to which he has as rightful a claim as either Homer or Demosthenes.

While France and Germany can boast, that in each of these countries, one of their greatest scholars, in point of capacity, erudition, and philosophical acumen, has devoted himself to the translation of the entire works of Plato,—Victor Cousin in the one, and Schleiermacher in the other,—Britain has nothing of the kind to show. The German translation, indeed, was left incomplete, but so far as it goes it is allowed to be admirable. The only translation we possess of the entire works of Plato, is that published by the notorious Thomas Taylor; in which, while incorporating the labors of previous translators, he has managed to mar them by his professed emendations, and to give the

remainder in a form in which no reader of Plato could by possibility recognise the mutilated original. But a few words more of this by-and-by. As to translations of particular dialogues, it may be said that of the 'Immortal Trilogy' which immediately relates to the last scenes of the life of Socrates—the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Phædon*, creditable translations have appeared in recent times; but they have had but a very limited circulation. And beautiful as these dialogues are, they are far, very far, from exhibiting the phases of Plato's intellectual character in all their variety and richness. Of some other of the dialogues, and those among the most interesting, a translation, characterized by considerable fidelity and elegance, appeared from the pen of the unfortunate Floyer Sydenham, about a century ago.* But the work was brought out in an expensive form, and has never, so far as we are aware, been republished. Even these, however, leave untouched several of Plato's greatest pieces, and such as are most durably valuable, whether regarded in a philosophical or literary point of view. We allude more particularly to the *Theætetus*, the *Gorgias*, and the *Protagoras*. Besides, these translations are far from being distinguished throughout by equal merit, and in many places fall short of that idiomatic grace, which a version of such an author, in order to do him justice, imperatively requires. A translator of Plato ought to be not merely competently skilled in Greek, but, still rarer qualification!—to be a great master of English.

But the book which has attracted most notice, because most accessible from its cheapness, is a version from the French of M. Dacier's 'Select Dialogues;' that is, it is a translation of a translation, in which the beauties of Plato are strained off by a double process. It was executed more than a hundred and twenty years ago, and is marked by innumerable negligences, inaccuracies, and vulgarisms. It has, notwithstanding, been repeatedly reprinted, and only lately we saw it advertised with professed corrections from Sydenham and Taylor on the title page. From Sydenham, indeed, corrections might have been supplied in abundance, but unfortunately Sydenham never translated any

* This translation comprised the *Io*, *Greater and Lesser Hippias*, *Banquet* (with the exception of the *Speech of Alcibiades*), *Rivals*, *Meno*, *First and Second Alcibiades*, and *Philebus*.—Of two of these (the *Io* and *Banquet*), many of our readers must have seen an elegant version among the posthumous works of Shelley.

in this collection except the brief dialogues entitled the first and second Alcibiades; and from a collation of many passages of these dialogues as given in this edition, we can bear witness that the traces of any emendations or alterations from Sydenham, are slight indeed.

But as to Taylor—whose bulky five volumes are one continued slander on Plato's good name, both as a man of genius and a philosopher—the correcting of any other translation from *such* a source, can remind us only of certain economical methods we may sometimes see adopted among the poor, of mending a broken window by a stuffing of straw. Whatever else the straw may do, it at least does the very contrary of what a window ought to do: it effectually shuts out the light. It were as easy to correct a translation of the Bible by the light of the Koran of Mahomet, as to correct a translation of Plato by that of Taylor.

Taylor was certainly in many respects a remarkable man, but in nothing more so than in the whimsical delusion by which he supposed himself capable of translating Plato; except, perhaps, in his equal delusion that he was commissioned to do the same cruel office by Aristotle. We are not quite sure, indeed, that the former was not the more gigantic error of the two. In translating Aristotle, he could but totally demolish the philosopher; there were few graces of manner to destroy: in rendering Plato, he showed how possible it is for a translator at once to obscure the sense and annihilate the elegance of even the greatest genius; and suffering all the ethereal qualities to evaporate, to reduce the rich and perfumed leaves which he had consigned to so remorseless a distillation, to a fœtid and miserable *caput mortuum*. His splendid quarto title-page, promising us the entire 'Works of Plato,' is but like the brilliant plate on a coffin lid; it is after all only the corpse of Plato which lies within; and that too in a very advanced stage of decomposition.

In an early volume* of this journal, will be found some strange specimens of Taylor's blunders and inelegances, especially in the translation of the Protagoras. The critic remarks that he could have adduced equal enormities from that of the Theætetus. Though he has not cited them, we can fully substantiate his assertion. From a multitude of others which we had noted, we will amuse the reader with two, both occurring

within the limits of a couple of pages. In the eloquent description which Socrates gives of the contrasted characters of the true philosopher, and the keen, sharp, but contracted 'little soul' formed by early and incessant practice in legal chicaneries, he remarks, 'that those who from their youth up have been versed in the law courts, stand a chance of appearing, in comparison with those who have been educated in philosophy and in like liberal pursuits, much as slaves compared with the free-born.' Plato here uses the word *κυλινδοῦμενοι*, the root of which literally means 'to roll round, and in a secondary sense was sometimes employed much like the Latin *versor*, to 'be busied about.' Mr. Taylor gives the following exquisite translation:—'Those who from their youth have been *rolled like cylinders* in courts of justice,' &c.; a version not much more scholarlike or graceful than if some one, wishing to translate out of English such a phrase as 'those who write a good round hand,' should express himself in terms which literally translated back again should be, 'those whose handwriting is like unto spheres.' Mr. Taylor is so delighted with the image which his rendering of the word presents, that he has repeated it in both the Sophistes and Politicus. Our other instance is equally ludicrous; Socrates having commented with severity on certain opinions of the deceased Protagoras, Theodorus, who had been a friend of his, says, 'We are running my associate hard, Socrates.' Socrates replies, in his ironical way, 'But then, my friend, it is not clear whether we are not missing the truth while so doing. It is indeed probable that, being older, he was also wiser than we are; and if he could just now raise his head above ground as far as the shoulders, he would very probably reprove us both:—me for uttering much nonsense, and you for assenting to it, and then vanish below again.' Taylor says; 'If, suddenly leaping forth, he should *seize me by the shoulders* it is probable that he would prove me delirious in many things,' &c.

Such blunders, and they are of perpetual occurrence, alternately move a reader acquainted with the original to mirth and indignation; while those who know Plato in no other form, must certainly think him the most unintelligible and inelegant of writers.*

* The words *εὐφῆμι ὦ ἄνθρωπε*, which in English would be tantamount to 'hush! my friend,' or 'good words, I beseech you!' Mr. Taylor perpetually translates by 'predict better things, O

* Ed. Review, Vol. xiv.

Taylor, who must have been by nature of an eccentrically constructed mind, further muddled himself with deep draughts of the philosophy of the Alexandrian school of commentators, some of whom have done by Plato what so many of their brethren did by the Scriptures; and by the extravagances of a mystical and allegorical system of interpretation, have succeeded at times in making the greatest of Greek philosophers almost as nonsensical as themselves. Under grandiloquent nothings, they too often imagined they were giving utterance to oracles of super-human wisdom. Taylor was just the man to be easily intoxicated with their heady liquor, and forthwith mistook his intellectual drunkenness for veritable inspiration. The wildest vagaries of this allegorical school he hesitates not to follow, not only with obsequiousness but with rapture. Hundreds of pages has he written or translated in the shape of notes and commentary, on whose fatuous face not a gleam of intelligence is seen to play, and to which it is impossible to imagine that he could have himself attached any definite meaning whatever.

Difficult as it may seem at first sight to believe, the history of philosophy and everyday observation compel us to admit that there is a class of persons who imagine that whatever is obscure is profound; and who love the notion and reputation of depth so much that they prefer a muddy stream, however shallow, to a clear one, however deep. To such minds, mere sounds, if they seem to convey something grand or myste-

man! For the words *ὦ θαυμάσιε, ὦ βέλτιστε*, he can find no more idiomatic equivalent than 'O wonderful man!' and 'O best of men!' while *ὦ θαυμόνιε* is grotesquely rendered, 'O demoniacal man!'

Even where the meaning could hardly have been missed by him it is incredible with what odd perversity he manages to render it utterly unintelligible to the English reader. 'Since you inherit none of your father's property,'—says Socrates to Hermogenes in the *Cratylus*; this Mr. Taylor translates, 'since you have no authority in paternal matters!'

It is droll to hear Taylor saying that he had adopted Sydenham's translation and notes, as far as that writer's want of a 'more profound knowledge of Plato's philosophy' would permit; and equally droll to hear him blaming Spens' translation of the *Republic* for its Scotticisms and inelegances! His knowledge of Greek, even as a language, was not sufficient to protect him from the indignity of occasionally making his translation from the Latin: while, upon his boasting that he knew not a word of any modern language except his mother tongue, our former critic generously offered, if it would add to his glory to be reckoned ignorant of that too, to bear testimony that his knowledge of it was abundantly scanty.

rious, are a source of delight; and with them words, which, in the language of Hobbes, are the counters of wise men and the money of fools, pass from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, as a trustworthy symbol of value.

Mere English readers are entitled to the means of knowing something more of Plato than they can learn from Taylor; and one of our chief objects on this occasion has been to help forward so desirable an end, by showing what are the most prominent features of universal interest in his writings, and what especially the chief characteristics of his literary genius.

For the learned, indeed, various profound questions as to the philosophical system of Plato, will always have their just attraction. What that system precisely was, especially in its abstruser doctrines; what was the progress of its development in Plato's own mind; how far it was a consistent fabric, or a pile of heterogeneous materials and varying orders of architecture; whether any such harmonious system can now be elicited from his writings, and how far, and in what respects he is inconsistent with himself; what was the one design which so many critics affirm he had in view in the entire series of, at least, his principal productions, and what their mutual coherence and succession, regarded in that light; and again, what was the historical order* of their composition, and which of the works attributed to him are spurious, and which authentic;—these questions, and others like them, will probably form an everlasting source of *νυχτομαχία* to the learned; and, in truth, they have been eagerly discussed, especially by our German neighbors, with abundance of erudition and ingenuity; sometimes, too, with a degree of passion, and sometimes with a tone of confidence, which oddly contrast with the shadowy nature of the interests at stake, and the uncertainty and perplexity of the points in debate. But a large portion of the writings of Plato possess an interest wholly independent of the decision of any or of all such questions, and will continue to charm every intelligent reader, in whatever way these problems may be decided.

* A curious example of the precariousness of the reasoning on such subjects may be seen in a note of Stallbaum on the *Phædrus* sp. 257. B.s, in which, by a single remark, he at once neutralizes some of the refined arguments of Van Heusde and Schleiermacher, adduced to prove true, though the theory most probably is on other grounds that the *Phædrus* was an early composition of Plato. Gray adopts the supposition that it was his first Dialogue.

From the extent to which these profounder questions are pursued in many works on Plato, a reader unacquainted with the original would hardly conceive to how large a proportion of his remains our last remark applies. 'That the dialogues of Plato,' says Professor Brandis*, 'were from first to last not intended to set before any one, distinct assertions, but to place the objects in their opposite points of view, could appear credible only to partisans of the more modern sceptical academy.' In this we fully agree; only let it be acknowledged how much there is that is intelligible and delightful, apart from the solution of this problem. The difficulty of the problem, Professor Brandis himself admits; 'It is impossible,' says he, 'not to feel the difficulty of rendering to one's self a distinct account of what is designed and accomplished in any particular dialogue, and of its connexion with others.' Therefore, while we believe that Plato was not without his systematic purpose, we yet must concede to Mr. Lewes,

* ART. PLATO. Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Edited by W. Smith, LL. D. The articles in both these dictionaries are in general most ably executed. If we were to take exception to any of the biographical ones, it would be to two or three in which the editor has deemed it necessary to resort to foreign aid. We must confess that on his list of contributors there are those who, for the *English* public, would in our judgment have executed the task much more advantageously. The articles we more particularly refer to are those on Aristotle and Plato, the one by Professor Stahr, and the other by Professor Brandis. Of the profound acquaintance of these eminent scholars with the authors of whom they treat, there can be no doubt; and we have good ground to confide in the accuracy and fidelity of the translator, Mr. C. P. Mason. There is also, we gladly admit, much interesting matter in the account of the life and writings of these eminent philosophers; yet when we come to their philosophy, we somehow find the subject involved in mists which we cannot help attributing in part to the foreign medium through which it is presented to us. The whole mode of employing language on philosophical subjects is so different among our German neighbors,—we say nothing at all of their superiority or inferiority in this respect,—that translations from them are almost always vague and unsatisfactory; even where the meaning is at last understood, the tedium of expression excites perpetual irritation. Where great abstruseness of thought is superadded to the 'langweiligkeit' of style, we are reminded of a journey through an American forest, jolting along in a cart without springs, over a corduroy road, and surrounded by umbrageous depths which the eye in vain strives to penetrate. These remarks apply with special force to Mr. Dobson's translation of Schleiermacher's 'Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato.' From a comparison of several passages with the original, we have no reason to doubt either the skill or fidelity of the translator: yet we will venture to say, that the book is one of the most wearisome to read in the English language.

(though he, perhaps, states the objection rather too strongly), that few writers are chargeable with more frequent inconsistencies; inconsistencies very natural, indeed, in the gradual development of opinions, slowly matured and variously expressed in the course of a long career, but incapable, like most contrarieties, of being kneaded into any harmonious system. It is probable too, that, in attempting to harmonize his system, due allowance has not always been made for the latitude which Plato may have permitted to the dramatic form of his dialogues. Critics who have not united the requisite aptitudes for philosophical discussion with an exact appreciation of the beauties of a most refined species of composition, have sometimes supposed him to be serious where he was only playful, and have tortured themselves and him to discover his consistency. In particular, as Stallbaum,* one of the clearest and most instructive of his commentators, observes, the very covert irony of the Platonic Socrates, which is sometimes grave enough to deceive even the most astute, has now and then imposed on erudite simplicity. What was thus only a grave joke has been transformed into a truly laughable wisdom, and a defect of refinement and taste has become an error in the interpretation of philosophy. At all events, if Socrates could but have foreseen all the platitudes which the Alexandrian commentators have uttered on the mysteries couched under some of his delicate satire, an involuntary chuckle must have been heard from behind his mask.

On one of the above mentioned questions, the authenticity or spuriousness of certain dialogues, we may be pardoned for offering two or three general remarks. The boldness with which German scholarship pronounces certain writings of Plato spurious, would be amusing if it were not so provoking. Ast, Socher, Ritter, Schleiermacher, all reject, or hesitate to receive, some dialogues (though happily they are not quite agreed among themselves *which* they are to reject), pronounced authentic by the utmost possible strength of external evidence, and which they suspect to be spurious, simply on account of their *conjecture* that there is something in the internal evidence inconsistent with what they have *conjectured* must have been the design of Plato in the development of his entire system of philosophy; or again, because they observe some inferiority in the literary execution. As to the

* See particularly *Præfatio ad Protagoram*, pp. 1, 2.

first objection, their own serious differences of view (however felicitous some of their hypotheses) ought to have convinced them of the extreme precariousness of such grounds. As to the second, we may well say with Mr. Lewes, "What writer is at all times equal to the highest of his own flights? What author has produced nothing but *chefs-d'œuvre*? Are there not times when the most brilliant men are dull, when the richest style is meagre, when the compactest style is loose? The same subjects will not always call forth the same excellence; how unlikely, then, that various subjects should be treated with uniform power? The "Theages" could hardly equal the "Theætetus;" the "Euthydemus" must be inferior to the "Gorgias." No one thinks of disputing Shakspeare's claim to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," because it is immeasurably inferior to "Twelfth Night," which in its turn is inferior to "Othello."

There is not one of these suspected dialogues, which it would be more unreasonable to reject than the Greater Hippias. Not only is there no external evidence against it, but, except from the fantastical reason that it contributes nothing to the development of some assumed system of Plato's philosophy, all the internal evidences of manner, style, and the happiest dramatic vivacity, are most conspicuously in its favour. Schleiermacher, while he states his doubts in one page, pleasantly does his best to answer them in the next. Having contended that the irony is ruder and less delicate than that of Plato in general, he yet admits that there is 'abundance of pleasantry' in the composition, and that, if we fully knew the circumstances and design of it, we should probably see much more of its beauty. Meanwhile, we confess, it seems to us that enough is apparent even now to betray the genuine manner of Plato. The question discussed in it is one of the most subtle and difficult in the whole field of intellectual criticism; that is, the essence of the beautiful, or what it is which makes us denominate so immense a variety of objects by that one epithet; a question which has, perhaps, not even yet been solved to the full satisfaction of every one, and which it is no more wonderful that Plato should have left undetermined in this Dialogue than that he should have left equal difficulties at the close of the Theætetus without any positive solution. The erroneous theories he confutes are, some of them, not very dis-

similar to those which have been so often repeated in modern times. The first answers of Hippias, till he comes fully to understand the nature of the question, are not much more absurd (absurd though they are), than might be expected from one who is, by implication, represented as a total stranger to metaphysical niceties*, and who has been principally engaged in the study of mythological antiquities, and such like 'old wives' fables,' as Socrates himself hints.† Nay, they are not much more absurd than the answers which no mean men of modern times have given to the same question, when vainly searching for the beautiful in some one class of material forms or qualities: not much more absurd than that of Burke, who found diminutiveness essential to beauty, or that of Hogarth, who found its essence in a certain curve.

To reject ancient writings on the frivolous internal evidence upon which a German scholar often depends, would require the critic to possess a tact not less delicate than that which enabled a certain conjuror to detect the recent presence of spirits by the *odour* which they had left behind them; or that which distinguished the two renowned ancestors of Sancho Panza in the matter of wine, who, being requested to pronounce judgment on a full cask decided, one of them, that it had a slight tang of iron, and the other, that it had a tang of leather. On emptying the cask, the wisdom of both was justified; for there was found at the bottom an iron key with a leathern thong attached to it!

But we must resume. Plato's metaphysical system, let it be ever so successfully illustrated or restored, can be of interest only to the scholar, or the scientific antiquary, as marking an epoch or supplying a link in the historical development of philosophy. It is among the things that have been; it has not now a single follower, and will probably never have another, unless now and then some Thomas Taylor should return once in the long revolution of a Platonic year.

* 'Does not the proposer of the question,' says Hippias, when Socrates has stated it in the person of his imaginary objector, 'desire to have it told him what is beautiful?'—'I think not, Hippias,' says Socrates, 'but to have it told him *what the beautiful is*.' Hippias cannot see the difference.

† 'I perceive,' says Socrates, after Hippias has been boasting of the interest with which the Lacedæmonian youth had listened to his 'auld wauld' stories, 'I perceive why they were so delighted with you—you were of the same use to them as old women are to children—to amuse them with pretty fables; *πρὸς τὸ ἡδέως μυθολογεῖν*.'

Plato's archetypal ideas, his metempsychosis, his cosmology, his doctrines of the pre-existence of the human soul, and that all our knowledge is but reminiscence—these and other related dogmas have gone the way of so many other philosophies.

It is sometimes said, indeed, that, even in the construction of such an adventurous system, Plato was prompted by the severity of his dialectics, while others have represented it as the exuberance of a rich poetic fancy. 'It is a mistake,' says Mr. Lewes, speaking of Plato's doctrine of reminiscence, 'to suppose this a mere poetical conception. Plato never sacrifices logic to poetry. If he sometimes calls poetry to his aid, it is only to express by it those ideas which logic cannot grasp, ideas which are beyond demonstration; but he never indulges in mere fancies.' There is a sense in which both of these statements are true enough. Perplexed, like so many other philosophers, to account for the origin of knowledge and the formation of general ideas, it may be said that his logical subtlety led him to frame the theory of archetypal ideas, and the doctrine of reminiscence, as the sufficient solution; but it is not less true that imagination supplied his logic with the materials; or that his speculations involved just as much difficulty in their proof as the solution of the mysteries they were designed to remove. All such gratuitous theories for intractable phenomena are but the repetition of the Hindoo cosmogony; and when we have got the world on the elephant's back, and the elephant on the tortoise, we still need something for the tortoise to rest upon. Philosophers are but too apt to forget, when they make hypotheses for difficult cases, under the stress of *such* logical necessities, that a truer logic would teach them that when they have arrived at phenomena for which they have no other solution than fanciful assumptions, they had better leave them alone. In the same sense—and the same apology has been made for them—Descartes was led by his *logic* to his vortices, and Leibnitz to his monads; but it was imagination, rather than logic, which handed them their materials. For our own parts, we would just as soon rest in a mystery which nature and fact have made for us, as feel ourselves obliged to rest a little farther on in one, which any such supposed logic has gratuitously created. There is no lack of instances of the use of hypothesis in science. On the other hand, the abuse of hypothesis formed its history

for ages; and in all such cases, it would be a waste of time and labour not to stop at A, if, after one doubtful step through equal darkness, we are still obliged to stop at B.

But it must not be supposed that there are not portions of Plato's philosophy, which, though involving, in the sense which Plato meant them to convey, some of the above fantastical dogmas, may be even now perused by the general student with signal advantage; that is,—his reasonings in many cases simply involve more than the truth, not what is contrary to it, and are not, therefore, vitiated by the residuum of error which we reject. For example, and by way of explaining our meaning, it has been very truly observed that Plato's 'archetypal ideas' correspond to our 'general notions' as expressed by 'general terms,' and *something more*; that is, he believed in their real existence, somewhere or other in the universe, external to any and to all minds. Now nothing in Plato is more remarkable than the ingenious and exhaustive induction by which he seeks (as he is fond of expressing it), 'The one in the many,' or the essence of that which we find existing in many different forms, species, and individuals, till he has discovered it in the most comprehensive genus and under the true limitations; nor do these admirable specimens of the investigation of general truth lose one particle of their beauty or cogency because Plato believed in the independent existence of ideas, and they may still be read as among the earliest and most striking models of a genuine method of philosophizing. If we could name the quality by which we denominate all objects 'beautiful' that are ever denominated so, it is manifest that it matters little to us that Plato thinks there is 'an archetypal beauty' external to our minds, and subsisting as an independent existence.—And, apart from the positive results of such investigations, they may have been of infinite service as instructive illustrations of a certain *method*.

But neither is this all of what science owes to this part of the writings of Plato, considered in a purely philosophical point of view. If the 'method' be of greater value than the *positive* results, yet the *negative* results are often of the highest importance. Few have been more frequently triumphant in the exposure of the errors and sophistries of others. It may be humiliating to admit it, but it is not less a fact, that metaphysicians have in general been more potent to confute error than to establish truth. They

had more success in demolishing empires than in erecting them: and in this they only share the fate of other conquerors, of most of whom it may be said that the gigantic ruins of the cities they have destroyed still strew the plain, as memorials of their power, long after every trace of their own dynasties has passed away. The confutation of error can never, however, be thought a slight achievement; so long, alas, as it shall continue to be true, that a great part of human wisdom consists in unlearning the delusions, or guarding against the influence of human folly. It is difficult to overrate the services of Plato in this particular. In the *Theætetus*, for example, the masterly reasonings by which he has refuted so many shallow bases of science, and especially that too pleasant sophism of Protagoras—that the senses are our only guide,—that truth is what each individual thinks or feels it, or, in the sophist's language, that 'man is the measure of all things,'—can never be read without profit and admiration; nor, negative as the conclusions are, would we exchange them for a 'whole wilderness' of theories like that of archetypal ideas.

It is well said by a recent writer, 'As Sir C. Wren gained nearly as much credit for the scientific manner in which he removed the ruins of the old St. Paul's Church as for the genius and skill with which he planned and constructed the new edifice, so Plato should receive the commendation which is due to him for the elaborate and searching scrutiny to which he subjected the erroneous views current in his time, before he ventured to propound the grand and original conceptions on which his own philosophy was built up.'*

But it is on his speculations in *moral science*, after all, that Plato's claims, as a philosopher, to the gratitude of mankind, principally rest. To the believer in a yet purer and nobler system of ethics, his system must always possess peculiar and transcendent interest, as affording (in conjunction with the ethics of Aristotle) a standard or gauge of the highest and sublimest pitch to which the unaided intellect of man can aspire on these subjects. But independently of this, we do not think it possible for any one to dwell on his impassioned admiration and sublime and glowing delineations of the morally fair and beautiful, without being in some degree infected with his ennobling enthusiasm, in accordance with that law by

which we become more or less assimilated to the image of whatever is the habitual object of our delighted contemplation. Can literature and philosophy have higher praise, than that no author has left us more intense and vivid pictures of ideal virtue, or seems more enamoured as he gazes on them, or is more likely to inspire his readers with his own elevated sentiments? that there is no one who has explored more profoundly the anatomy of man's moral nature, or laid bare more skilfully that spiritual mechanism by which, wholly apart from their grosser and external effects, virtue and vice operate of themselves on man's happiness or misery? no one in whose pages moral truth is so variously or beautifully illustrated? no one who, in the expression of moral formulas, has approached nearer or so near the very words of the Gospel? * 'His object,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty (espe-

* Next to Homer and the inspired Hebrew poets, no author exercised a more powerful influence on the congenial sublimity of Milton's genius than Plato. Often in his poetry, but still oftener in his prose writings, is that influence conspicuously reflected. Both authors attain, perhaps more frequently than almost any others, that highest species of sublimity—the *moral sublime*; arresting and transfixing the soul by the naked majesty of lofty sentiments and purely spiritual abstractions, and readily dispensing with material and palpable images. It is in such lines as those in which Milton speaks of 'the thoughts that wander through eternity,' or of 'the mind as its own place,' which 'makes a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven,' that his muse soars to the highest pitch, and in which he truly 'unspheres the spirit of Plato.' Milton was keenly alive to the beauty of the outward world—like 'the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle,'—and, Puritan though he was, as much so to the fascinating associations connected with ecclesiastical architecture. Yet it was not this which made him the sublimest of all poets, but the far rarer power, by which his imagination excelled in clothing principles of the simplest and severest character with all the grandeur of the most impressive eloquence, or the most splendid poetry. He who will read his wonderful description of the 'true office' of a Christian minister, in book ii., chap. 3, of the 'Reason of Church Government urged against 'Prelacy,' or of 'Excommunication,' both there and in the 2nd book of 'Reformation in England' will readily concede this. Plato and Milton seem to have been alike in another respect,—in their defects as well as in their excellences. For both have shown themselves incapable of perceiving any thing but the truth of ultimate principles and the most comprehensive generalizations in morals, or of discerning the 'refractions' and deviations (as Burke would say) to which abstract principles are subject when they enter this atmosphere of earth; both were alike destitute of that practical sagacity which knows how to apply ethics to politics in our work-a-day world. In this point of view, 'The Doctrine of Divorce,' and the scheme of 'Education,' will stand about on the same level with Plato's most Utopian of all republics.

* Penny Cyclopædia. PLATO; an article necessarily brief, but which will well repay perusal.

cially of goodness, the highest beauty), and of that supreme and eternal mind, which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. . . . He enforced these lessons by an inexhaustible variety of just and beautiful illustrations, — sometimes striking from their familiarity, sometimes subduing by their grandeur,—and his works are the storehouse from which moralists have, from age to age, borrowed the means of rendering moral instruction easier and more delightful.

It has been said, by way of objection, that the ethics of Plato are too elevated and transcendental for humanity; that they are founded, 'not on a principle of obligation, on the definition of duty, but on the tendency to perfection.' Now, while there is something in this, and while there would be more, in case Plato had assigned moral excellence no other supports than those derived from such motives, yet, among the various influences under which human character is formed, surely the views which he has opened, and the motives which he has appealed to, are entitled to all but the highest place. The contemplation of a perfection, which humanity can never reach, is no, without its benefit; the reflected image though paler than the light which produces it, will bestill *in proportion* to its brightness. Addison's illustration of the asymptote, always approaching its curve, though never touching it, would still be realized. But, in truth, the objection, as above stated, is too general: Plato does not confine himself to any *one* topic of persuasion, although unquestionably an abstract tendency to perfection is a favourite theme with him—as we think it ought to be. 'Perhaps,' says Sir James Mackintosh, after speaking of the various illustrations by which he represented virtue, 'in every one of these, an eye, trained in the history of ethics, may discover the germ of the whole or of a part of some subsequent theory. But to examine it thus, would not be to look at it with the eye of Plato. His aim was as practical as that of Socrates. He employed every topic—without regard to its place in a system, or even always to its force as an argument—which could attract the small portion of the community then accessible to cultivation; who, it should not be forgotten, had no moral instructor but the philosopher, unaided, if not thwarted, by the reigning superstition; for religion had not then, besides her own discoveries, brought down the most awful and the most beautiful forms of moral

truth to the humblest station in human society.'

Nor must it, in justice, be forgotten, that no one has insisted more urgently on the coincidence, the indissoluble alliance, between virtue and happiness. In this, as Macintosh has observed, there is no real discrepancy between Plato and Aristotle. 'Neither distinguished the elements, which they represented as constituting the supreme good, from each other, partly, perhaps, from a fear of appearing to separate them.' But, he adds with admirable discrimination, 'Plato more habitually considered happiness as the natural fruit of virtue; Aristotle oftener viewed virtue as the means of attaining happiness.' Nor is this an unimportant distinction—and, as far as it goes, it is to Plato's advantage; for, though the infirmity of human nature requires to be 'undergirded' by all sorts of supports, and we would not, therefore, withdraw one of them, it is not of little moment whether the calculation of interest or the appreciation of the morally fair and beautiful has the habitual ascendancy in our thoughts; it cannot be the same to our moral nature, whether our eye constantly dwells delighted on that fat and fertile soil through which the stream of virtuous action flows, and which it so prosperously irrigates, or on the transparent and beautiful stream itself. Let but a man always think that he is to do nothing but what is for his interest, however true it may be in the long run and on the great scale, yet that ever-present thought will narrow his mind to selfishness. The further question,—whether the perception of moral distinctions be natural or acquired,—is, for our present purpose, comparatively immaterial: it is sufficient, however deduced, that it exists.

Plato not simply imbibed the lofty ethical spirit and maxims of his master, but when he descants on such themes, he surrounds them with a halo of eloquence, which his master was incapable of imparting to them. Yet there is another characteristic of his practical ethics still more striking than their eloquence: it is the astonishing decision, as well as sublimity, of his principles, and their close approximation to the evangelical modes of expression. Whatever may be the assumptions and extravagances of his physics, and the obscurities and mysteries of his metaphysics, or however visionary the character of his political speculations, the great principles of his ethical system are clear as the light, and as sublime as they are intelligible. Nay, it is not unworthy of remark,

that while in his profound impression of the ignorance of human nature, he has so often refrained from a dogmatical assertion of his opinions; while his dialogues on metaphysical and critical subjects sometimes seem little more than the play of an ingenious and highly subtle intellect, and contain more frequently refutations of the errors of others, or hints for the adjustment of apparently conflicting truths, than the establishment of any positive doctrines of his own; while his Socrates perpetually professes that he asserts nothing, but merely examines the opinions of others, and in that natural process of investigation, avows that in confuting others, he has also sometimes confuted himself, or, as in the *Protagoras*, finds that he has changed sides with his opponent; while these are so frequently the characteristics of Plato's manner, that he has even been unjustly considered by many as the patron of scepticism, it is singular that on those *practical* questions of morals, in which, in the absence of revelation, there was just as much speculative difficulty, and a still greater danger of an erroneous bias from the influence of selfishness and passion, Plato is as firm as a rock, and invariably takes the nobler side. In spite of the apparent perplexities of the moral administration of the universe, in spite of the frequent spectacle of prosperous iniquity and oppressed virtue, it is sufficient for him to discern the *tendencies* of those great laws, to which their full development is not at present accorded; and he declares the certainty of their ultimate triumph in opposition to every doubt in his own breast, and every plausible but narrow theory issuing from minds less lofty than his own. That 'might can never constitute right,'—whatever creed might be shamelessly avowed by some of the speakers in his dialogues, and might be welcome to the vanity and ambition of many a young Athenian; that perfect virtue is the highest element of happiness, and would, if possessed, assuredly secure it; that the morally wrong can never be the truly expedient; that the good and the beautiful cannot be severed; that it is always, and under all circumstances, better 'to suffer an injury than to do one;' that even the most successful crime is but a splendid misery, and involves, by inevitable necessity, in the remorse it awakens and the passions it nurtures, its own invisible but infallible avengers; that only he is a virtuous man who acts as virtue bids him, even though he could be assured that neither detection nor punish-

ment awaited his crimes, and that he might commit them under the privilege of the ring of Gyges; 'that virtue is herself the soul's best recompense,' though it is true that all meaner felicities swell the pomp of her retinue;—these maxims he often proclaims with an authority as undoubting as if no plausible theories (so natural in the absence of a better revelation than the ordinary course of this world can supply) might be urged against them; nay, with a courage and commanding greatness which might well put to the blush many professed theorists in ethics, who have enjoyed a light for which Socrates and Plato could only wait and hope.

And in the same manner, in relation to the kindred questions,—on a satisfactory solution of which the truth and consistency of the lofty moral maxims, just adverted to, so much depend,—on the immortality of the soul, and a future state of retribution, Plato, if not quite free from those fluctuations of feeling and opinion which were unavoidable to a deeply reflecting mind and especially a heathen mind, is yet far more decisive than any preceding philosopher, and uniformly favorable to the more sublime and elevated view. Yielding in these cases to a noble instinct rather than trusting to the hesitation and caution of a subtle but inadequate reason; supplying the defects of argument by a faith that *must* be true, which it would be ignominy to think false, he teaches those doctrines which a nature worthy of immortality would wish to be proved, even if it could not fully prove them, and strains every nerve to grapple with the difficulties which scepticism is so well content to leave unsolved.* Imprisoned like the rest of his species in that dark cave in which he represents the human race as lying bound, perceiving only the images and shadows of realities, and forming imperfect guesses of their nature and relations, he turns his eyes

* How near do the following sentences come to certain Scriptural expressions:—'We must then suppose of the righteous man, that though he may be in poverty, in sickness, or any other *seeming* evil, yet to him these things will terminate in some good—living or dead. For it cannot be, that he who ardently desires to be a just man, and, by the cultivation of virtue, to resemble the Deity as far as humanity will permit, can ever be uncared for by the Gods.'—*Republic*, Lib. 10. It is a sentiment he frequently gives expression to. Nor less philosophical than beautiful is that declaration in the tenth book of the 'Laws,' by which Bolingbroke might have learned something of the real proportions of spiritual things, 'That probably it were no difficult thing to demonstrate that the Gods are as mindful of the minute as of the vast.'

eagerly towards the light, and longs to climb the steep ascent to a more perfect day. The contrast between the buoyant and confident spirit of the Platonic Socrates when treating of these subjects, and the cautious, not to say sceptical tone, which he so often adopts on others, is certainly surprising, and, we do not think, has been sufficiently observed.

The feature now referred to must be admitted to constitute a singular merit. To us, indeed, indulged with a better guide than his philosophy, the truths he uttered may sound elementary; though who among modern writers could have illustrated them with the eloquence of Plato? But in that twilight in which he speculated, amidst the frequent doubts even of those who might in general sympathize with his hopes and aspirations, and amidst the incessant, plausible, and practical denial of these truths on the part of all who wished them false, his conclusions show a vast comprehensiveness and elevation of mind; and entitle him to that appellation which one of our greatest British divines hesitates not to bestow upon him, of the 'great pagan theologian.'

It has been remarked by Mr. Macaulay, in his essay on Bacon, that the inductive philosophy is favourably distinguished from that of the ancients, inasmuch as it is a *fruitful* philosophy;—fruitful of useful discoveries and important practical results in every department of science;—while that of the ancient world was generally barren, occupied either with useless subtleties and logomachies, or exhausting itself on questions which are totally beyond the province of the human faculties; in the pursuit of which the ancient philosopher too often even contemptuously looked down on that humble office of interpreting nature, in which Bacon places the sum of philosophy. The remark is just, and the conclusion in favour of Bacon's philosophy incontestible; nor, so far as time was consumed in profitless and idle subtleties, can even an apology be offered in behalf of the ancients. For anything one can see, it would unquestionably have been wiser to have spent in examining the phenomena of the material world the time and mental energy which were wasted in vainly devising theories of metaphysics; but in relation to the questions which turned on the destinies of man, and the theory of morals, who can wonder that, in the absence of an authoritative guide, the human mind was irresistibly attracted to perpetual meditation on such themes? Such is their tremendous importance (however solved) in the eye of

any man who deserves the title of a *thinking* being, that it is surely no wonder that the most acute and inquisitive understandings—that is, those which are abstractedly the best fitted for the investigations of science—should have been absolutely fascinated and riveted by them; or that they could hardly persuade themselves that they could have leisure for any purely material studies, till they had attained something like certainty on points of incomparably higher moment. Little as the multitude may have felt these things, there must have been many powerful minds who, as they questioned the mute oracles of nature—mute, we mean, on such points—must have been ready to exclaim, in the sublime words of Pascal, 'Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.' Nor is it, perhaps, among the least of our incidental obligations to that Book in which so many myriads have found repose from the ceaseless questions which must often have agitated the greatest sages of antiquity, that so large a portion of the highest intellect of our race—the intellect of a Bacon, a Newton, a Pascal, a Locke—has, *in fact*, accepted its decisions on those questions, and thus been free to pursue the path of science within the limits and in the direction, in which alone human science can be successfully prosecuted.

But neither have we yet stated all Plato's claims to some place in the vernacular literature of all civilized nations.

To the generality of readers, large fragments of the Platonic writings possess an interest quite separate from the merits or faults of Plato's positive philosophy, and even from his success or failure in his mode of treating the particular subjects of the several dialogues. That interest consists not in the formal instructions given, nor in the continuity with which some one subject is pursued, but in a great measure in the incidental topics so gracefully introduced, and in the general charm and sweetness of the composition; in striking apophthegms of moral wisdom, and the beautiful images which embellish them; in the lively illustrations which his reasonings perpetually derive from historic fact and poetic fiction; in original and profound reflections on human nature, most happily expressed; in accurate and vivid sketches of individual character, or of classes of men, who still have their types among all nations; in his felicitous scenic descriptions, his animated dialogue, and rare literary beauties of every kind. Mr. Lewes has remarked of the Republic,

that "by reducing it to its theoretical formula, we are doubtless viewing it in its most unfavourable light. Its value and its interest do not consist in its political ideas, but in its collateral ideas on education, religion, and morals." This is equally true of most of his other productions. They abound in beauties which will not fade with the speculations with which they are intermingled, and may be appreciated by persons who care nothing for the philosophy of the author, or, indeed, very little for any other philosophy.

The sublime manner in which Plato announces and proves the great paradox in the *Gorgias*, that to do an injury is the greatest of evils; and that equal paradox, that he who commits crime with impunity is a yet more pitiable object than he who is punished for it, inasmuch as punishment is the appropriate medicine of the soul, and may reclaim it;—the impressive declaration which Tacitus has vouched and verified, that if we could but see the heart of a tyrant we should behold it torn and tormented by its own avenging passions; or that opposite picture of the all-entrancing loveliness of virtue, 'if she could but be seen;'—the striking reply to Agathon, when the latter said that he could not dispute against Socrates, 'You are not able, my Agathon, to argue against the truth, for to argue against Socrates is nothing difficult;'—the beautiful description of a contented old age, in the first book of the *Republic*, where the venerable Cephalus, in reply to Socrates' question as to how he finds the road which his younger companions must travel after him, avows that he feels, in freedom from the dominion of the passions, a sufficient compensation for the loss of their pleasures;—the apposite warning in the *Protagoras* to the eager candidate for the dangerous privilege of a sophist's instructions, that we ought to be much more cautious in the purchase of mental than bodily aliment, inasmuch as science cannot be carried away in any material vessel, and examined afterwards, but must be taken home in the soul itself, so that the purchaser goes away with his blessing or his curse cleaving to him;—the scene in the same magnificent Dialogue, in which the pompous sophist is represented as declaiming while he walks in the porch of Callias, accompanied by the troop of youths who followed him from all parts of Greece, 'charmed by his voice as if he had been another Orpheus,' and who, as he reaches the end of his walk, divide prompt-

ly to the right and left, and obsequiously form again in his rear;—the profound moral anatomy in parts of the *Philebus*, in which Plato reasons on man's chief good, and shows that neither pleasure nor intellect—'the vase of honey' nor 'the vase of cold but healthful water'—is sufficient to constitute it;—the communings of Socrates with his internal self (represented at the close of the *Hippias Major*), when he returns home to night and solitude, self-accused for the inflation of supposed knowledge into which he might have been betrayed during the day;—the beautiful myth of the charioteer and his ill-yoked steeds, by which Plato shadows forth, in the *Phædrus*, the contest between the intellect and the passions, or that, again, in the *Gorgias*, by which he introduces the doctrine of future retribution, when the soul itself is to come before the incorruptible tribunal, 'unclothed' of all the adventitious things which now disturb our judgment;—his assertion, in the same place, of the perpetuity in that future state of the moral habits acquired now, and that the traces of evil passions remain in the soul, like scars of ignominy on the body;—the 'ravishing description' of Socrates and Phædrus loitering during the heat of the summer noon on the banks of the 'cool Ilissus,' where we seem to hear (so musical its eloquence), the whisper of the wind in the plane-tree and through the long grass, and the murmuring of the brook, and the chirping of the grasshoppers, summer-like and shrill;—the enthusiasm of the sage (who rarely wandered beyond the walls of Athens, and professed, like Dr. Johnson, that 'fields and trees would teach him nothing, while the men in the city could,') on being surprised into momentary rapture by the beauty of the scenery;—the humorous account of his being led thither—just as animals are allured onward by leaves or fruit—by the promised manuscript of *Lysias*, which Phædrus carries under his cloak;—the sublime prayer, not unlike that for which the wisest of men was so signally rewarded, with which the Dialogue closes, —'Grant, ye Gods, that I may become beautiful within, and that whatever of external good I possess may be friendly to my internal purity: let me account the wise man rich; and of wealth let me have only so much as a prudent man can bear or employ;'—the sweet and solemn leave-taking of the world and his judges, and the confident declaration at the close of the *Apology*, that 'death is gain,' together with those

passages, more sweet and solemn still, with which the Phædo has immortalized his martyrdom, and which Cicero declared he could never read without tears;—these beauties, and a thousand others like them, must give delight to every man of taste and feeling, without any reference whatever to the general value or worthlessness of the speculations with which they are connected. Although, like scenes from Shakspeare's plays, they will be relished most by readers who can see them in their proper place, with all that introduces and surrounds them, they are yet inexpressibly charming even taken by themselves. Plato, as a whole, must, of course, be left to be fully appreciated by the scholar and the philosopher; but there are parts of him which challenge a much more general admiration: just as Bacon's Essays have been read with pleasure by thousands who never aspired to master the *Novum Organum*. Nor are we by any means sure, if he were obliged to choose, that he would not, and ought not, to prefer the wide-world homage which is the reward of excellences, which the wide world can appreciate, to the more circumscribed admiration of the little circle which can enter into his philosophy. Philosophies, alas! for the most part, are of mortal birth, and expire; but genuine eloquence and poetry are immortal.

We shall now, as we proposed, attempt an analysis of Plato's literary genius, and afterwards state precisely what we should wish to see attempted in the way of translation.

The mind of this great philosopher manifestly belonged to that very small class in which nature has not contented herself with bestowing some one or two faculties in extraordinary strength—compensating her partial generosity by a more niggardly allotment of other intellectual endowments; nor, on the other hand, was it a mind on which she had bestowed the most various endowments in equal but moderate proportion; it belonged to that select order to which Shakspeare and Bacon, Pascal and Leibnitz, are to be referred. On the contrary, it was a mind on which nature had resolved to lavish all her gifts in their most splendid variety, and most harmonious combinations, rich alike in powers of invention and acquisition; equally massive and light; strong and vigorous, yet pliable and versatile; master at once of thought and expression; in which originality and subtlety of intellect are surrounded by all the ministering aids of imagination, wit, humor, and

eloquence. The structure of such a mind resembles some masterpiece of classic architecture, in which the marble columns rise from their deep foundation exquisitely fashioned and proportioned, surmounted with elaborate and ornamented capitals, and supporting an entablature inscribed with all forms of the beautiful.

Plato's style is unrivalled: he wielded at will all the resources of the most copious, flexible, and varied instrument of thought, through which the mind of man has yet breathed the music of eloquence. Not less severely simple and refined when he pleases than Pascal,—between whom and Plato there are many resemblances, as in beauty of intellect, in the character of their wit, in aptitude for abstract science, and in moral wisdom,—the Grecian philosopher is capable of assuming every mood of thought and of adopting the tone, imagery, and diction appropriate to each. Like Pascal, he can be by turns profound, sublime, pathetic, sarcastic, playful; but with a far more absolute command over all the varieties of manner and style.* He could pass by the most easy and rapid transitions from the majestic eloquence, which made the Greeks say that if Jupiter had spoken the language of mortals, he would have spoken in that of Plato, to that homely style of illustration and those highly idiomatic modes of expression, which mark the colloquial manners of his Socrates, and which, as Alcibiades, in his eulogium, observes, might induce a stranger to say that the talk of the latter was all about shoemakers and tailors, carpenters and braziers.†

* Some author (if we mistake not) finds a resemblance between the humor of Pascal and that of Aristophanes. We wonder that the juster parallel of Plato did not suggest itself. As Voltaire said of the Provincial Letters, that 'the comedies of Molière did not surpass them in wit, nor the eloquence of Bossuet in sublimity,' so it may be said of Plato, that Aristophanes scarcely surpasses him in humour, or Demosthenes in eloquence. Pascal and Plato also resembled each other in their deep melancholy, as well as in their happy powers of raillery. How often has that union of refined wit and profound sadness been seen in the same genius!

† 'Aristotle,' says Mr. Lewes, 'capitally describes Plato's style as a middle species of diction between prose and verse.' But this critical dictum of Aristotle must be understood as applying only to certain portions of Plato's compositions; it is false, if intended to designate any one uniform manner, for no such uniformity is to be found. Mr. Lewes himself not only admits that there are to be found in Plato passages of the most diverse beauty, but describes them with great vivacity (vol. i., p. 29): though when he says Plato 'has scarcely any imagery,' he will, we think, find few to coincide with him.

Minds thus replenished and adorned with every species of intellectual excellence, with an equal variety and symmetry of powers, are indeed of rare occurrence. When they are permitted to appear among us, their productions are what we have stated Plato's to be, as remarkable for their *form* as for their *matter*. Great and original conceptions are bodied forth clothed in corresponding beauty of attire; the works are themselves grand exhibitions of artistic ability, as well as repositories of brilliant theories or profound speculation. As such, they are well worthy of our study; just as we gaze delighted on some antique vase or statue, not simply or even chiefly for the precious gold or marble of which it is made, but still more for the exquisite form in which they are moulded, and the exquisite skill and taste which have presided over the workmanship. Indeed, with regard to the *influence* of human compositions on mankind—their permanent influence—the form is as essential as the matter; and, we may add, harder to be attained. Take, for example, the Provincial Letters of Pascal: many minds probably could have supplied the mere substance and staple of the argument which runs through that beautiful texture; but the consummate arrangement—the conception and conduct of the whole—the lively dialogue—the dramatic painting—the perpetual wit—the powerful eloquence—the singular originality—who but himself could have combined?

Great as is the dramatic skill of Pascal in that astonishing performance, not surpassed in our judgment by that displayed in any single dialogue of Plato, the latter has given us a far more diversified exhibition of similar powers. And certainly, as a proof of genius, the strength and facility with which

He is more correct when he says that his illustrations are 'for the most part homely and familiar.'

In truth, it were as easy to state in one word what is the hue of the rainbow, as to describe by one epithet the many-coloured diction of Plato. Specimens of a style as severely logical as that of Locke, as simple and elegant as that of Addison, as impassioned and elevated as that of Milton in the more lofty portions of his semi-poetic prose, may all be found in his works.—The work of Mr. Lewes is a very lively one, and contains much instruction in a small compass. We must confess, however, that for a professed sceptic concerning the truth of any and all systems of metaphysical philosophy, his manner is sometimes a little too dogmatical. The *historian* of philosophy has almost as much reason to be sceptical of his conclusions, as the philosophers he examines; whether his *opinion* as to what were their opinions, be correct, must be often as dubious as those opinions themselves.

he shapes and animates the very difficult form into which he has thrown his speculations, is even still more extraordinary than are the speculations themselves. It is comparatively easy to embody the results of philosophy in a plain didactic statement; but to give them, without serious injury to their force or clearness (especially when the subjects are abstruse, and the points of discussion subtle), in the form and colour of a fictitious dialogue, throughout which various characters, dramatically conceived and sustained, utter the sentiments appropriate to each; in which the colloquial language of actual life is preserved, and amidst all those interruptions, transitions, and naturally conceived incidents which impart verisimilitude to the whole—is a task which, but for the success of Plato, might have been supposed impossible, since of all writers Plato has alone succeeded in it. Not that we feel disposed to contest Mr. Lewes's adjudications, that even Plato 'often sacrificed the general effect to his scrupulous dialectics;' and that his incessant repetitions were designed 'deeply to impress on the reader's mind the real force of his method.' Such a compromise, and to a certain extent, sacrifice of the dramatic interest, is unavoidable, where the ultimate object is didactic and argumentative, and not the appropriate pleasure of poetry. But it will be readily conceded that Plato has more nearly approached the solution of this problem—this union of incompatibles than any other writer; while in some dialogues—as in the Protagoras, which Schleiermacher regards as designed to exhibit the superiority of the dialogistic method of Socrates—the union of philosophical matter and dramatic skill is all but perfect. To deliver didactic matter in the *form* of a dialogue has been often attempted; as by Cicero, Henry More, Fénelon, Bishop Berkeley, and Bishop Hurd. But in general, even the better specimens of philosophical dialogue wholly fail in dramatic power, and are little else than a loose contexture of prolonged declamations in the mouths of two or three personages. No one can read the philosophical dialogues of Cicero, for example, without feeling the immense interval between himself and the great model which he so ardently admired, but so imperfectly imitated.

The conception and conduct of Plato's dialogues show a peculiar species of dramatic skill of the very highest order. The scenes are often laid, the plot contrived, and the characters and incidents invented, with

consummate judgment. The persons of the drama stand out in their appropriate characteristics as distinctly as the various forms in a group of Greek statuary,—diversified in their expression and their attitudes, but all natural and all beautiful.

'The Socratic Dialogues,' says Gray, in those posthumous fragments of criticism which give him as distinguished a name among scholars as he had long possessed among poets, 'are a kind of dramas, where in the time, the place, and the characters are almost as exactly marked as in a true theatrical representation.'

The centre of nearly all these groups of philosophic painting is Socrates—a wonderful portrait for distinctness and individuality, even if it were a mere copy of the great prototype; and a still more wonderful creation if, as is certain, it is in many respects an ideal representation of the artist's master. How far it was the one, and how far the other, has been matter of much dispute among the critics. That the great moral sage of Greece was, at all events, a very extraordinary character is sufficiently evident even from the less ambitious delineation by Xenophon. That he was profoundly versed in his favourite science—that of Man, for which he had forsaken his early physical studies, because he had found them unsatisfactory; that he taught the most sublime and elevated ethics the heathen world had ever attained; that he gave his instructions gratuitously; that in the accomplishment of this noble, and, as he supposed, divinely appointed mission,* he utterly neglected his private affairs—being of an opposite opinion to Horace Walpole, 'that the public is big enough to take care of itself;' that he maintained incessant warfare with the tribe of wandering sophists who, for hire, taught

* Much has been said of that difficult subject the 'dæmon' of Socrates. The diverse interpretations put upon the language of Plato and Xenophon respecting it are well known. For our own parts, we have no doubt that the view taken by Wiggers, and many other scholars, is substantially correct; that Socrates, like so many other highly-gifted and susceptible minds, was not without a tinge of enthusiasm, and sincerely attributed the sudden and imperious suggestion of some premonitions and presentiments, for which he could not otherwise account, to a preternatural origin. We do not believe him to have been really inspired, as some suppose—the invocation of Erasmus, '*Sancle Socrates, ora pro nobis*,' does not rise to our lips—but we could almost as readily bring ourselves to repeat it, as imagine him the knave, to which the theory of some of his professed admirers, among our too accommodating German interpreters, would, (however unintentionally), reduce him.

those pernicious mysteries of dishonest logic and deceptive rhetoric which corrupted the Athenian youth; that he was simple in his manners, sincere in his actions, of incorruptible integrity and constancy, capable of uttering truth in the face of all danger, and incapable of uttering falsehood to escape it,—all this history authenticates. Of his invincible love of justice, he gave a noble example on the only occasion on which he ever exercised the magisterial functions, opposing single handed, and at the hazard of his life, the will of the Athenian democracy in one of their worst and most profligate acts of tyranny, and that, too, when all his colleagues cowered and bent before the storm. That he persisted to the close in the same consistent course, and died at last in the way so often told, and by Plato in particular with such inimitable pathos, as a martyr for truth and the victim of ignorance, calumny, and injustice, is also generally admitted.

It is more than probable that in the ideal representation which Plato has given of Socrates, some infirmities and foibles have been concealed or softened. History at least gives us reason to suspect it. In the dialogues of Plato his superiority of genius, and his skill in argument, are never displayed offensively; nor is there the slightest departure from the genuine humility which will ever be found to accompany that truest species of wisdom, of which alone Socrates claimed possession—the deep conviction of our own ignorance. But history does not altogether sanction this picture of perfect amiability and modesty; it more than hints at certain airs of dogmatism and superciliousness, and at a certain strut and portliness of manner, which remind us of the familiar moods of another great moralist nearer home,—peculiarities, however, which, as in this last case might well be pardoned to so much genius and worth.

If in these and some other respects, the moral as well as intellectual character of Socrates has gained from the pencil of his disciples, there are other points, and those far more serious, in which no mean critics have supposed him to have greatly suffered. Among the points which we think have been misunderstood, we would refer, as an instance, to some admirable critiques, full of vivacity and learning, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* more than twenty years ago. Some of the scenes in which Socrates is presented to us were calculated, it is surmised, 'to inspire the same doubts

in his contemporaries which he has since excited amongst posterity, whether he was the Silenus that his exterior figure betokened, or the Silenus of the sculptors' shops, which, rude and grotesque to the outward view, opened to a touch, and disclosed within beautiful and exquisitely carved figures of the gods.*

The suspicion of Socrates intimated in this passage, seems to us scarcely just: and, indeed, throughout those very spirited articles, there appears a sort of prejudice against him. Entirely agreeing that both Plato and Xenophon have introduced him into scenes which are ineffably disgusting, and that in particular the eulogium of the drunken Alcibiades in the Banquet, wonderful as it is, contains a passage which no one who has ever read it would wish to read again, we yet think it is plain that Plato intended, even here, to intimate the superiority of Socrates to the worst vices of his countrymen, and his moral disapprobation of them. But though Socrates be thus exonerated, Alas! what must have been the social condition of a people, in which a great writer could find in an exemption from the very lowest forms of human depravity so egregious a singularity, as to extort out of it a topic of compliment to the sage he revered and loved! What must have been their familiarity with the most infamous of vices, to induce even a drunken young profligate to point him out as a prodigy of temperance and fortitude, because he was not stained with them! Fully admitting the interpretation of Quintillian to be correct, and that Plato intended 'ut Socratis invictam continentiam ostenderet, quæ corrumpti—non posset,' we feel that the compliment of Alcibiades to Socrates is much as if some youth had innocently expressed his astonishment that *though* he had repeatedly tempted and invited a Milton or a Newton to indulge in cannibalism, yet 'such was the wonderful fortitude and temperance of the men,' that they had resisted all his alluring importunities to partake of the choicest delicacies of a New Zealand *cuisine*. There are practices into which it is infamy indeed to fall; but which it can be no glory to shun.*

* We must also admit, that though Socrates himself had none but an honest meaning in his frequent inculcation of the pursuit of the supreme and essential beauty—that of wisdom and virtue—through all the lower forms of material beauty, as well as in his mystical, though not always wise, illustrations of the immortal through the medium of the mortal *εἶδος*, yet, to a people in the moral condition of the Athenians, such a path to purity would

But whatever flatteries, intellectual or moral, may be supposed to lurk in the Platonic portrait of Socrates, they cannot be said to extend to his personal peculiarities, which are given with no complimentary fidelity. Those peculiarities, indeed, are not all formally described in any one specific enumeration, but are dramatically produced in the natural development of the successive features of his character in the varied course of the dialogues, just as different incidents and conjunctures suggest their introduction. We there see the simplicity of his manners—his somewhat *too* philosophic negligence of appearances—the oddities and eccentricities of an abstracted mind, such as history attributes to him—and even that eminent grotesqueness of visage by which (with all reverence be it spoken) he was also distinguished. There is an amusing passage in the beautiful introduction to the *Theætetus*, where Theodorus, after describing the early mental promise of the youth from whom the dialogue is named, and gravely adding, that he is far from being beautiful, begs Socrates not to be angry: 'but, in fact, he has a strong resemblance to you, in the prominence of his eyes and the *snubbishness* of his nose—only his eyes are not *so* prominent as yours, nor is his nose *so* snubbish.' Socrates receives the communication with imperturbable temper, as usual, and bids him call *Theætetus* to him. The youth approaches, and Socrates says, 'I have sent for you, *Theætetus*, just that I may look upon myself, and see what sort of a face I have: for Theodorus says that I resemble you.' We can easily imagine how awkward an ingenuous youth would feel under such a scrutiny, and how little he would relish the compliment involved. Socrates, however, who seldom failed to return a sarcasm, tells him, that if

be a somewhat precarious and dangerous one. The road to Elysium in this case ran straight through the infernal regions, and there would be some hazard of the mortal traveller being detained upon the road. In vain will the philosophic Orpheus strive to recall the lost Erudyce, Virtue, by such strains; she is not for him, if he has to seek her in the shades. But for obvious reasons, we say no more on this topic. We are content to refer to the sentiments before expressed in this Journal, in a review of 'Mitchell's *Aristophanes*,' vol. xxxiv., p. 303. *note*.

It is humiliating to think, in the case of the Greeks, on the contrast between their intense love of beauty and their familiarity with the most odious vices of human nature; and to see how little the utmost refinement of taste in the arts has to do with the correction of the passions. It is as if we beheld a being compounded of the angel and the demon; the intellect of the one, and the passions of the other.

Theodorus had been a painter or a sculptor, his opinion on the resemblance of faces might, perhaps, have been entitled to attention; but as he was only a geometrician, it was not worth while to pay the least regard to him on such a subject, whether he praised or blamed. To this Theætetus, no doubt, very cordially, agrees.

These odd features, and strange manners to match—not seldom allied to great genius and its attendant simplicity—must have given to the real Socrates a marked external individuality. Of his absence of mind, more than one story is told in ancient history. Socrates himself was fully aware, both from reflection and experience, of this ludicrous side of the philosophic character, and in his beautiful contrast in the Theætetus, between the true philosopher, ‘ignorant even of his ignorance’ of common matters (as he strongly expresses it), and the keen man of the world, does not omit to mention it. He illustrates the subject by a humorous reference to the adventures of Thales, who, while astronomizing as he walked, paid the penalty of unseasonable star-gazing by falling into a well; and was laughed at by a Thracian servant girl, for being so intent upon the distant as not to see what was at his feet. We are afraid that if it were worth while to retort the sarcasm on the multitude, it were easy to do so; for the great bulk of mankind are so intent upon what is close to them, that they hardly seem capable of reflecting on the distant and the future; so occupied with what is just at their feet, that they seldom raise their eyes to the starry heavens at all. Indeed, it is thus that Socrates turns the tables upon them. It is well, however, when the organs of mental vision, like those of the body, can promptly adjust themselves to the degree of light and the distance or proximity of the object; and he who can do both these promptly, as the exigencies of the present or of the future—of the great or the little in life—demand, is alone worthy of the name of a fully developed man.

We can readily believe that the abstraction of Socrates laid him open to ridicule. We all know the stories which are told of Newton:—how, one morning, having commenced dressing, and having got one leg into those garments which are without a name, he was arrested in the operation by a sudden flash of light on some profound theorem; and sitting down on the bed, remained in that attitude for some hours, transfixed in meditation; how, on another occasion, he ac-

complished a perhaps still more striking feat of abstraction—no less than that he once thought he had dined when he had not; the human stomach being in general resolutely set against all such illusory conclusions. There is as wonderful a story told of Socrates: being on military service in the expedition to Potidæa, he is reported to have stood for four-and-twenty hours before the camp, rooted to the same spot, and absorbed in deep thought, with his eyes fixed on the same object, as if his soul were absent from his body. This is, perhaps, as little true as some of the tales that are told of our own philosopher; but the popular invention or exaggeration of such anecdotes is always founded on a basis of fact; and we may rest assured that in the case of Socrates there were facts enough to found them upon.

But all the characteristics, whether mental or personal, which history attributes to the real Socrates, do not exhaust that wonderful creation which constitutes the Platonic Socrates; and it is with the Platonic Socrates we have now to do. In that portraiture, indeed, the peculiarities in question, though, as already said, probably softened in some instances, re-appear, and are most graphically described and most dramatically exhibited; but they are at the same time ideally represented and harmonized: not only so, they are wonderfully blended with *other* peculiarities, which Socrates either did not possess, or in a very limited degree; peculiarities, which, in fact, constitute the soul of Plato himself, transmigrated into the person of his master, and speaking by his organs—yet, without suggesting the idea of incongruity. If any such idea ever obtrude itself, it is owing to the disturbing influence of certain associations connected with the historic Socrates. Supposing the Platonic Socrates to be known to us only as a pure creation of fiction, we doubt whether any sense of inconsistency in the various phases, in which the character is presented, would have suggested itself; whether it would not have appeared to be the consistent ideal of a complete philosopher; of a man who, superior to all other men, as Alcibiades is made to declare him, was designed to be a combination of the most various mental endowments, conjoined with profound simplicity of mind and habits; of plastic capacity of adaptation to any circumstances, with a constant superiority to all. Whether the Richard III. of history be the Richard of Shakspeare

is of great importance, if we consider the last as an historic portrait; of no importance at all in estimating its value as a poetic creation. It is much the same with the Platonic Socrates; in some respects inconsistent with the Socrates of history—in no way inconsistent with the ideal of Plato's conception. The whole creation, indeed, looks astonishingly natural—the superinduced elements blending with the original qualities; and though we may see that the Platonic Socrates never existed, any more than the Hamlet or Othello of Shakspeare, we also see that the whole is a harmonious assemblage of attributes and qualities, which have existed in one and the same person without any violation of the conditions of the probable in human character.

Probably, however, even the discrepancy with the Socrates of history is much less than has generally been supposed. We must recollect that a large portion of the most abstruse of the Platonic doctrines is put, not into the mouth of Socrates, but into those of Parmenides, Timæus, and others; and again, that, in the myths of the Phædrus, he professes to speak in a poetic style unusual with him, and under the sudden access of a divine afflatus. Such passages, especially introduced (as they often are), in a vein half sportive, half serious, are perhaps not inconsistent with that rich combination of powers which we know that the real Socrates possessed; and still less with that wonderful facility of adaptation, which preserving the basis of strong sense and invincible logic, Plato wished to exhibit in his dramatic representative. Nor was the original character of Socrates destitute of a vein of mysticism and enthusiasm; and (as has been remarked by Mr. Mitchell), even in that later and maturer form in which Plato has portrayed him, traces still appear of many of the peculiarities, which had probably rendered the early Socrates of the Clouds a less extravagant caricature than has been generally imagined. Schleiermacher, in his 'Essay on the Worth of Socrates as a Philosopher,' truly asserts that, if his stature has been exaggerated to gigantic dimensions by Plato, it has been dwarfed by Xenophon;—he was in intellect a mean proportional, if we may so speak, between the Platonic and Xenophontic Socrates. We must also agree with this great critic, that if there were not often greater fascination and variety in the discourses of Socrates than appear in the pages of Xenophon, it is hard to conceive

that the everlasting disputant should not have been voted by the volatile multitude a prodigious bore, or 'that he should not in the course of so many years, have cleared the market-place and the workshops, the walks, and the wrestling-schools, by the dread of his presence.'

Whatever the intellectual power of the real Socrates, it is to Plato, we apprehend, that we must ascribe very much of the metaphysical depth, by which the Platonic Socrates is distinguished, as well as the subtle sophistry which, when he wished to baffle a sophist, he knows as well how to assume as to oppose. To the same source must we attribute the splendid declamation in which he sometimes indulges, and which was, in general, the object of his contempt and distrust; his many colored diction and his varied imagery—now sublime, and now homely; his flowing eloquence, adapting itself to all themes and all persons; and his peculiar vein of refined and delicate raillery. To this last quality no modern literature presents an adequate parallel; the nearest approximations, perhaps, are to be found in an occasional vein of Addison, or the Provincial Letters of Pascal.

Similar modifications of the character of the actual Socrates, or 'exaggerations' of certain qualities, appear in other features of his dramatic representative. Even seeming *paradoxes* are effectually reconciled, so as not to interfere with the impression of a consistent whole. For, neither do his natural simplicity nor his philosophic abstraction appear incompatible with his thorough knowledge of life, a knowledge probably more complete than that which the real Socrates possessed; nor does his profound study of the general theory of human nature seem inconsistent (as it often in *fact* is) with a sagacious perception of the diversities of individual character, to which he adapts himself with all the adroitness of a man practised in the ways of the world. Under an air of impassive stolidity and gravity, he conceals the quickest perception of the ludicrous and the most vivid sense of humor. Negligent in his attire, and severe in his habits, his indifference to the luxuries and refinements of life is represented as simple and sincere,—the mere consistency of a genuine philosopher, aspiring to be master of himself, of his necessities, and his passions, and to put his happiness as much as possible beyond the control of external elements; not paraded for admiration, nor prompted by the envy of superior wealth and splendor.

He is no cynic ; takes no credit for making himself uncomfortable, nor gratifies his pride by an affectation of humility. No one can say of him what he said himself so cuttingly to his disciple Antisthenes, that he could spy his pride through the holes in his threadbare cloak : If, placing his foot on the costly couch of Plato, he had exclaimed, with Diogenes, ' Thus I tread on the pride of Plato,'—Plato could not have retorted, ' And with greater pride.' With all his uncouthness of feature and rusticity of appearance, the Platonic Socrates is, in conversation, always a perfect gentleman. He never loses sight of that exquisite refinement of manner which reigned over the social intercourse of the more polished Athenians, but keeps his temper throughout : and, though he may be giving expression to the most biting and caustic satire, it is with all the urbanity in the world. Inured to temperance, and preferring it as a *habit*, he yet accommodates himself to all companies, and can partake of good cheer as heartily as any body. In a most graphic passage in the dialogue called the Banquet, Plato carries this feature of his philosophic power of accommodation a little too far for our notions. ' No one ever saw Socrates drunk,' says Alcibiades in his panegyric, and adds, ' Of this, I expect you will shortly have a confirmation.' Accordingly Plato represents Socrates as vanquishing even those two jovial companions, Agathon and Aristophanes, one a tragic and the other the celebrated comic poet, at their own weapons,—arguing and drinking, and drinking and arguing with them all night long, the deep potations making on his head of adamant no impression whatever. The passage is so graphic a representation of the conclusion of a scene of ancient festivity, or rather, as it at last becomes, of revelry, that it may be worth while to condense the substance of it into a few sentences, without affecting the precision of a translation. The person from whose lips the report of the banquet is supposed to have been received, tells us, that many of the other guests having now gone home, he himself fell asleep in the banquet-room, and slept very soundly (the nights being then long), and that he woke about daybreak, just as the cocks were crowing : That on awaking, he saw that some of the guests were still asleep, and that others had departed : That Agathon, Aristophanes, and Socrates, were the only persons still awake, and were drinking round out of a great goblet. He added that

Socrates was arguing with them ; but that he could form but an imperfect idea of the general course of the discussion—not having heard its commencement. Yet the sum of it, he said, was this : that Socrates compelled them to acknowledge that it was the province of the same poet to be skilled in the composition of both comedy and tragedy : that, having been forced to assent to this, though a little too misty readily to follow the argument, they got drowsy, and that Aristophanes fell asleep first ; and afterwards, it being now broad day, Agathon ; but that Socrates, having vanquished them both in wine and logic, rose and went out. To conclude, Socrates went to the Lyceum, and, having washed himself, spent the day there just as if nothing had happened, and in the evening went home to rest.

We certainly do not adduce this passage to the laud and glory of the temperance of Socrates, which some of the commentators pretend Plato designed it to illustrate ; for that is surely a novel sort of temperance which consists in a physical inability to swallow as much liquor as will produce drunkenness, and which originates in strength of head, rather than in the government of appetite. Plato evidently designed it merely as a proof of his indomitable hard-headedness, and power of accommodation to all sorts of circumstances ; to show that to him it was all one to drink or abstain ; to be a teetotaller or a three bottle-man ; just as in the celebrated eulogium of Alcibiades, he is described at Potidæa as overcoming all his fellow soldiers, both in fasting if they must fast, and in drinking if they *must* drink ;—enduring the utmost extremities of cold and heat, fatigue and hunger ; living either as every body else does, or as nobody else can, according to circumstances ; walking with naked feet on the ice and snow, and clad in the same garments in summer and winter.

Another apparent paradox in the Platonic Socrates, yet beautifully harmonized, is the contrast between his seeming scepticism and his intense love of truth. Deeply impressed with the ignorance of man, and declaring that the Delphic oracle could have had no reason for pronouncing him the wisest of his race, unless for this—that he knew that he knew nothing, while the rest of mankind did not even know *that*—he is yet perpetually questioning, contending, arguing, confuting, on almost all subjects, if we except those great moral truths which his hopes and his faith, as well as his reason, seemed to carry beyond the mere domain of intellect. Still, however, dissatisfied with the result of his

investigations, he is evidently always in sincere search of truth, and tormented when he cannot find it. His manner is as different as possible from that of a sceptic, who, in the love of paradox, *wishes* to prove everything uncertain; and, however affected may be the simplicity of his understanding, it is evident that the simplicity of his heart is sincere.

The peculiar character of the *irony* of the Platonic Socrates has often been dilated upon. It is at all times difficult to discriminate the varieties of wit and humor, fugitive and multiform as they are; and it is almost impossible in the present case to do this by any definition. The quality assumes different forms. The word irony, so often applied to the manner of Socrates, would, in its modern sense, very imperfectly suggest all that is characteristic of his humor; or, rather, it would suggest but a very small part of it. The word signifies, with us, a literal expression of the contrary of what we mean to express; or, at most, it usually suggests the idea of a single phrase or sentence or two. But the irony of Socrates extends to the whole character which, for the time, he sustains; and to his whole course of procedure in stripping and confuting a conceited adversary. It may be not unfittingly expressed by saying, that it is a *logical masked battery*. Under the disguise, though in a manner amusingly varied, of a character which, in a deeper sense, he sincerely professed—that of being ignorant of everything but his ignorance—Socrates enters the presence of some renowned master of wisdom with the air of a man intellectually poverty-stricken, bankrupt in all science and argument; and after, perhaps, affecting the profoundest veneration for his genius, or listening with an air of admiring stupefaction (as in the Protagoras) to his gorgeous declamation, he humbly suggests that some little difficulty still occurs to him, which he doubts not so much wisdom can in a moment solve; and begs, with all deference, to ask two or three questions, simple questions—not at all with the idea of disputing the conclusions so cogently maintained, but simply for his own satisfaction. These urbane compliments, and this affected humility, are expressed with such entire gravity and self-possession, that they add unspeakably to the humor of the dialogue in the eye of those who know his real sentiments and intentions, and often make us wonder at even *his* power of face; while to strangers, they must infallibly have suggested the idea of perfect sincerity. In-

deed, even to those who are behind the scenes, the expressions of compliment and admiration often seem so *very* grave that, unless we suppose them partly owing to a real admiration of powers, which—though, in his judgment, perverted, and to which he himself made no pretension—were yet felt to be splendid of their kind, we must confess that the irony of the Platonic Socrates sometimes comes as near a barefaced *lie* as we should care to impute to so renowned a lover of truth. The sophist, however, if a stranger, elated by his praises, and charmed with the deference of one who, so far from professing to rival him in his own field, seems rather likely to prove a docile listener than a formidable antagonist, encourages him in a patronizing manner to propose his doubts and difficulties, and assures him of a satisfactory and instant solution. Socrates thanks him, and generally begins with some question apparently so simple—so stupidly simple, and at such a distance from the field of discussion, that his opponent, no doubt, often hesitates, whether most to admire the docility, or wonder at the stupidity of the querist; and with a complacent smile, half of pity, half of contempt, promptly replies. Other questions succeed, faster and faster, more and more difficult, and gradually approaching, in one long spiral of interrogations, the central position, in which the unhappy sophist's argument stands; he now finds it impossible to escape, and, confounded, perplexed, and irritated, discovers that he is compelled to admit some palpable contradiction to his original assertions, and this too by means of those simple and innocent premises which he had so unsuspectingly granted. He feels himself within the coils of a great logical *boa constrictor*, who binds his folds, tighter and tighter, till the poor sophist is absolutely strangled. Often, however, Socrates does not proceed to this at once; but, ingenious in the art of tormenting, and liberal of sport to the delighted spectators, he gently uncoils his folds, and suffers his victim to breathe awhile; but only to entangle him again in the same toils. Nothing can be finer than the art with which, in these interludes, Plato represents Socrates playing (as whalers would say) with the monster he has harpooned; or, as we deal with a fretted horse, patting, and soothing, and conciliating him;—turning the conversation for a time to other topics, to remove his victim's suspicions, and suffer his sullenness or his irritation to subside; often, with the most provoking air of sincerity, professing to condole

with him on the sudden disappearance of that fine and promising speculation in which he had hoped to find a satisfaction of his own difficulties; urging him to try again, and give another definition; proffering his own assistance in the investigation, and pretending that they will hunt the truth in couples; asking him whether he does not think with him on such and such a point, though we are internally convinced, all the time, that the plausible proposition to which he requests the sophist's concurrence will prove a fallacy in the upshot, and that all the assistance that Socrates will render him, will be slyly to give his companion's crutch a kick as they go along, and leave him sprawling in the mire. It is in these moods (if we may compare great things with small), that a homely representation of the Platonic Socrates may here and there be found in the conversations of the renowned Edie Ochiltree with the Antiquary. In the old blue gown's shrewdness, penetration into character, practical sound sense, long-drawn banter, and provoking hypocrisy of condolence with the worthy Antiquary's disasters, a transient thought of the mocking figure of Socrates will again and again occur to a reader who has lately parted company with him in one or other of Plato's comic scenes.

Such are some of the scenes in which the Platonic Socrates plays a part—alternated, indeed, with prodigious skill and genius, according to the characters introduced and the subjects discussed. And if the real discussions, in which the original Socrates engaged, at all approached them, we cannot wonder that he should have been so great a favourite with the Athenian youth—independently of the reverence felt for his character, and the value attached to his instructions. Neither a bull-fight at Madrid, nor an execution in London, could have greater attraction for the refined populace of those cities, than the flaying and dissecting of a sophist at the hands of so dexterous an anatomist as Socrates, must have had for the intellectual and subtle youth of Athens.

While this kind of irony is the prevailing characteristic of the manner of Socrates, and constitutes its humor—not unaccompanied, however, with the most graceful incidental examples of repartee and raillery, in single sentences—there is a manifest modification of it according to the different nature and deserts of those with whom he was disputing. Upon the sophists he exercised it in all its pitiless severity; in his contests with them, he neither gave nor accepted quarter.

With whatever exaggeration their sentiments and proceedings may be represented by Plato, there can hardly be a doubt that, in the time of Socrates, the sophists were exerting a most pernicious influence on the youth of Greece, and more particularly, of Athens. Arrogating the exclusive possession of wisdom, they pretended to have attained important secrets in political science; and boldly advertised that they could infallibly impart to the young, for a certain sum of money, the arts of 'persuasion' and statesmanship, and the means in general of disputing successfully on any subject, 'making the worse appear the better reason.' It has been ingeniously maintained by some historians of philosophy, that this last supposition is incredible; since such an open insult to all public morals could never have been permitted in any community. And, it is far from improbable, that in this description of the sophists, as a body, Plato and others may have given us in an extreme form what he believed and perceived to be the genuine tendency and effect of their conduct and instructions; nor would these tendencies be the less dangerous—rather more so—when, instead of being openly stated, they were carefully disguised. To drive the sophists from the field was a vocation worthy of the powers of Socrates.* Their claim to science

It would be a great error to suppose that Plato, in the *Gorgias*, or in any other of his writings in which he inveighs against rhetoric, intended to imply that the art of persuasion was of no importance, or of worse than none. He was not ignorant, any more than his scholar Aristotle, that much depends on the form in which truth and argument are presented, 'and that some men persuade more effectually than others,'—the cause and the topics being precisely the same. Indeed, the furtive way in which his Socrates so uniformly prepares for the admission of his arguments in the mind of the reluctant or ignorant listener, may convince us that no one was more deeply acquainted with this truth. *Gorgias*, it is true, would naturally stand aghast when Socrates, in reply to the question of Polus—what science he supposed rhetoric to be—answers, 'None at all, but a certain tact, or practical knack, which has for its object to please and soothe ignorance by deceitful flatteries; and goes on in a style of admirable banter to degrade it to the level of 'cooking.' But the whole dialogue shows that Plato is directing his satire, not against all well-directed and honest efforts to persuade, but against such efforts when divorced from simplicity and rectitude of purpose; in a word, against that pernicious rhetoric, or rather, as Schleiermacher calls it, that '*soi-disant* art of politics,' which he truly believed was doing such infinite mischief to the young politicians of the day; according to which success was everything.—The art of persuasive argumentation will, like every other instrumental art, be capable of abuse; but, it were a strange remedy for an abuse, to explode the thing itself, and by re-

was in direct opposition to his profession of ignorance: the mercenary character of their instructions, to the gratuitous teachings in which he gloried: they were urging his country towards its ruin, he was laboring to save it. With them, therefore, he kept no terms in the exercise of his ridicule; they were the rats of the commonwealth, and he the ferret; they were the crocodiles, and he the ichneumon. Always maintaining the same imperturbable temper and the same urbane tone, he yet pushes them to the last extremity; never suffers them to shuffle off a dispute with a quibble or a compliment to himself; and never rests satisfied till he has extorted from them, often as with a logical rack or thumbscrew, and after woeful grimaces on their part, the acknowledgment that they have affirmed what is incapable of proof. If, in disputing with them, he at any time condescends to use their own sophistry, he never helps them to detect it, but leaves them to detect it themselves, or to be deceived by it, as may happen—unless, indeed, he has first procured their assent to it for the very purpose of confuting them. Sophists themselves, they are sometimes ensnared and punished by sophistry; 'the cunning are to be taken in their own craftiness.'

Some brief examples of this pertinacity of manner may, perhaps, amuse the reader. Thus, when Protagoras intimates that, 'if Socrates pleases,' he has no objection to assent to a certain proposition, the latter replies that the argument has nothing to do with 'if you please,' or 'if you approve,' or any such conciliatory hypotheses; they are discussing, not assumptions, but their real sentiments, and every such 'if' (which, in this case, was certainly not likely to vindicate its ancient character of 'peacemaker') must be got rid of. Thus, too, in the Enthyphro, when in disproving one of the

fusing to use it, leave the unprincipled the monopoly of its abuse. Nevertheless, the feelings with which we regard any particular rhetorical school must always depend on the characters of those who teach, and of those who are taught; and if, whether avowedly or in disguise, the art is *in fact* perverted, and its professors are found not merely maintaining that its abuse is an accident, but teaching their pupils to regard it as an unimportant accident, all wise men will have one and the same opinion of such a school. The art of defence is valuable, but if the fencing master sedulously teaches his pupils, or leaves them inevitably to infer, that it little matters *how* the sword is used, we should think that ignorance in the matter were better than skill. It is against such perverted rhetoric only that Plato speaks. (*Vide* Stallbaum's Introduction to the Gorgias)

definitions of 'Holiness,' laid down by that champion of superstition, Socrates argues that, according to such definition, religion must be a sort of *traffic* between gods and men; 'A traffic let it be,' says Enthyphro, 'if you choose to call it so.' 'I do not choose to call it so,' says the pertinacious disputant, 'unless it really be so.'—His favorite artifice of putting his interrogatories, not in his own person, but in that of an imaginary third party, is often employed to increase the ridicule with which he ultimately covers his opponent. Thus, in the Protagoras, having in a series of questions (prepared *satis captiosè*, as Stallbaum says), procured the *sôphist's* assent to certain propositions, he gradually introduces a third party as interrogating them both, and begging their assent to some admissions simple enough, but inconsistent with those propositions. Having brought the argument to this point, he asks 'If our querist should further say to us, What then were you affirming a little while ago? Did I hear you rightly? Did you not say so and so?—For my part, I should reply—In everything else, except *one* thing, my friend, you heard quite correctly—it was so said; but, in supposing that it was *I* who said it, you were mistaken. It was Protagoras here who said it; I merely asked the question.' In the Hippias Major, having demolished many of the sophists' theories of the beautiful, Socrates introduces his imaginary interlocutor as urging a new objection to some new explanation: 'Perhaps,' says the sophist, 'the man may not think of that, Socrates;'—a stroke of satire perhaps a little too broad, but designed to mark a sophist's solicitude rather for victory than truth; 'By the dog, Hippias,' is the reply, 'but that man would though—before whom I should be most of all ashamed to talk nonsense, and affect to say something, when in reality I have said nothing.' 'Who is this man?' 'Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus; who would no more permit me to speak so glibly on points which had not been thoroughly investigated, than he would allow me to talk of things I am ignorant of, as if I knew them.'

The same familiarity and doggedness in reducing an opponent to the last extremities, is pleasantly displayed in other parts of the same dialogue. Thus, when in refuting one of the explanations of Hippias, Socrates presses him to say, whether he does not 'think that a sycamore ladle, under given circumstances, is more beautiful than one of gold,' the sophist, who strongly reluctates

against this and other *vulgar* illustrations of so 'noble' a subject, suddenly bethinks himself of another hypothesis, and asks, 'Shall I tell you now, Socrates, what you shall say the beautiful is, so as to prevent the man from all further cavilling and disputing?' 'By all means,' says Socrates; 'but *not before you tell me*, which of the two ladles we have been talking of is the more beautiful, as being the more fit and becoming.' 'Well then, if it pleases you,' says Hippias, 'answer him, it is that made of the sycamore tree.' 'Now,' replies Socrates, 'you may say what you were just going to say.' To another exquisitely vague explanation of Hippias, Socrates replies that, if he should offer such a solution to the unknown querist, he is afraid that he shall meet with something worse than ridicule; that he will get a beating for it. 'Will he not be punished,' says Hippias, 'for having beaten you injuriously?' 'I should think he would not, Hippias,' is the sly retort: '*not* having beaten me injuriously if I had made him such an answer; but, as it seems to me, very deservedly.' Repeatedly baffled in the argument, the sophist, with a sophist's effrontery, declares that, though unaccountably at a loss, yet if he could but step aside for a moment, and meditate a little, he is confident that he should be able to hit upon the solution of the difficulty. 'But I am afraid,' says Socrates, 'so extreme is my desire of knowing it, that I shall not be able to wait your time;' and he again embroils him in fresh difficulties and contradictions.

Socrates does not mind even affecting a mental infirmity for the purpose of making his opponent more ridiculous. For instance, when Protagoras has once and again broken away from the close fight of brief question and answer into his gorgeous declamation, Socrates laments that he is unhappily gifted with a very short memory, and that if any one makes long discourses to him, he straightway forgets the subject of discussion. He deplores this infirmity—heartily wishes that it were otherwise—but since it is so, and since it is all one to so great a master of eloquence as Protagoras to speak copiously or briefly, he begs him to abridge his answers in condescension to his weakness. The whole scene, down to where Alcibiades says that Socrates is but jeering at them when he talks of his short memory, and that he will be security that Socrates shall *forget* nothing, is one of the finest examples of the Platonic raillery.

Very different, and in some respects more

agreeable, is the exhibition of the Socratic irony, as he exercised it on the intellectual youths, who repaired to him for instruction. There are the same general characteristics indeed, and the same amusing embarrassments are produced by it, but they are directed to a different end. We enjoy the discomfiture of the sophist as a piece of poetical justice; it is well that arrogance and conceit should be humbled, and hollow-ness and pretension exposed. On the other hand, when Socrates is conversing with such youths as Theætetus and Meno, we see him using his pleasantry, not for the purpose of perplexing them, though it has that effect most perfectly, but of eliciting their own latent strength and vigor—of developing their faculties in the search for truth—and of not merely teaching them truth, but teaching them the yet more difficult art of *finding* it for themselves. Doubtless, with all this, in so keen an anatomist of human nature, and so exact an observer of individual character, there is conjoined the pleasure of seeing a young mind at work; of beholding the pulsations, so to speak, of intellectual life; but there is evidently also a love—half sportive and half serious—of watching its mere perplexities—of playing fast and loose with it, and, as we say, *bamboozling* it. We often see this sort of play, more or less, in the intercourse of great minds, when humorous and amiable, with the young. They seem to enjoy almost equally the spectacle of the mystification they have occasioned, and the mental activity they have provoked; they love to puzzle them and enlighten them by turns. Young people are quite as sensitive, on their part, to this rapid alternation of jest and earnest, treacherous banter, and effective aid. The stimulus which it imparts is a sufficient explanation of the fact, that they become more attached to such instructors than to a graver and more didactic pedagogue. But while it was doubtless an amusement to Socrates to watch the effect of his puzzling questions, and all the odd discomfitures and embarrassments to which his logic subjected his young disputants, he never fails in *their* case to lend them a helping hand. He here really 'hunted' the truth with them; he loved to share their toils, to point out the way to them, to beat for game, and has an evident satisfaction in letting them appear to take as prominent a part as possible in running it down and killing it for themselves. In this spirit he encourages Theætetus, by telling him that he inherited, in behalf of

the young, the same art as that of his mother Phænarete, who was one of those good matrons sent for in haste, when some young Athenian was about to be born into the world: he sustains, he says, a similar reputable office in relation to *mind*—that his business is to assist at any intellectual births which are attended with special difficulty, and to pronounce whether the new-born idea is worthy of being permitted to live. All the progeny of poor Theætetus, born with many throes, expire as soon as they see the light, under the rude hand of this logical accoucheur.

Of the different way, in which he exercised his pleasantry according as he was dealing with a sophist or with an ingenuous youth, we have a naïve statement by himself in the *Meno*. On the latter asking what Socrates would say, if it were objected to a definition which he had just given, that one of the terms was as little understood as those it was used to explain, Socrates replies, 'I should say that I had spoken the truth: and, if it were any of our very wise and wrangling and contentious sophists that asked the question, I should say, "I have spoken; and, if I have not spoken to the purpose, it is your business to take up the discourse and refute me." But if friends now, such as you and I are, want to have a little conversation together, why, we must answer more gently, and indeed logically; for perhaps it is a more logical proceeding, not simply to say what is true, but to say it by means of truths already acknowledged by the pupil.'

In the same dialogue, *Meno* is supposed to tender himself in his own proper person as an example of the victimizing force of the Socratic logic. He compares Socrates, who was constantly infusing doubts into others, to the torpedo, which benumbed whoever touched it: and, accordingly, he admits that he felt under his hands cramped alike in thought and expression; though he had often declaimed with fluent elegance, as he flattered himself, on the subject under discussion—what was virtue—he now found himself in helpless embarrassment. Socrates replies, that he does not raise doubts in other people except when he is himself uncertain: and he denies, therefore, the justness of the comparison, unless the torpedo can benumb itself as well as others.

It may be permitted us now just to state what we should like to see executed in regard to an English Plato. We cannot admit that there is *no* demand for Plato in this country: for the repeated editions of the

unworthy version from Dacier show that the public is not unwilling to possess *something* of this great author. For anything like a complete translation, we are well aware that we must be content to wait perhaps for years. But, there can be no possible reason why we need wait many months for such a selection as would supply our chief wants. In these days of cheap publication, when the matter of valuable quartos is compressed into close-printed, but still very handsome, duodecimos, two or three of such volumes might be excellently well filled by a selection from the dialogues: taking as its basis (after careful revision and correction by some competent scholar) the nine dialogues, so skilfully translated on the whole by Sydenham. The '*Menexenus*' of West, the '*Apology*,' the '*Crito*,' and the '*Phædo*,' from some modern version (similarly revised), should be added; as also new translations of the '*Protagoras*,' the '*Theætetus*,' and the '*Gorgias*.' Of the three last most magnificent compositions it is disgraceful to our literature that we have no creditable version. Surely one or more of the contributors to Dr. Smith's* excellent dictionaries, now in course of publication, might confer this boon upon the public.

But this is not the only project we are desirous of seeing executed on behalf of Plato for the English public. We have spoken of the many beautiful fragments which may be found in his works, which are either capable of being separated without injury from the context, or are really collateral and episodic to the main topics discussed. We have often thought that a most delightful little volume might be compiled out of some such fragments; presenting entire scenes from particular dialogues,—for example, the highly graphic introductions and conclusions of many of them;—some of the noble myths and fables by which Plato illustrates philosophic truth—descriptions of character—apophthegms and maxims of weighty and sententious wisdom—and select portions of the more lively and humorous conversation. Indeed, the entire substance of many dialogues might in this

* We take this opportunity of recommending two publications, the titles of which will be found at the head of this article (Nos. I. and II.), and which also are edited by Dr. Smith. We should be happy to find that there was sufficient encouragement to induce him to present other portions of Stallbaum's admirable edition in a similar form; and we should like to have Stallbaum's Introductions as well as Notes.

way be compressed into a very narrow space, by connecting the series of such extracts with a brief summary of the topics and arguments which fill up the intervals. To the majority of readers such a mode of presenting many parts of the longer and more difficult dialogues would be even more intelligible, and far less tedious, than an entire translation; for it must be confessed that what Gibbon too summarily calls the 'verbal argumentation' of Socrates, and the profuse and often prolix illustrations, are a little apt to weary the patience of any reader, who is not either a philosopher or a scholar.

Such a work as we venture to sketch would a little resemble Van Heusde's entertaining volumes entitled '*Initia Philosophiæ Platoniciæ*.' We beg to suggest to Mr. Knight, whether it might not form two or three volumes of his popular series, and we should certainly felicitate both him and ourselves, if he could prevail on the same accomplished scholar who has recently given us such admirable translations of some of the lives of Plutarch, illustrative of the Civil Wars of Rome, to attempt its execution. Or if the task of compilation be too tedious for scholars so capable of better things, might not two or three combine for the purpose, each taking distinct dialogues? One or two scenes from the '*Gorgias*' are appended to the second volume of Mr. Lewes' manual of the history of philosophy; and, though necessarily compressed, they are translated with so much spirit, that we hope their unknown author might be persuaded to join the party. Is it too much to expect some such tribute from the modern scholarship of England to the memory of the great master of the Academy, who has hitherto been so inadequately treated by English translators? Nothing can be more true than the following sentences from the article on Thomas Taylor inserted in the '*Penny Cyclopædia*:' 'It seems that our professed scholars have not done their duty to the public: if they had given us good translations with their own annotations, the labors of Mr. Taylor would not have been called for. . . . There are important works yet untranslated, and there are many translations which are disgraceful to the literary character of our country; it is time then that our scholars should look to these matters, and see that things which must and will be done, be done well.'

But we must conclude, and we will do so with a single remark. We certainly hold

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the entire dramatic projection and representation of Socrates in the pages of Plato to be one of the most wonderful efforts of the human mind. In studying him, it is impossible that his character as a teacher of ethics, and his life-like mode of representation, should not suggest to us another character, yet more wonderfully depicted, and by the same most difficult of all methods, that of dramatic evolution by discourse and action; of one, who taught a still purer, sublimer, and more consistent ethics, pervaded by a more intense spirit of humanity; of one, whose love for our race was infinitely deeper and more tender; who stands perfectly free from those foibles which history attributes to the real Socrates, and from that too Protean facility of manners which, though designed by Plato as a compliment to the philosophic flexibility of *his* character of Socrates, really so far assimilated him with mere vulgar humanity; of one, too, whose sublime and original character is not only exhibited with the most wonderful dramatic skill, but in a style as unique as the character it embodies—a style of simple majesty, which, unlike that of Plato, is capable of being readily translated into every language under heaven; of one, whose life was the embodiment of that virtue which Plato affirmed would entrance all hearts, if seen, and whose death throws the prison scenes of the *Phædo* utterly into the shade; of one, lastly, whose picture has arrested the admiring gaze of many who have believed it to be *only* a picture. Now, if we feel that the portraiture of Socrates in the pages of Plato involved the very highest exercise of the highest dramatic genius, and that the cause was no more than commensurate with the effect, it is a question which may well occupy the attention of a *philosopher*, how it came to pass that, in one of the obscurest periods of the history of an obscure people, in the dregs of their literature and the lowest depths of superstitious dotage, so sublime a conception should have been so sublimely exhibited; how it was that the noblest truths found an oracle in the lips of the grossest ignorance, and the maxims of universal charity, advocates in the hearts of the most selfish of narrow-minded bigots; in a word, who could be the more than Plato (or rather the many, each more than Plato) who drew that radiant portrait, of which it may be truly said "that a far greater than Socrates is there?"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

THE Austrian empire has long been the most remarkable phenomenon of the political world. That empire, so populous and fertile, has ever wanted, in the highest degree, that consonance of national manners, and that congeniality of national feeling, which are so essential to ease in governing, and which have so long formed the strength of Great Britain and France. Hungary and Bohemia, which form so large a portion of the imperial dominions, have little connexion or conformity with each other, and still less with the remote provinces of Galicia or Lombardy.

According, however, as this is the case, so much greater is the credit due to the paternal government, and to the wise minister who has been enabled so long to preserve such discordant materials in that control which is essential to happiness and prosperity. The long period of tranquillity and safety enjoyed by the various populations of Austria, is the noblest monument that could be imagined to commemorate Prince Metternich's labors; and, whatever happens, that memorial of his wisdom and of his success, must ever be enrolled in the pages of history.

It is much to be regretted, for the cause of a steady, in opposition to a rash progress, that as abuse creeps into all things human, the long success of the old system, and the natural antagonism that must always arise between age and youth, between growing principles and decaying powers; should have delayed such slight constitutional reforms in this colossal empire as would have obviated impatience and insistance on the part of the people. The evil of prolonged resistance, is that it originates insurrection, and that then those demands, which in their first form were of an exceedingly moderate and constitutional character, are apt to assume a revolutionary and anarchical aspect. It is not that the excesses of democracy are to be anticipated in Austria, to manifest themselves in the form they assume in France. Both the character of the Government and of the people is quite different; but, unluckily, the nature of the government differs in the separate kingdoms of which the empire is made up, and the character of the people differs very widely among themselves.

The Austrian national character is marked by the same features as that of the German nation at large. Sincerity, fidelity, industry, and a love of order, are conspicuous in them, and would long since have entitled them to fill a distinguished rank in the scale of European civilization, had not their beneficial operation been counteracted by a deficient system of education, an illiterate priesthood, and a stationary government. Madame de Staël has said of the Germans, that they are a just, constant, and sincere people, "divided by the sternness of feudal demarkation, into an unlettered nobility, unpolished scholars, and a depressed commonalty." This does not coincide with the impressions we have derived from several visits to Austria in modern times. We have seen nothing but a happy country, with no signs of that striking contrast betwixt poverty and riches which offends the eye so much in our otherwise favored island. All the inhabitants, those of the capital excepted, appeared to enjoy that happy mediocrity which is the consequence of a gentle and wise administration. It is to be hoped it will be very long ere the Austrian states dream of throwing off their allegiance to one of the oldest and noblest houses of Europe; one which has obtained for them the power, happiness, and prosperity, which they have so long enjoyed; and one which has so exalted their national character, as to have given fourteen emperors to Germany, besides six kings to Spain, and to have once stood first on the list of European sovereignties.

That the Imperial power in Austria is in danger, from the ever-stirring spirit of democracy, and that this danger is increased by the diversity of its governments and people, there is no doubt. Democracy is the great moving power among mankind. It is one of the most active elements which work out the progress of the moral world, and general government of Providence. Aristocracy is, on the other hand, the controlling and regulating power. As democracy and the lust of conquest is the moving, so aristocracy and attachment to property are the steadying powers of nature. Nor is Austria wanting in this power, or deficient in this great element of national stability.

Alison, in his "History of Europe," makes a very ingenious remark, that the reasonings of the learned, the declamations of the ardent, the visions of the philanthropic, have generally been rather directed against the oppression of sovereigns, or nobles, than the madness of the people. This, he justly remarks, affords the most decisive demonstration, that the evils flowing from the latter are much greater, and more acute than those which have originated with the former; for it proves that the former have been so tolerable as to have long existed, and therefore have been long complained of; whereas, those springing from the latter have been intolerable, and speedily led to their own abolition.

Nothing could be more applicable than this remark to the wise and moderate government of Prince Metternich. It is impossible to understand or to appreciate the principle on which it was founded without entering into details concerning the incongruous political conditions of the different kingdoms of which the Austrian Empire was made up of, which would carry us far beyond any moderate limits. The Austrian Empire contains a greater variety of populations than any other country in Europe. Germans, Slavonians, Wallachians, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Croats, Italians, and other tribes, form a medley population—all differing in their manners, languages, religion, and customs—mutually strangers to each other, and having opposite views, interests, and constitutions. The Hungarians, Slavonians, Croats, and Transylvanians, are as different from the Austrians, and these, in their turn, from the Bohemians, as the British are from the French and Spaniards. It is this variety of population, this diversity of language and manners, this collision of interests and opinions, that so long prevented the Austrian Empire from exerting her whole collected strength, and becoming a match for the power of France. Hungary which, with Transylvania, contains as large a population as the Prussian monarchy, did not, for example, at the downfall of Vienna, supply Austria with more than 100,000 men, when Prussia had a well-appointed army of 230,000 infantry, and 34,000 cavalry. The reason of this lay in the circumstance of the Hungarian government being a powerful feudal aristocracy, who deem every measure which the Imperial Government takes against them, without the consent of the states, an infringe-

ment of the constitution. The Hungarian nobility were like their brethren in France, until 1785, exempted from all taxes, and they claimed this exemption as an hereditary right, and an inviolable privilege. But, in 1785, they were subjected to a land-tax in common with the other subjects of the Austrian Empire; and as no levies could be made without their consent, nor supplies granted, this circumstance operated much against the house of Austria in its struggles against France.

The States of Hungary are composed of prelates, the higher nobility, the lesser nobility, and the deputies of the boroughs. The nobility possessed formerly the sole title to holding land and to public appointments, but this is now disputed by the free towns, which can do what an individual who is not of the nobility cannot do—that is, sue or bring an action against a nobleman, and can possess or uphold a citizen in the possession of land without a title to nobility. The emperor, who must swear to the constitution in presence of the people in the open air, when he receives from the hands of the primate the crown of St. Stephen, is the constitutional president of the Diet, but he generally delegates the representation to one of the archdukes, who is called Prince Palatine. Although the actual Palatine—the Archduke Stephen forfeited for a time much of his popularity by attempting so grave a *coup d'état* as the dissolution of the Diet, there are still hopes that the people who so bravely upheld Maria Theresa on the throne of her ancestors, will not prefer a feudal tyranny or democratic anarchy, to a wise and tempered monarchical constitution.

The Bohemians, who are of Slavonic origin, are, it is well known, more partial to the Hungarians than to the Austrians or Germans. The power of the sovereign has been hitherto much greater in Bohemia than in Hungary, for it comprised the legislative as well as the executive department. Bohemia is the most flourishing of all the Austrian provinces, whether we look to education or to the labors of productive industry. It is also essentially the country of Protestantism. Prague was the city of Jerome and of John Huss. The Bohemians demand with the rest of the Austrian German States, reforms in the system of administration, national rights, freedom of the press, an increase of provincial liberties, and above all, the expulsion of a horde of public functionaries who are the bane and the curse of the Austrian Empire; but

there is every reason to believe and to hope that the efficacy of regular habits, and of a compact, educated, and thinking population, will preserve Bohemia from the evils of democracy or from a dismemberment from that paternal government which is at the present moment almost solely upheld in the seat of its power by the affections of the people.

Austria, Silesia, Moravia, and Transylvania, are nearly similarly circumstanced as Bohemia, only that the latter is far behind hand in point of civilization, the chief commerce being still in the hands of Greeks and Armenians. In Galicia, or Austrian Poland, the common people are in consequence of their ancient political bondage, ignorant, idle, dirty, and oppressed in the highest degree. The lower nobility are scarcely to be distinguished from the peasants; and the higher nobility, when refined and educated, partake more of the French character than of the solidity of the Germans. There is not much room here for the working of constitutional reform; Galicia wants as yet many of the most material elements of civilization before it can think of self-government. It is needless to enter into the condition of the other Austrian States. At the present moment national rights, and provincial liberties, are the foremost objects with all classes of the population. The intensity of this feeling is increased to an extent of which we can scarcely form an idea, by the existence in these old feudal countries of seignorial dues, of a system of forced labor and other remnants of barbarous times, long since extinct in western Europe, but which in Wurtemberg and Galicia have already produced a peasant's war, and which now threaten all Austrian Germany with a formidable agrarian agitation.

In Lombardy, there is every reason to believe that Austrian domination must give way before the aroused sentiment of nationality. There was only one to whom the people of Italy looked to after Pius IX., to support them in an effort for national regeneration, and that was the king of the men of Piedmont and Savoy. Nor has Charles Albert disappointed their hopes: backed by the Republic of France, he has gallantly thrown himself into the field of contest with the Emperor of Germany. In Austria Proper, by espousing the cause of a timely reform, much may yet be done. All that Austria demands is more political freedom, less administrative control, and above

all, more national institutions. It is true that a despotic government may consider the granting these as opening the floodgates of democracy. But this is not always the case. Early concessions may most effectually ward off anarchy. The states which might still be inclined to wait until a system of government could be devised which might conciliate their common interests and their separate institutions, may, if long resisted, enforce their demands at all hazards to the empire.

That Prince Metternich has already relied too long on the torpor of the capital—that the imperial government has been too long rocked by the comfortable assurance, that all popular movements only came to expire at the gates of Vienna, recent events have now fully shown. It only remains then by early concessions to win the popular confidence and to command the popular affections. Sometime back an author before quoted—Alison—said, "No community need be afraid of going far astray which treads in the footsteps of Rome and England." And the same author, who believes that all efforts at social amelioration will be ultimately shattered by that principle of human corruption which always comes in to blast the best hopes of the friend of humanity, still takes a just pride in that superior love of moderation and order which so pre-eminently distinguishes this country, and which not having failed at this crisis, ought surely now by that history which is "philosophy teaching by examples" attest to the continental states that a constitutional monarchy is the most solid of all political fabrics; and the one which, by opening to the people legal and constitutional modes of redress, is most effectually opposed to the excesses of democratic turbulence and anarchy.

Of the few great ministers whose functions have been extended to almost the utmost limits of absolute power, and at the same time have been protracted beyond the ordinary duration of human life—who have lived in the long and secure administration of one of the greatest empires of the earth, and who retained that high and responsible position amidst events of infinite magnitude and variety—none are so remarkable nor more illustrious, than Prince Metternich.

Prince Metternich was born at Coblenz, on the 15th of May, 1773, of an ancient house, which had in former ages, given more than one elector to the Archbishoprics of Mayence and of Treves. The career of

the young diplomatist, for he appears to have been born to the profession, commenced at the Congress of Radstadt, and he rose in it with such rapidity, that in 1806, after the conclusion of the peace at Presburg, he was elected for the important post of Austrian ambassador in Paris. Upon the declaration of war in 1809, he hastened to join the imperial Court, which had taken refuge, after the battle of Wagram, at the fortress of Komorn, in Hungary. Metternich was at this eventful period appointed to succeed Count Stadion as Minister of foreign affairs, and he inaugurated his ministerial power by concluding a treaty far less humiliating than was anticipated, and the cause for which only became public when the rising diplomatist was heard to be on his way to Paris, with the daughter of the Emperor of Germany, as a sacrifice to the imperial power of France. But although Metternich thus completed with his own hands the not very exalted task which he had undertaken, it is certain that he ever entertained a strong dislike and hatred to the representative of the French Republic.

It was not, however, till the fortunes of Napoleon were on the decline, that Metternich ventured to show these feelings. When the flower of the French army had perished in Russia, when Alexander was resolved upon reprisals, when the King of Prussia had been roused to resistance, and even the French marshal, Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, had with singular ingratitude leagued against his master—then alone was Prince Schwarzenburg sent forth, not only at the head of the Austrian force, but in command of the whole imperial army. We had occasion only lately, in a notice of M. Tourgenoff's interesting memoirs in the *New Monthly Magazine*, to detail, at length, how the impetuosity of Alexander had always to take the lead of the prudential tactics of the Austrian general, and how little the policy of Metternich did really second that of the Steins and Hardenburgs of the day. The battle of Leipsic, however, by establishing the freedom of Germany, won for the diplomatist the dignity of prince of the empire.

Prince Metternich took a prominent and active part in the conferences and negotiations which preceded and accompanied the invasion of France by the Allied Armies. He signed the treaty of Paris by which Germany was made a league of independent states, and he proceeded thence to England, upon which occasion the University of Oxford conferred on him an honorary degree.

Prince Metternich, who was then in his forty-second year, was chosen, upon the opening of the Congress of Vienna, to preside over its deliberations; and this species of presidency in the diplomatic affairs of Europe is generally admitted to have been conceded to the illustrious diplomatist, as much out of deference to his personal abilities, as out of consideration for his being the representative of the imperial court. With no principle was Prince Metternich more thoroughly imbued, than with the disastrous effects of democratic influences on society. In this he was seconded by his able colleague, Gentz. The consequence was, that the promises of constitutional liberty and of national unity, advocated by Stein, Hardenburg, and a few others, received no development at the Congress of Vienna. The national opinion on a free constitution, as expressed by the most eminent jurists and philosophers of Germany, demanded nothing more than what has long existed in this country—representative assemblies invested with true legislative power, the judicial institution of jury trial, and the freedom of the press. In the act of the German confederacy, concluded at the Congress of Vienna, it was enacted that, "in all states of the confederacy, a representative constitution is to take place." But the moment of danger past, the rulers forgot their promises, or at least took care never to fulfil them. In the natural horror of democratic excesses, Austria, especially, has hitherto always avoided allowing the slightest admixture of popular rights with a purely aristocratic and imperial form of government.

With such a diversity of forms of government, as Prince Metternich was called upon to mould to the desired form; the task was one of a most formidable character. Still he proceeded in his legislative labors with such steady and vigorous energy, that he not only overcame all obstacles, but for a long time he obtained for the system of the Austrian cabinet an indisputable supremacy over the councils of Europe.

The struggle for the independence of Greece, and the intervention of the Christian powers in favor of that oppressed nation, for the first time placed the policy of Prince Metternich at variance with that of the western states of Europe. It was probably owing to this circumstance that Austria did not exhibit more national or imperial energy when Russia was allowed, at the conclusion of the war with Turkey, to establish its ascendancy in Moldavia and Walla-

chia, and to obtain possession of the chief navigable mouth of the Danube—a result of the treaty of Adrianople, of which Austria never ceases every day to feel the deep grievance and annoyance.

The French Revolution of 1830 restored the three courts of eastern Europe to their original common intimacy and interests. But Louis Philippe soon made known to the Austrian minister that, while constitutional rights should be respected in France, all necessary measures would be adopted to keep down democratic tendencies; and Prince Metternich felt once more at ease. He was enabled in conjunction with Prussia to crush every symptom of popular excitement in Germany; he occupied northern Italy with troops, Austrian Poland was oppressed more than ever, and he expended vast sums in enabling Don Carlos to carry on a contest in Spain in the name of legitimacy.

But in the meantime, the progress of a material civilization had been doing more, probably, than any thing else, to undermine the old order of things. The opening of the Danube to the Anglo-Hungarian steamboats, the connexion of Trieste with Vienna, and of the capital with Prague and Northern Germany, by railroads, have had a great influence on the social conditions of the empire. The vast natural resources and the industry of the people have marched on in advance of an inert government. The strength and unity which Prince Metternich had given to the motley and heterogeneous states, has been gradually undermined. But, above all, the movement taken by Prussia, to give a more liberal character to German institutions, and the accession of Pius IX. to the papal throne, have largely contributed to hasten the downfall of the Metternich policy. The example of the Revolution of France, completed the overthrow of the illustrious statesman—the last almost of his class and order—sprung from a family which preserved the strict traditions of the German aristocracy, trained in the ideas which have always been most effective against the encroachments of democracy, and fortified by forty years' power and experience.

The progress of liberal opinions in Austria will, it has been stated, insure peace, by anticipating any opposition that might have arisen under the old system to the progress of democracy elsewhere, but there is no depending for a moment on peace ac-

quired by such concessions. In the meantime, the King of Prussia, as the champion of the liberal monarchical party, and the candidate for imperial rule, has pledged himself to obtain from the confederate sovereigns all the great conditions of national unity. Germany, it is said, is to become a federal and not a leagued state. Her affairs are to be governed by the deliberations of a senate, chosen in part from the constitutional bodies which will exist in all the separate states of Germany. A supreme court of judicature is to be attached to this national power. All restrictions are to be removed from the communications of intelligence, of trade, and of locomotion, amongst the whole German people. The press throughout Germany is to be free. One universal Zollverein is to extend its laws from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Adriatic; an uniform system of money, weights, post-office, &c., is to be established, and a common flag is to be adopted for the nation, by sea and by land.

But while Prussia thus marches in front of the popular movement, the Emperor Ferdinand has been no less received in the densely-crowded streets of Vienna with deafening shouts and acclamations. The people took the horses from the carriage of the Archduke Stephen, on his return from Hungary, and drew it themselves into the palace. Even at Prague the timely concessions of the emperor are said to have produced the happiest effect.

It will remain to be seen, then, which of the rival claims, of the house of Hapsburg, and that of Brandenburg, will be most readily entertained at the general congress of sovereigns to be held at Dresden. The right of seniority and of precedence undoubtedly lies with Ferdinand; the liberal tendencies of Frederick William IV. have, however, as well as his popular concessions at a moment of great emergency, placed him at the head of a purely national movement; and, perhaps, when we consider the superior education and civilization united to, or rather resulting from, the Protestant tendencies of Northern Germany, we must be prepared to yield to the course of events which will re-establish the ancient Germanic sovereignty under the representative of the electors of Brandenburg, and the successor of the Teutonic knights, to the long-time stationary sway of the descendants of the great Rudolph.

From Lowe's Magazine.

LIFE IN INDIA.

IN this article we shall not transport the reader to Pooree—the city of cities—on the famous plain of Juggernaut, to explore the mysterious and guilty recesses of the temple of the ninth incarnation of the Hindoo god, Vishnoo. The character and habits of the four thousand priests that daily minister there shall be passed in silence, and so also shall those of the thousands of devotees that annually make their pilgrimage thither. Neither shall we enter the precincts of *caste*, which though now manifesting some signs of feebleness, is still, as it has been for ages, the curse of India. The field we essay to cultivate is a narrower one; the sphere of our orbit is more circumscribed. Our theme is chiefly the manners and customs of the British in India.

No sooner has the stranger set foot on Indian soil, than he is struck with the aspect and construction of the residences of the English. Calcutta is a city of palaces. The houses are large, and the rooms capacious. Attached to every story there is a verandah, supported by stone columns, which gives to the building an elegant and light appearance. In the smaller towns, where there are fewer foreigners, the residences are generally of a different construction, but still associate comfort with pleasure in a high degree. That in most extensive use is called a *bungalow*. This sort of building is only one story in height, with a verandah in front, and a roof of thick thatch. It is pleasantly situated in a large enclosure, called a compound. Sometimes twenty acres are thrown into one enclosure, and great pains are taken to lay it out to advantage. A part is devoted to gardens and orchards, while the remainder is diversified with clumps of trees, which, by the richness of their foliage and brilliancy of their flowers, minister gratification to the owner, or by the depth of their shade give forth a delicious coolness, which invites him to the open air, when otherwise he would be compelled to shelter himself in the bungalow.

The interior of the dwelling is so arranged as to produce the greatest amount of coolness, and to catch as much of the gentle breezes that occasionally start up during the day, as possible. The ceiling is com-

posed of large sheets of canvas, whitewashed. As on all possible occasions the doors of an Indian house are kept open, there is placed between the different rooms a frame work, covered with crimson or green silk, which admits of the circulation of air. At six in the morning, when the weather is very hot, the glass doors are shut to exclude the heated air, but when there is any wind, one of them is opened, and in its place is suspended a mat, made of the sweet-scented cuscus grass. It is the exact size of the doorway, and is kept continually wetted outside, so that the interior may be cooled by evaporation. The doors are generally opened over night, and the Venetian blinds shut. In the centre of every room there is suspended from the ceiling an enormous fan, called a *punkah*, which is swung backwards and forwards by means of a rope, by a bearer, sitting in the verandah. This instrument is frequently eighteen feet long and about three wide. It is made of canvas, stretched upon a wood frame, and whitewashed. Sometimes there is a full flounce of white calico attached to the lower extremity, which gives to it a more light and graceful appearance. The fan-puller is a curious sort of person. Such is the power of habit, that he continues to discharge his duty well, although fast asleep; and, if required, would continue to ply his vocation all night. In the bed-rooms there is no furniture, save the large bed with four low posts. It is generally about ten feet wide, and is placed in the middle of the room. Over the posts is suspended a large gauze curtain, or sack, to exclude the mosquito, an insect dreadfully annoying in India. There are no feather beds, but the mattresses are generally stuffed with the fine fibre from the rind of the cocoa nut. The only covering is a sheet, and calico drawers, with feet to them, are frequently used by gentlemen to keep off the mosquitoes, should they find their way, which they often do, notwithstanding all the precaution used, inside the curtains. The feet of the bed are placed in pans, containing water, to prevent the white ants and other insects from disturbing the slumbers of their occupants, and also from destroying the furniture. For the latter reason the floors of the houses are not constructed of wood, but

a kind of cement, which is at once impervious to the white ant, and considerably cooler than wood. In the course of a day or two, this creature frequently destroys whole libraries, contents of chests, &c., and besides, is extremely annoying to the person.

The native servants attached to a family are not fewer than ten or twelve; whilst in many of the more wealthy they amount to forty or fifty. The bungalow is always swarming, and yet there is no confusion. Each abides by his own post, and attends only to his own work. So far is this principle of the division of labor carried, that the *kitmajar*, or waiter at table, will not wipe a stain from the furniture. *That*, he asserts, is the work of the *sirdar*, or furniture-cleaner. The *sirdar*, again, would rather lose his situation, than sweep the rooms,—a menial office filled by the *motee*. Whilst the *motee* would consider himself insulted where he desired to assist the *beastee*, or water-carrier. Besides these there are *bearers*, who work the punkah, &c.; *dirgees*, or tailors; *maistrees*, or carpenters; *mollees*, or gardeners, and many others. The whole is crowned by a *consummar*, or head-man. Their pay varies from three to ten rupees a month; and they provide themselves in food and clothing. But this is no difficult matter, as the former consists almost exclusively of rice; and the latter, of little else than a stripe of cloth wound round the waist, and a turban. The bearer, or Punkah-puller, sleeps on a mat in the verandah, but all the others find a lodgement in houses erected in the compound.

Such is the prejudice that exists, that the natives will touch nothing that has come from the table of a European. They are, however, a thievish set, and cannot be trusted with articles that could readily be removed. It has often been asserted, that they are altogether destitute of the finer feelings of our nature;—that, treat them how you may, they are not susceptible of gratitude. We give no credit to this statement, coming as it does from parties whose mode of treatment may steel the heart, but cannot soften it. Were their condition better, and their treatment more humane, not even their religion, which exerts its baneful influence over every relationship, could prevent them, we are well assured, from cherishing and expressing, too, the feelings of gratitude.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat of

southern India, time passes very pleasantly, though, we fear, not very profitably. The great languor that prevails precludes everything like protracted and well-sustained study; and unless the early morning is devoted to this purpose, it is not likely that it shall be attended to during the day. About five in the morning coffee is served and then those who feel disposed take a ramble. This is the only hour in the day in which it is possible to walk. It is frequently spent in the compound; and where this is large, there is scope enough for an hour's healthy exercise. Sometimes the time is spent in rambling into the jungle; but, when practicable, more frequently on the sea-shore, or by the margin of rivers, where you luxuriate in the refreshing breeze that comes softly over the bosom of the waters. At seven comes the cold bath, and copious effusions of water on the head. This is a perfect luxury in this climate. It is not, by any means, a rare thing for a person to spend an hour in the bath reading; after which one servant shampoos him, cracking all the joints in his body, whilst another serves a delicious cup of coffee, or a glass of sherbet. The interval till nine is spent in reading or writing. Breakfast is served at nine. At two, tiffin, or lunch, is taken, at which there is plenty of meat. There is out-door exercise again at five, but not on foot; it is taken in vehicles of construction and costliness according to the position which the occupant holds in society. Dinner is at half-past seven, tea at nine, and bed at ten.

Sometimes, indeed, gardening is attended to in the morning and evening. This is an agreeable exercise, and amply repays all the care bestowed upon it. The scene presented on such occasions is often striking. A dozen of men may be seen at work, their only dress a cloth wound round the loins, and their long black hair brought into a knot at the back of the head. Their implements are of the rudest construction, consisting of a sort of pickaxe and short sickle. In the flower garden are the beautiful balsams of many colors; the splendid coxcombs, eight or ten feet high, whose flowers measure twelve or fourteen inches, by six or eight; the varieties of the *hybiscas*, with many others, and a few of the more interesting European flowers. The borders are generally of the sweet-scented grass, which is always covered with a beautiful small white flower. In the vegetable garden, besides a large stock of common

vegetables, are the pine-apple, the plantain, the guava, the lime, the orange, the custard-apple, and many other trees.

But delightful as the occupation is, it has its drawbacks. You are exposed to continued annoyance from the numerous insects that float or crawl about. Some are loathsome; others come in clouds about the face and head, while not a few of them bite or sting. The sensation produced by their puncture is by no means agreeable, and the effects continue for days. But in all this there is nothing serious; the most that is experienced is a trifling annoyance. It is otherwise with the reptiles. As you pass through the compound, or stroll round the garden, your attention is frequently arrested by the ugly head of the deadly cobra de capello, raised above the grass, only a few feet in advance. On such occasions, its hood is expanded, its mouth open, and it manifests every sign of anger. Another step, and you are within its reach. Allow it to spring; let the smallest globule of its poison find its way to your body, and in half an hour you shall have ceased to breathe. There are numerous other snakes, some venomous, and some not. It is not, however, difficult to destroy them. A well-aimed blow from a bamboo staff will do the business. But unless great expertness is used, they will glide into their holes, again to come forth and scatter death in your path on some future day. In the neighborhood of rivers, monstrous crocodiles are occasionally observed waddling along to the water-tank within the compound, for the purpose, we suppose, of depositing their eggs there. But a more revolting sight is often witnessed in those localities through which pilgrims pass. Wearied with travel, wasted with hunger and disease, these deluded creatures lay themselves down, in great numbers, in the most exhausted condition, and, of course, many never rise again. Moving round the outskirts of the compound, of a morning, it is no rare thing to meet with the skeleton of one or more of these unfortunate creatures, stripped of its flesh by the jackals that are always prowling about, and ready to fix on the body as soon as life is extinct.

In speaking of poisonous snakes, we may introduce a singular little creature, in color green and yellow, and in size between a ferret and a squirrel. It is called a mungoose, and has the strongest aversion to those creatures most dangerous to man, and which abound, not only in the gardens and

enclosures, but come in the houses. If one of these Ishmaels be tamed and kept in the bungalow, it will clear it of every venomous creature. Indian mothers have them trained to keep house, and protect their children in their absence; and a mere infant, thus protected, is perfectly safe. Its instinct, in some respects, resembles that of the dog; for all that the mother has to do is, to bid it watch till her return, which it does with the utmost faithfulness. In such a case, who can help admiring the wisdom and goodness of the God of providence?

When a stranger arrives at a settlement or town, the first day is spent in putting his affairs to rights. This done, he calls his carriage, and pays a visit to the chief person in the place. Should he have a letter of introduction to any one, he next makes for his abode. His new acquaintance, in all probability, will accompany him in his future calls, till he has exhausted the list of that class with which he seeks to associate. There is little said on the first visit, which is made by the gentleman alone; consequently, the stay is short. It will be observed that this custom is the opposite of that which prevails at home. In the course of a few days, the resident families pay back the visit, when the lady accompanies her lord; and now, for the first time, a proper and free introduction is obtained. This is followed by a long list of invitations to dinner, when it is considered that the new-comer is thoroughly initiated, and fairly launched upon society. Calls are made only between the hours of half-past ten and one, at which time the lady of the house is understood to prepare for tiffin, or lunch. Between this and dinner, she is understood to devote some time to sleep, and to visit during this part of the day would be deemed an insult.

Let us accompany a stranger to his first dinner party. The hour is half-past seven. In due time the carriage is in readiness; perhaps a phaeton, drawn by two beautiful ponies, managed by a tawny coachman seated on the box, who wears large black mustachios, white calico tunic and trousers, with turban trimmed with some sort of livery, and band of the same color round the waist. A syce, or groom, runs by the side of the ponies. No sooner does the carriage enter the compound, than a servant runs in to his master, and, pressing his hands together, says, "a carriage comes." There are no bells in Indian houses; the doors stand generally open.

On the receipt of this information, out issues the sahib (the gentleman of the house) into the verandah. By this time we have drawn up under the large portico, where the horses are protected from the glare of the sun. The lady is handed out; the sahib offers his arm, and walks off. The gentlemen are left to follow as they best may.

The first room we enter is the dining-room. A long table, laid for dinner, stretches to its further extremity. The drawing-room is beyond, to which we make our way. Arrived there, we find one side of the room occupied by the ladies, and the other by the gentlemen. The scene is stiff and formal; nor is it much relieved by the conversation that ensues. A short time after the guests have arrived, an aged Indian, with long, silvery beard, dressed in white, enters and announces dinner. Then the master of the house gives his arm to the most important lady present. The other gentlemen do the same, according to the rank of the ladies, beginning with the lady of the house. The strictest attention is paid to this form. The latter does not occupy the head of the table, but assigns it to the gentleman who has led her in. She occupies the seat on his right.

A curious custom prevails in India relative to dinner parties. Every guest is attended by his own kitmajar, or waiter. The assemblage has a very fine appearance. The ladies are all in white dresses and short sleeves, and the gentlemen in white jackets and trousers. Behind each chair stands a native servant, with long black beard and mustachios, dressed in a white tunic and turban, with a colored sash wound several times round his waist. He appears there without his shoes, as it would be deemed most disrespectful to come into the presence of his master with his feet covered. As you sit down, he unfolds and hands you the napkin that was on your plate, and, retiring a step, stands with his arms crossed over his chest. Grace is now said; and those who like it are helped to a rich sort of chicken-broth. After that, you hear on every side—"Mrs. So-and-So, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?" "I shall be very happy." "Which do you take, beer or wine?" "Thank you; I will take a little beer," &c., &c. In the meantime the dishes are being uncovered; and

"At the top is a pair of fine roast fowls, at the bottom a pair of boiled ditto. At the sides fowl cutlets, fowl patties, fowl rissoles, stewed fowls, grilled fowl, chicken pie, &c., &c. No ham, no

bacon; and little tiny potatoes not larger than a cherry, with stewed cucumbers, and some sticky Indian vegetables, are handed round. But for the second course a great treat is reserved. Six or seven mutton-chops, each equal to one mouthful, are brought in, and with much ceremony placed at the top of the table; at the other end are slices of potatoes, fried. Your hostess tells you how glad she was that Mr. So-and-So had sent her the loin of a Patna sheep; she hoped we should like it. Then comes curried fowl and rice; then pine-apple pie, custard, jelly, plantain, oranges, pine-apples, &c., &c. But, directly these sweets appear, there appear also, behind the chairs of many of the gentlemen, servants carrying a little bag, with a neat fringe to it. These they place at the back of their masters's chairs, on the floor, and then each servant brings in a large hookah, places it on the little carpet, and, whilst the ladies and others are eating the custards, pies, and fruits, you hear all around you the incessant bubble from the hookah, and smell the filthy smoke from an abominable compound of tobacco and various noxious drugs."*

The ladies rarely sit for more than one glass of wine, when they retire, and leave the smokers to themselves. Cigars are now introduced for the use of the gentlemen. The scene that follows baffles description. There is smoking, and talking, and taking of wine. Restraint is removed, but perfect good humor prevails. Odoriferous vapors ascend in graceful curls, till, intercepted by the ceiling, they fall back in heavy masses, and float in the higher regions of the room. As the smokers ply their vocation, heavier grows the atmosphere, and lower descends the cloudy wreaths, till they become enveloped in a deep haziness, and objects cease to be viewed with distinctness. By this time the cup has been often, though unconsciously, drained, which has at once given a certain elevation to the spirits, and volubility to the tongue. They then join the ladies, when a little general talk ensues, for which the gentlemen are now admirably fitted. Music follows, and then cards. Leave-taking comes at length, and so home to bed, but not to pleasant slumbers. There is nightmare during one's sleep, and a headache in the morning.

A young lady is a phenomenon seldom to be met with in visiting parties, or at the dinner table. The absence of this class, with all their natural buoyancy of spirits, and innocent gaiety, gives a stiffness and frigidness to society, which has already been the subject of remark. At an early age a father sends his daughters home to England to receive their education. When this is finished, the young ladies return to India,

* Acland's India.

and spend a season in Calcutta. This is the turning point of their history. Now matches are made—now the die is cast! Meanwhile a gentleman takes a fancy to get married, and forthwith applies for leave of absence for a month. Perhaps five or six days are consumed in travelling to Calcutta; the same number must be reserved for journeying back. He is thus left with only fourteen or sixteen days to accomplish the object of his visit. To get introduced, make one's self agreeable, propose, court, and marry all in the space of fourteen days, is a feat almost entirely unknown in these colder regions, and cannot fail to draw forth our admiration. How dextrously the most important affair of life, that which in Britain demands so many months, if not years, to bring it to an issue, is managed in India! The wisdom of the custom may be fairly challenged, and we dare scarcely look at the results. A few years pass away in the enjoyment of the usual amount of domestic happiness Providence allots to hurried marriages, and then the wife falls into bad health. She is ordered home to England, and receives the half of her husband's pay. The time fixed for her return is, say, at the close of three or four years. When that period expires, she remains unmoved by her husband's entreaties, suggests reasons for delay, and sometimes hints in language too plain to be misunderstood, that she gives the preference to her present quarters.

Much time is consumed in travelling in India. Those who fill the various offices in the civil service, in the provinces, move over a certain district, at least once in the year. And then numbers are always journeying to and from Calcutta, on leave of absence, or going to new stations. The modes of travelling there are very different indeed from those that obtain in England at the present day. The ordinary mode is by palanquin. A palanquin, or palkee, as it is called by the natives, is a sort of oblong box, painted outside, and fitted up inside with seat and cushions. It can also be used as a bed, which is in fact often the case, as in the south, at least, travelling is performed principally during night. This box is supported by poles, and is borne by four men, two before and two behind. One man runs by its side, and bears a torch; while other two carry their boxes containing clothes, &c. A palanquin accommodates only one person: thus should a man and his wife have occasion to travel toge-

ther, they must occupy separate boxes, and can only see, or converse with each other at the stages, where the bearers are changed.

When the necessary preparations are made for a journey, the party start immediately after dinner, or about nine o'clock. Plenty of men are in attendance to carry the palanquins; and should the party be connected with any of the more influential government situations, relays are in readiness at each stage, with the same punctuality as horses are supplied on a turnpike road in England, so that no time is lost. In this way they travel the whole night, and night after night without intermission, till their destination is reached.

The dāk-men, or carriers, set off in high spirits, which are generally well sustained during the entire journey. The station is soon left behind, and several hours may pass before the dwelling of a human being is reached. All this while you are entirely in the hands of your swarthy bearers; but as they are a race in which there dwells little deceit, or revenge, or courage, with a brace of pistols, and a good staff, you are perfectly safe. The track you follow quickly leads from the limited district, over which a partial cultivation has spread since the settlement of the British at the station, and, with many a winding, threads its course through a perfect jungle. The low vegetation forms such a dense and unbroken cover, that all attempts to penetrate it are vain. It is the home of innumerable wild beasts, and can only be traversed by them. As we pass along the narrow beaten path, each palanquin about one hundred yards in advance of the other, the ear is often saluted by the shrill cry of the jackal, the grinning snarl of the hyæna, and, in the distance, the deep roar of the tiger in search of his prey. The bearers run at a sort of trot, and join in a monotonous chorus as they proceed. The uneasy motion of the palanquin, the perpetual gibber of the natives, the glare of the torches, the discordant noises borne along from the jungle, and the wide desolation and loneliness of the whole scene, produces the opposite of pleasing sensations; yet, after a little experience, in the midst of all this, one drops asleep with the utmost ease.

The jungle past, the path lies through a low marshy district. For miles together the men run knee-deep in water, plashing along with great indifference, while every moment you fancy that your palkee shall be inundated, or, perchance, left to float,

without compass or rudder, on the waste of waters. On they go! Louder and livelier grows the song; brighter blaze the torches. *Terra Firma* is reached again. They sweep the plain like the breeze of evening. Now there is a plunge, and anon the shrill voices of the bearers shout "Sahib, Sahib." A river has been crossed in their progress, and now the dāk-house or station is reached. Here you halt during the day, ready to start again, as the grateful coolness of evening approaches. The dāk-house is a rude building, destitute of furniture, and possessing none of the advantages of an English inn. It is, in fact, but a shelter from the scorching rays of a burning sun; a sort of caravansary in the desert. Nothing can be procured from the poor people who have erected their huts in the vicinity, save a few eggs; all other provisions must be furnished by the travellers themselves.

The pay of these poor creatures, treated more like beasts of burden than human beings, is a mockery. It is spoken of rather as a gift from their proud masters, than as wages lawfully earned, and to which they have an indefeasible claim. The sing-song chorus they chant whilst running, is generally an extempore effusion, and suggested by some circumstances connected with the parties travelling. Thus, should the occupant of the palanquin be a fat man, the following verses, or something like them, will be sung:

"Oh, what a heavy bag!
No; it's an elephant:
He is an awful weight,
Let's throw his palkee down,—
Let's set him in the mud,—
Let's leave him to his fate.
No; for he'll be angry then;
Aye, and he will beat us then
With a thick stick.
Then let's make haste and get along,
Jump along quick."

The following is a specimen of what is sung to a lady. It consists of three verses, and is in very different metre. The term "cubbadar" means "take care," and "baba," pronounced "barba," means "young lady."

"She's not heavy, cubbadar.
Little baba, cubbadar.
Carry her swiftly, cubbadar.
Pretty baba, cubbadar!
Cubbadar! cubbadar!"

"Trim the torches, cubbadar,
For the road's rough, cubbadar.
Here the bridge is, cubbadar.
Pass it swiftly, cubbadar!
Cubbadar! cubbadar!"

Carry her gentiy, cubbadar.
Little baba, cubbadar.
Sing so cherrily, cubbadar.
Pretty baba, cubbadar!
Cubbadar! cubbadar!"

Sporting occupies much of the leisure of the British in India. Hunting and shooting parties are almost daily formed, and excellent sport they generally have. When an excursion of this kind is planned, a number of natives are engaged to beat the jungle, while numerous servants accompany the sportsmen. The method generally adopted is to select an open space, where the gentlemen station themselves, each accompanied by his servant. The beaters, the meanwhile, have gone to the distance of a mile or more, and taking this spot for the centre, form themselves into a circle. At a given signal they march towards the guns, yelling and howling in the most frantic manner, and driving the game, and wild beasts too, should any chance to be enclosed, towards the party. Peahens and other fowls are brought down in considerable numbers; hares are sometimes secured; hyænas occasionally present their ugly faces, and skulk away into the recesses of the jungle, generally followed by the murderous bullets of the sportsmen, which shatter a limb or prostrate them in death. But the greatest excitement prevails when a tiger forces his way through the jungle, growling angrily at being driven from his lair. He moves stealthily along; and now the eye is fixed upon him. Bang goes a gun; the wounded animal is roused to madness; his eyes glance fire, and his horrid roar makes the heart quake, as he springs towards the ill-fated huntsman. Steady! He comes. Now! "Fire!" Bang again goes the gun, and the monster rolls a lifeless carcase on the turf.

Hunting the antelope is a less manly and more cruel exercise. It is altogether barbarous sport. These creatures make their home in the sandy deserts, and feed on the stunted vegetation thinly scattered over such regions. A narrow strip of land, say between a lake and the sea, is selected. A strong net, seven feet high and a mile long, is stretched quite across the plain and fixed. One hundred men are left to watch outside. Five hundred take a circuit to a spot several miles distant. Then they stretch out a similar net, but considerably longer than the first. Instead of fixing it they move forwards in a breast, bearing the net before them. When they have come within a

mile of the other, they stop. By this means there may be fifty or sixty antelopes enclosed. The sportsmen then go inside this enclosure and shoot them at their leisure. Numbers, however, escape by leaping the net, notwithstanding the effort made to prevent them by the hundreds of natives that congregate on such occasions.

The following ludicrous account of a wild boar hunt is taken from Ackland's India, and with it we close this article. It should be premised that the "commissioner" is said to be one of the stoutest men in India.

"The other day Mr. D., Lieutenant H., and the Commissioner, went out hog-hunting. This sport is always performed on horse-back, with long spears. The beaters soon turned out a magnificent boar. 'A boar! a boar!' was the shout, and up galloped the Commissioner and plunged the spear into the animal; but, in consequence of his horse swerving, he was unable to withdraw the weapon, and the boar ran off with it sticking into his back. Lieutenant H. now came up; the boar charged

him, cut both the fore legs of his horse to the bone with his tusks, and tumbled horse and man over on the ground. In the meantime, the Commissioner had seized another spear from the syce, when the boar rushed at him. His horse swerved at the moment that he was making a thrust with his spear, and the poor Commissioner rolled over on the ground. Fortunately the boar was nearly exhausted, too much so to charge again; but he did what perhaps no boar ever did before—he seized the Commissioner by the coat tails as he lay on his stomach. Feeling the snout of the beast, he at once expected to be cut, if not killed, by its tremendous tusks. He sprang upon his feet; the boar kept hold of his tail. The Commissioner faced about; he had neither pistols nor knife, so he commenced pommelling away at the boar's face with his fist. Now, imagine the scene—a man of his extraordinary size, with his coat tail held up by an enormous boar; the Commissioner himself turned half round, and having a regular boxing-match with the furious brute. D. came up as quickly as he could for laughing, and with one good thrust of his spear put an end to the fight. The charge of the boar is fearful; he cuts right and left with his tusks, and inflicts the most dreadful wounds."

From Howitt's Journal.

BERANGER.

In the year 1821, a book of songs was published in Paris, which so excited the ire of the restored Bourbon Government, that the writer was prosecuted, condemned to pay a fine of 300 francs, and cast into the prison of Saint Pelagie for three months.

The following year he was again prosecuted for republishing his provoking songs—for they were exceedingly popular, and were sung in the streets, the work-shops, ginguettes, everywhere—but by some good luck or other he was acquitted.

Again, in 1828, he published another book of songs, for which he was again prosecuted by the Government, and condemned to be immured for nine months in the prison of La Force, and to pay a fine of 10,000 francs.

And of what was this song-writer found guilty? Of making the people laugh and sing in the fulness of their hearts. He had touched their tender feelings too, and drawn sweet tears from many eyes. But his delicate strokes of satire at wickedness and folly in high places, at imbeciles grinning in the seat of power—at established cant pa-

rating in demure faces and broad phylacteries—this it was which drew down upon Beranger, for it is of him we speak, the anger and prosecutions of the Government.

"I have never made any pretensions to be more than a writer of songs," says Beranger; "such has been the extent of my humble mission."

But it is no such humble mission, that of the writer of songs. He who touches the hearts of the people, enters into their homes and finds a welcome there, moves their pity or their indignation by turns, raises the laugh or draws the tear, excites their sympathy with his satires of folly and his denunciations of wrong, is no humble teacher. Songs are often as powerful as laws, and they are more influential in rousing the feelings of an oppressed people than even the speeches of the greatest orators.

The Bourbon Government recognised this extensive power in their repeated prosecutions of Beranger.

Song-writers have been called the popular priesthood of nations. None have so large an audience as they. How much

even of a nation's history is to be read in its songs and ballads, from the days of Homer to our own. Although written in a comparatively civilized and educated age, these songs of Beranger contain perhaps the best history of his period in France. They are the reflex of the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of the living men of his time. The song-writer has here entered into the *real life* of the people, depicting it in the most vivid manner; and what is history worth, if it exhibits not this?

"The people," says Beranger, "*that is my Muse* * * When I speak of the people, I mean the crowd—the mass—the very lowest, if you will. They may not appreciate the achievements of intellect, or the refined delicacies of taste: be it so! But for that very reason, authors are obliged to conceive more boldly, more grandly, in order to arrest their attention. Adapt therefore to their strong nature, both your subjects and their style of treatment: it is neither abstract ideas nor figures which they require of you: *shew them the naked human heart.*"

* * * According to an inveterate habit, we still judge of the people with exceeding prejudice. They present themselves to us as a gross mass, incapable of elevated, generous, or tender impressions. Yet, if poetry has a resting-place in the world, it is, I firmly believe, in their ranks that you must go seek for it. But to find it, you must first *study* this people *

* Would that our authors set themselves seriously to labor for this crowd, so well prepared to receive the instruction which they need. In sympathizing with them they would help to render them more moral, and the more they added to their intelligence, the more would they extend the domain of genius and of true glory."

Such, in brief, are Beranger's ideas of the people for whom he has written, and written so well.

Beranger has throughout life, stood by his order—the poor. He has refused office—refused ease—because he had the "humor," as he says, of remaining independent. "I am low-born, low-born, very," he sings in one of his exquisite songs: and he still continues, in his old age, among the same humble class from which he sprang. "The extent of my ambition," he observes in his preface to his "new and last songs" (*Chansons nouvelles et dernières*) "has never been more than a morsel of bread for my declining years. It is satisfied, though I am not even so much as an elector, far less

can I ever hope to have the honor of being elected, spite of the Revolution of July, to which I owe nothing on that account."

This popular song-writer was born in Paris, in the year 1780, in the house of a tailor, his "poor and old grandfather," as he himself tells us, in his song—"The Tailor and the Fay" (*Le Tailleur et la Fée*.) Beranger's father and mother cut a small figure in his history, at least as regards his education and bringing up. The old grandfather was both father and mother to him in this respect: the father seems to have been what the Scotch call a "neer do weel"—a bustling, vaporing, idle sort of person, with ideas far above his station, and never settling quietly down to any industrial pursuit. He was a royalist too, and buzzed away like a fly on a wheel, amid the great Revolution. Beranger's mother was a soft good-natured woman, with none of that spiritual temperament which has usually distinguished the mothers of great men.

Beranger lived for nine years with the old tailor—running wild, without restraint, romping and playing with whom he liked, knowing nothing of schools or books. The revolution still raging in its fury, he was sent to Perronne, his father's native town, there to live with an old grand-aunt, who kept a small public house; and where for a time he officiated as pot-boy. This old woman, eighty years of age, although herself ignorant, had the boy taught to read, and in course of time he could read "Tele-machus," "Racine," and the other books that her slender library contained. She gave him religious instruction, too, after a manner, and the boy took the sacrament for the first time when he was eleven and a half years old. At fourteen, he was put apprentice to a printer, and his labors at this trade tended in no small degree to aid his literary culture, though he made but slow progress in spelling. He attended also an excellent primary school at Perronne, and making better progress there, became partially instructed in the art of literary composition. Beranger's exercises in course of time took high rank in the school. Poetic influences were also operating upon him at this time—his sensitiveness was extreme,—and he is said to have burst into tears the first time that he heard the Marseillaise Hymn sung.

When about seventeen years old, he returned to Paris to work at "the case." Here he was in the midst of a busy world

—the centre of life, action, pleasure, and din. The idea of writing verses first flashed across his mind about this time. An attendant of the theatres, he dreamt of writing a comedy, and had actually sketched the outlines of one; but having read Molière with attention, he abandoned his project in a kind of despair of ever being able to come up to this great master. He cultivated his style, and practised the art of composition with diligence. His next project was an epic poem; but in the midst of these glorious dreams, work failed, and the young poet endured the bitterest suffering and privations. He thought of going to Egypt—to the world's end—anywhere. But this dream also passed; and he remained in Paris, to suffer, to love, to study, and finally to triumph.

At twenty-three, he had written a great quantity of verses—meditations, idyls, dithyrambs, &c., but what was he to do with them? He could not afford to print them: he was unknown and almost without bread. But he made them up into a packet, addressed them to Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, and despatched them to him, accompanied by a very dignified and yet modest letter. Lucien was struck by the merit they displayed, and wrote the young poet a letter full of good advice, and suggesting corrections. He did more: without even seeing him, he presented the young man with the small pension which he drew from the French Institute—a means of support which Beranger enjoyed till the year 1812. Up to this time he was also occasionally engaged in literary labors, acting for some two years as compiler of the “Annals of the Museum,” (*Annales du Musée*), and he afterwards obtained an appointment as copy-clerk in the University-office, at a small salary, which he retained for about twelve years. The Bourbons expelled him from this post on the publication of his second book of Songs.

The first collection was published in 1815; but it excited comparatively little attention. The songs were full of the young animal—gay, laughing, jolly, licentious, with here and there some fine strokes of satire and wit. An occasional vein of poetry was touched, but not pierced. These songs were thrown off at a heat—they were the amusement of his bye-hours—“the mere caprices,” as he afterwards confessed, “of a vagabond spirit;” and yet, as he also added, “these are my most dearly cherished offspring.” Some of these songs caught

the popular ear, and dwelt there. In the *refrains* or burdens of his songs, he was especially happy. The burden was at once the shadow and in a great measure, the substance of the song—reflecting its dominant idea, and often containing the idea itself—sometimes it was a little drama in a word, ringing its music and meaning in the popular ear.

Political events by degrees came to exercise an important influence on the mind of Beranger, and his songs gradually assumed a more serious vein. This was very apparent in his second collection, written at various periods, between 1815 and 1821, in which some of his very finest and most powerful pieces appear. In these, he speaks comfort to the poor, the afflicted, the people. France was in a melancholy humor—it was gay France no longer—under the Bourbons it felt oppressed as under a nightmare. Freedom sighed, and Beranger's songs were its echo. “Certain amateurs,” said he, “have complained of the seriousness of these later songs of mine. Here is my reply: Song comes from the inspiration of the moment. Our epoch is serious—even sad: I have only taken the tone thus given me. It is probable that I had no other choice.”

Like all the other young and ardent spirits of France, Beranger was disappointed at the restoration of the Bourbons. Not that he was an out-and-out admirer of Napoleon—“not all my admiration for his genius,” says he, “could ever blind me to the crushing despotism of the Empire.” But Beranger writhed at the sight of foreign armies on French soil, thrusting the deposed Bourbons on the French people with their bayonets. He shed bitter tears at the sight of the allied armies entering Paris. Then was the period of his bitter songs, at French forgetfulness of former glory, and English and Prussian welcomings in the Tuileries. My “Lord Vilain-ton” came in for his share of scorching irony. Still, says Beranger, my opposition to the Bourbons was not one of hatred, as has been alleged against me. “I was not hostile to the restored monarchy, though I had the firm conviction that they never would constitutionally govern France, nor would France be able to compel them to adopt liberal principles. This conviction, which never abandoned me, I owed less to the calculations of my reason than to the instinct of the people. I have studied every succeeding event with a religious seriousness,

and I have almost always found these sentiments in such unison with my own thoughts that they have formed the rule of my conduct in the part which I have been called upon to perform in the public movements of my time. The people—that is my muse. It is this muse which has made me resist the pretended sages, whose counsels, based on chimerical hopes, many times pursued me. The two publications which have brought down upon me the prosecutions of the law, at the same time stripped me of many of my political friends. I ran all risks of this. The approbation of the masses remained faithful to me, and the friends returned."

In 1821, Beranger's friends induced him to publish his second collection of songs: 10,000 copies were subscribed for, and the impression was immediately bought up. This collection contained numerous biting political satires, and the writer was immediately pounced upon by the Government, who had long waited for such an opportunity. His political songs had, until then, been floating about amongst the people—passed from hand to hand—sung in the streets—and everywhere exercising a great influence among the mass. Still the Government could not lay hold of him until he had owned his paternity to the songs, which he now openly did by publishing them in a collected form. He was accordingly pounced upon, prosecuted, and laid up in prison for three months.

A series of political satires and lampoons, still more stinging than the past, was the fruit of his confinement in Saint Pelagie. These were published so as to defy the censorship—they were passed from hand to hand, and sung as the former had been. Charles X. and his court became absolutely frantic under the infliction of these satires; and the priest party publicly denounced him from their altars as everything that was hideous. But he eluded their attempts to seize and prosecute him further, until the year 1828, when his third collection of songs was published. One of the pieces in this collection that gave the most grievous offence to the Court, was that on "The Coronation of Charles the Simple." Charles, one of the successors of Charlemagne, had been driven from his kingdom by the Count of Paris, and after wandering through England and Germany, was replaced on his throne mainly by the efforts of the French lords and the bishops. The applicability of

the satire to the Bourbon dynasty will be obvious. Beranger thus begins:—

"Frenchmen! In Rheims assemble all,
On Montjoy and Saint Denis call!
Repair'd the holy phial see—
Our fathers' days again are come;
Sparrows in numerous flocks set free
Flutter about the sacred dome;
The monarch's brow with pleasure beams,
For broken bonds here imag'd be—
The people cry: Poor birds! dream not our foolish
dreams—

Preserve—preserve your liberty!

* * * * *
Bedizened with their fripperies, made
From heavy imposts—the parade
Of King and Courtiers marches by
Courtiers, who all not long ago,
'Neath rebel standards floating high,
Bow'd to a grand usurper, low;
But millions are not shower'd in vain,
And faith well recompens'd should be;
The people cry—Poor birds! we dearly pay our
chain,
Preserve—preserve your liberty!

Now gold-laced prelat's bent before,
Charles utters his *confiteor*;
They clothe him—kiss him—oil him—and
Midst hymns divine that fill the air,
He on the Bible puts his hand!
And his confessor bids him—'Swear!
'For Rome—whom such affairs concern,
'Has pardons for such perjury.'
The people cry—Poor birds! thus government we
learn,
Preserve—preserve your liberty!

So—aping Charlemagne—when placed
The sword-belt round his royal waist,
Upon the dust he flings him down,
King! says a soldier, rouse thee, king!
'No,' says the bishop, 'thee I crown—
Now wealth into our coffers fling.
What priests command, that God records;
Long live—long live legit'macy!
The people cry—our lord is ruled by other lords!
Poor birds! preserve your liberty!

This king miraculous, poor birds!
Will cure all scrofulas with words;
But you, the merriest things of all,
Had better speedily be gone;
Some sacrilege you might let fall
In fluttering near this altar throne;
For piety all meekly brings
Murderers her sentinels to be.—
The people cry—Poor birds! we envy you your
wings—
Preserve—preserve your liberty!"

"Turlupin; or Master Merryman," also gave no small offence to the powers that were:—

"Come let us go 'the King' to see—
Not I, he said, I won't do that!
Will he take off his crown to me,
When I to him take off my hat?"

If I for somebody must cry,
Then, Here's for him that makes my bread!
And men will answer, "I—I—I—
Say what just master merryman has said!"

But *Les Infinitement Petits, ou La Gérotoncratie*—"The Infinitely little; or, The Greybeard Dynasty," was the most atrocious of all Beranger's songs in the eyes of his political judges. The burden of the song is—*Mais les Barbons Regnent Toujours*,—"But still the Greybeards Reign!" The French word for Greybeards, *Barbons*, so obviously meaning as well as sounding Bourbons, that the wit, irony, and force of the song, is as it were, concentrated in the refrain. He thus paints the dwarfish littleness to which France is reduced:—

"What little things, scarce visible!
What little Jesuits, full of bile!
Millions of little priests who tell
Their little rosaries the while;
Beneath their blessings all decays;
A little cortège for the train,
Usurps the court of ancient days—
But still the greybeard Bourbons reign.

'Tis petty all—in palace, shop,
Art, science, commerce, petty all:
And pretty little famines stop
Supplies to little towns, which fall,—
And led by little drums, a host
Of little soldiers seek in vain
To guard the feeble frontier coast;—
But still the greybeard Bourbons reign."

Another song entitled *La mort du diable* gave mortal offence to the Jesuits; and poor Beranger was condemned to pay for this and the rest of his sins, a further sum of 10,000 francs, and to suffer nine months' imprisonment in La Force. The fine was chiefly raised by the political association called, the *Aide-toi le ciel t'aidera*; and the deficit was supplied by the generous treasurer to the subscription, M. Bérard.

La mort du diable (the death of the devil) was denounced by the priest party as irreligious, blasphemous, and its author as an enemy to religion. Beranger observes of this,—“Some of my songs have been treated as impious, poor things! by the King's attorney-generals and their substitutes, who are all very religious people in their way. I can only here repeat what has been said a hundred times. When, as in our day, religion is made a political instrument of, its sacred character is apt to be disallowed. For it the most tolerant become intolerant. Believers, whose faith is not in what 'the church' teaches, are sometimes driven, out of revenge, to attack it in its sanctuary. I,

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who am one of these believers, have never gone so far as that, but have been contented to make folks laugh at the mere flunkey livery of catholicism. Is *this* impiety?"

The greatest of Beranger's songs—those in which he rises into the regions of true poetry—are those of a more serious cast, such as "The God of the Good," (*Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens*). "The Holy Alliance of the People," (*La Sainte Alliance des Peuples*). "The Bohemians," "The Contrabandists," "The Imaginary Voyage," "The Old Beggar," "The Recollections (souvenirs) of the People," "Poor Jacques," and others of the same class. Beranger hesitated much before entering upon the serious vein—he was not so sure of his ground as in his gayer and more impulsive songs; and it was long before he could prevail upon himself to publish these serious compositions. Indeed he himself has said of his songs, "Each of my publications has been the result of a painful effort; and these last (the more serious) have caused me more pain than all the others put together." Sainte-Beuve gives an interesting account of his first singing of *Le Dieu des Bonnes Gens* before a party of his friends. Like Tom Moore, he sang his own compositions in an exquisite manner. At a numerous and intelligent party at the house of M. Etienne, Beranger, during the dessert, was called upon for a song according to custom. Unlike himself, he commenced this time in a trembling voice, "Il est un Dieu, etc," but the applause became great as he proceeded; and the poet felt, at the instant, as he trembled with emotion, that he could contentedly remain a simple song writer, and aspire to no higher honor. "This song," says Sainte-Beuve, was his great master-stroke—a hymn of humanity, pacific, unalterable; it shows us how at the same time, amidst the smoke of the battle for freedom, the horizon of Beranger was the same, as vast and as clear as it is now. And around and above his grand pervading idea of *humanity*, how many others of meaning more circumscribed, but not less penetrating—the plaint of country; the heavy sadness, the stubborn hope of the old army; the lighter hope, the impatience and giddy flights of youth; sadness in pleasure; all illustrated with a wit by turns piquant, brilliant, and tender, such as we have not known since the days of Voltaire; sweetness and grace clothed in art of such antique purity, that we are reminded with delight, of Simon-

ides, *Æsclepiades*, and the tender love songs of the old anthology."

In the "Contrabandists," and "The Old Beggar," Beranger has done more than write beautiful verses, he has broached great social questions, and sounded their depths, though with the plummet of song. We remember the former song being quoted with high approbation in the *League* newspaper, during the period of our recent great national agitation; like the French poet, the English economist recognised in the smuggler and contraband dealer between countries, the advanced sentinel, the great practical teacher, amidst paths the most arduous, of free and unfettered intercourse between nation and nation. In "The Old Beggar," he has dared boldly to look in the face the great social question in all its enormity—a question which mere political revolutions have not yet dealt with—and an evil which mere political economy has hitherto been powerless to remedy. This poem of Beranger's is a much less picturesque and poetical composition than that of Wordsworth on a similar subject; but how much more true to nature! It has all the stern truthfulness of Crabbe, and exhibits at the same time, a profound insight into a great social evil, which is peculiarly Beranger's own—

THE OLD BEGGAR.

"Here, in this ditch my bones I'll lay;
Weak, wearied, old, the world I leave.
'He's drunk,' the passing crowd will say:
'Tis well, for none will need to grieve.
Some turn their scornful heads away,
Some fling an alms in hurrying by;—
Haste—'tis the village holiday!
The aged beggar needs no help to die.

Yes! here, alone, of sheer old age
I die; for hunger slays not all:
I hoped my misery's closing page
To fold within some hospital.
But crowded thick in each retreat,
Such numbers now in misery lie,—
Alas! my cradle was the street!
As he was born the aged wretch must die.

In youth, of workmen, o'er and o'er
I've asked, 'Instruct me in your trade;'
'Begone—our business is not more
Than keeps ourselves—go beg!' they said.
Ye rich, who bade me toil for bread—
Of bones your tables gave me store,
Your straw has often made my bed—
In death I lay no curses at your door.

Thus poor, I might have turned to theft;—
No! better still for alms to pray!
At most I've plucked some apple, left
To ripen near the public way,

Yet weeks and weeks, in dungeons laid
In the King's name, they let me pine;
They stole the only wealth I had,—
Though poor and old, the sun at least was mine.

What country has the poor to claim?
What boots to me your corn and wine,
Your busy toil, your vaunted fame,
The Senate where your speakers shine?
Once, when your homes, by war o'erswept,
Saw strangers batten on your land,
Like any puling fool, I wept!
The aged wretch was nourished by their hand.

Mankind! why trod you not the worm
The noxious thing, beneath your heel?
Ah! had you taught me to perform
Due labor for the common weal!
Then sheltered by the adverse wind,
The worm and ant had learned to grow,—
Ay—then I might have loved my kind;—
The aged beggar dies your bitter foe!"*

With the revolution of July, 1830, the mission of Beranger, as a song writer, was accomplished. The triumph of his political friends paved the way for his own advancement; and pension and place were now offered to him. All such offers were, however, refused: he preferred remaining poor but independent. "Unfortunately," says he, "I have no love for sinecures, and all forced labor has become insupportable to me, unless perhaps it were that of my old occupation of copying clerk. I could not bear to have it said, that I was the pensioner of so and so, of Peter or of Paul, of James or of Philip. Besides, I would give no man nor party, to whom I might thus place myself under obligations, the right to say to me—do this, or do that—go forwards, but you must only go thus far." In short, Beranger was content with his position and his fame as the unpensioned, untitled poet of the people; and he would not stoop to hire himself out, as some of our English poets have done, to write royal odes to order, at so many pounds sterling per annum. The people had remained faithful to him, and it was his pride to remain faithful to the people.

Beranger's last collection of songs was published in 1833; and he then avowed his intention of writing, or at least publishing no more. In the midst of his triumphs, he gracefully withdrew from the field. "I retire from the lists," he said, "while I have still the strength to leave it. Often to—

* We are indebted for this translation to *Tait's Magazine* for May, 1833, in which some admirable translations from Beranger are given. The previous translations in this article are from an article by Colonel Thompson in the *Westminster Review* of January, 1829.

wards the evening of life we allow ourselves to be surprised by sleep in the arm-chair, in which we are fixed. Better go wait its visit in bed, where it is so much needed. I haste to betake me to mine, even though it be a rather hard one."

At the same time, he avows his intention of devoting the remaining years of his life to the composition of a kind of historical dictionary, in which he intends to record his recollections of all the men he has known, who have moved prominently in the eventful life of France during the last forty years. "Who knows," he says, "but that through this work of my old age, my name may yet survive me? It would be pleasant for posterity to speak of 'The judicious, the grave Beranger!' And why not?"

Our space is too limited to allow us to enter upon a critical examination of the peculiar qualities of Beranger as a songwriter. His extraordinary success is proof sufficient of his mastery of the art. In strength, dramatic power, concentration, tact, great knowledge of the human heart, command and choice of felicitous language, he is quite unrivalled. These qualities have made his songs familiar throughout all the homes, workshops, barracks, and *guinguettes* of France. He is alike popular in the hall and the cottage—thoroughly popular. His songs are the national voice: they are the echo of the thoughts, feelings, and experiences of his fellow citizens.

Let no one suppose that Beranger acquired his extraordinary power without labor. The best of his songs cost him long and intense study—much "painful effort" as he has himself expressed it. He was not a ready writer, but a very slow and careful writer at all times. Hence the completeness and the exquisite finish of his verses, of which no translation can give any adequate idea. Even his apparent carelessness and levity, generally so thoroughly in keeping with his subjects, were carefully studied. His friend Saint-Beuve has said that Beranger rarely produced a poem at a heat. "He had the abstract subject in his head, the chaotic and enveloped material; he turned it over, he studied it, he waited; the wings of gold were not yet given to it. It was after an incubation more or less long, that, often in a moment, he scarcely knew how, mostly in the night, in some short dream, a word unnoticed till then, took fire, and determined the life of the song. Then, to adopt his own expression, he held

his peace and went onwards. This lighted spark, this pure spirit, scarce come to light, this cell in a hermetical bubble of crystal which Queen Mab had blown, is all his song, it is the reflex of it in one word, the brilliant *monad*, if we may use the language of philosophy to explain an operation of the mind which certainly yields to none other in profundity. The poet then set to work at such times as he found the most suitable, to the exterior dressing, to the rhyme, to the measure; it mattered little; he turned it over in his mind, for two months or for two years, that it might be as living as on the first day; for yet again, as he has said, he held his peace."

The character of Beranger as a man is no less high than his genius as a poet. His sense of probity and honor is of the highest. In all his writings the spirit of generosity is apparent. He has attacked systems and individuals only as they represented the mischiefs of those systems. With all his keen power of sarcasm, he has avoided personalities. When asked to compose a satire against a distinguished political character then in disgrace, the reply of the noble hearted bard was,—“In good time, my friend; *wait till he is minister*.” He would not strike the man because he was down. Nor, on the other hand, has he ever been a flatterer of the rich, or of men in power. His sturdy sense of independence preserved him from this. “I have flattered only the unfortunate,” was his own remark. His sympathies were altogether with the poor and the down-trodden. But the best character of the man is to be found in his songs, of which he has said,—“My songs—they are myself (*mes chansons, c'est moi*).”

His conversation is said to be of the most interesting kind—quick, lively, penetrating, discursive. He is well informed on all subjects, a keen observer, a copious reader, an independent thinker. Living in a period full of incident—a great historic drama performing before his eyes—mingling in society with the leaders of thought and action—a contemporary of the Empire, of the Restoration, and of two Revolutions, his mind is full of experiences of men and events of the most interesting character; which he does well now to record in the evening of his days, for the instruction and edification of his successors.

Beranger is now an old man, close upon three score years and ten. He lives in a very humble style at Passy, a village on the Seine, about four miles from Paris.

His house is small and his friends are select. He enjoys his "chimney corner," in peace, cheered by friendly intercourse with a few gifted minds, and still cherishing that ardent

love of liberty and of country which has distinguished him throughout his entire career.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

ANIMOSITIES OF LITERARY MEN.

THE literary wars of former days were frequently carried on with a personal animosity which would now be considered disgraceful. The accidental or ignorant mistakes, and even the personal defects of an opponent were held up to ridicule, while his name was distorted or dismembered, that it might become the vehicle of some ghastly attempt at a pun. In the controversy between the learned Augustus Pfeiffer and Peter Poiretus, a mystical religionist, the latter had stated that, the sun of orthodoxy being in danger of an eclipse, the university of Heidelberg, in imitation of the Chinese on such an occasion, had sent forth a drumming and trumpeting array of divines with the great Pfeiffer (piper) at their head, to frighten away the monster that was devouring their sun. Pfeiffer, in reply, after correcting the spelling and grammar of his antagonist, alludes indignantly to the play upon his name, and fiercely declares that, before he has done with him, he will be able to say, "I have *pip*ed unto thee, and thou hast not danced." Notwithstanding his wrath at Poiretus's trifling with his name, however, he cannot conclude the paragraph in which he reproves it without a pitiful attempt to point out the analogy between Poiretus and *poirette*, a little pear, of which the merit is nearly equal to the execution. It is amusing to observe that, in the classified index of authors at the end of his works, while one is pointed out as Historicus, and another as Exegeticus, to poor Poiretus's name the terrible letter is affixed that brands him as Fanaticus.

Another example of extreme virulence was displayed in the celebrated dispute between Milton and Morus named the "*Salmasius controversy*," from the *nom de guerre* assumed by Morus. The continental writer attacked Milton and his principles in a work called "*Defensio Regia*" (Defence of Kings), in which he reproaches our great poet as "being but a puny piece of man; an homunculus, a dwarf deprived of

the human figure, a bloodless being, composed of nothing but skin and bone; a contemptible pedagogue, fit only to flog his boys," &c., &c. To all this nonsense Milton thought it necessary to furnish a formal refutation; and accordingly, with as much anxiety that he should stand well with posterity on account of the comeliness of his person as he has displayed in doing justice to his great literary powers, he seriously proceeds to remark that "he does not think any one ever considered him as unbeautiful; that his size rather approaches mediocrity than the diminutive; that his face, far from being pale, emaciated, and wrinkled, was sufficiently creditable to him; for though he had passed his fortieth year, he was in all other respects ten years younger;" and very pathetically he adds, "that even my eyes, blind as they are, are unblemished in their appearance; in this instance alone, and much against my inclination, I am a deceiver!"

Morus next compares Milton to a hangman, his disordered vision to the blindness of his soul, and vomits forth his venom. When Milton first proposed to answer Salmasius, he had lost the use of one of his eyes, and his physicians declared that if he applied himself to the controversy, the other would likewise close for ever! Unhappily, the prediction of his physicians took place. Thus a learned man in the occupations of study falls blind, a circumstance even now not read without sympathy. Salmasius considers it as one from which he may draw caustic ridicule and satiric severity. Salmasius glories that Milton lost his health and his eyes in answering his apology for King Charles.

Impartiality of criticism obliges us to confess that Milton was not destitute of rancour. When he was told that his adversary boasted he had occasioned the loss of his eyes, he answered with ferocity, "And I shall cost him his life!" He actually condescended to enter into a correspondence

in Holland, in order to obtain little scandalous anecdotes of his miserable adversary Morus.* The conclusion of this bitter personal encounter is instructive. Milton lost his eyesight, and Morus, finding himself neglected by a former patron, who took the side of Milton, retired into obscurity, and died soon afterwards, it is supposed, of grief.

D'Israeli, in his valuable work, presents many curious particulars of the manner in which some of the early Reformers and Catholics conducted their disputations. "Luther was not destitute of genius, of learning, and of eloquence; but his violence disfigured his works with singularities of abuse. Hear him express himself on the Catholic divines: 'The Papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you choose, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses. . . . What a pleasing sight it would be to see the pope and the cardinals hanging on one gallows in exact order, like the seals which dangle from the bulls of the pope! What an excellent council they would hold under the gallows!' Luther was no respecter of kings; he was so fortunate, indeed, as to find among his antagonists a crowned head. Our Henry VIII. wrote his book against the new doctrine. Luther in reply abandons his pen to all kinds of railing and abuse. He addresses Henry VIII. in the following style: 'It is hard to say if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This rotten worm of the earth, having blasphemed the majesty of my King, I have a just right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. *This Henry has lied!*' Long after, the court of Rome had not lost the taste of these 'bitter herbs;' for in the bull of the canonization of Ignatius Loyola in 1623, Luther is called *monstrum teterimum et detestabilis pestis!*" (a most hideous monster, and most detestable of plagues!)

Of Calvin it is stated that "his adversaries are never others than knaves, lunatics, drunkards, and assassins! Sometimes they are characterized by the familiar appellations of bulls, asses, cats, and hogs!"

The fathers of the church were proficient in the art of abuse, and very ingeniously

defended it. St. Austin affirms that the most caustic personality may produce a wonderful effect in opening a man's eyes to his own follies. He illustrates his position with a story, given with great simplicity, of his mother, St. Monica, with her maid. St. Monica certainly would have been a confirmed drunkard had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. The story will amuse: "My mother had, by little and little, accustomed herself to relish wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family: she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine, and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself; and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults insensibly increase, she at length liked wine, and drank bumpers. But one day, being alone with the maid who usually attended her to the cellar, they quarreled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a *drunkard!* That single word struck her so poignantly that it opened her understanding, and, reflecting on the deformity of the vice, she desisted for ever from its use."

A Jesuit has collected "An Alphabetical Catalogue of the Names of *Beasts* by which the Fathers characterized the Heretics!"

The Hebrew points have long furnished a wide field of disputation, and the acrimony with which the contest raged for several generations is really surprising. The anti-punctists stigmatized the adherents of the opposite system as blinded believers in an exploded figment, while the followers of Buxtorf, on the other hand, looked down from the height of their rabbinical learning with sovereign contempt on their *pointless* antagonists. But we introduced this subject principally for the purpose of relating an anecdote of a late worthy minister of this city, distinguished for his rigid attachment to the points. Being at one time in ill health, he was assisted in his official duties by a licentiate of the church to which he belonged, who resided in his house. His young friend attempted in vain to overcome his taciturnity, or draw him into conversation; and, happening one day to meet with a brother preacher in the city, communicated to him the discomforts of his situation. "Oh!" said Mr. B., "I'll call on you to-morrow forenoon at eleven, and show you how to make Mr. A. talk." About the time promised he accordingly made his

* D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

appearance, and Mr. A. after saluting him, returned to the book on which he was employed, and took no farther notice of his presence. The visitor accordingly began to converse with his disconsolate brother, and, after doing so for some time, gradually introduced the subject of the Hebrew points. "By the by, Mr. C., do you read Hebrew with or without the points?" "I have always been accustomed to read without them, sir." "Well, so have I, and I think the system of the punctists a collection of useless absurdities." "Great *leears*," said the old minister, in indignation, throwing down his book, "how can you do without the points?" and immediately launched forth into a disquisition on the antiquity, authority, and necessity of the points; enlarged on zarquas and pashtas, shevas and zaqueph-quatons; touched on the accents, distinctive and conjunctive; and, sometime in the afternoon, wound up with a bitter anathema on Levita, Parkhurst, and all their followers. But whether or not the gentleman for whose benefit the experiment was performed ever ventured to repeat it, we cannot tell.

About the middle of the seventeenth century a race of scholars arose who maintained that the language of the New Testament was not what it had always been considered to be—a dialect abounding with Hebrew thoughts and expressions—but pure and classic Greek. Georgius, one of the most furious of them, averred that his antagonist had committed the unpardonable sin, and argued that because the Old Testament was pure Hebrew, *therefore* the New Testament was pure Greek: a piece of reasoning which reminds us of a statement of Robert Turner, who "transplanted into Albyon's garden" Nuysement's treatise on the elixir vitæ, entitled, "Sal, Lumen, et Spiritus Mundi Philosophici." "You see," says Mr. Turner in his address "to the reader whose studies are seasoned with salt," "our natural vulgar common salt will preserve dead flesh from putrefaction; *what then will the true prepared philosophical salt do?*"

In the controversy to which we have referred, the title-page of one book announced "The burial of the Hellenists;" and that of another, their "bone-breaking;" while a third, if we are not mistaken, dug up their ashes, and consigned them to the winds of heaven. Passing to the titles in another contest, we meet with "Something Good, or the Reply of a Student to Mr.

Hoadly;" to which the Bishop replied by "Something Better;" but was finally surmounted by the student in his "Best of All."

In the common language of former generations there were many proverbial, or stock comparisons, that were considerably obscure, such, for example, as, "like the bairns of Falkirk, ye mind naething but mischief," or, "like Macfarlane's geese, ye ha'e mair mind o' your play than your meat:" but the present age, above all others, is that of extraordinary comparisons. We have heard, for example, of an old gentleman "singing like bricks," and have seen a vessel in full sail, which, according to some one standing at our side, was "coming into harbor like a hatter." Now, although we have long been aware that bricks have had an ear for music ever since the days of Orpheus, who turned the circumstance to account in building the walls of Thebes, we always considered them merely as amateurs in the science, and never knew that they had made any proficiency in its practical departments. We must confess our ignorance, also, with regard to the peculiar capability of rapid motion attributed to our respected friends the hatters; although we believe that any one who should make free with one of their best Paris short naps at sixteen shillings would have reason to entertain a very high idea of their locomotive powers ever afterwards. If he intended to escape their pursuit, he would require, to use another unintelligible metaphor, to "run like the mischief."

We read with interest the minute occurrences of former days, such as are contained in the household book of the Earls of Northumberland, and can even be content to laugh over such humble details as the following in the manuscript journal of a country weaver for 1716: although we may observe that, in the first extract, the worthy writer seems to have given too much scope to his imagination:—

"The 24 night and 25 day of Sept. terrible for wind, a great shaking on qt. was left; and blowing people's victuals throw oyr [other], and driving it over the hills lyk sheep; and making branches fall aff the trees, both green and rotten. The moneth of Sept. for the most part, such as the husbandman would not have had.

"In the year 716, in the summer-time, we made ink of the droppings of black. We took 4 or 5 pints and boil'd it with about an ounce of caprose, and we had about a quart of good black ink.

"I counted in the end of the 16 year qt. coper

was in the box, and yr was 38 crowns or little more, and 9 ginies and a half.

"Of six sp. of yarn from William Jackson yt we quit to ye minister's wife, I reckon she had 6 grots of it yt we might have had."

In the same volume from which these scraps are extracted occurs a very coarse "satire on our Scots nobilitie, who were

keen and active in carrying on the Union." Almost the only transcribable lines in it inform us that

"They sald the church, they sald the state and nation,

They sald their honor, name, and reputation,
They sald their birthrights, peerages, and places,
For which they now do look with angrie faces."

From the Britannia.

DEATH OF DONIZETTI.

WE lament to announce the decease of this great Italian composer, on the 8th inst., at Bergamo, after a long illness. Gaetan Donizetti was born at Bergamo in 1798, and at an early age proved his proficiency in music. He was a pupil of the famed Simon Mayer, at the conservatory of Bologna. His first essay in dramatic composition was at Venice, in 1818, in an opera called "Enrico di Borgogna." He wrote various works without producing any great sensation, up to 1828, when he produced the "Esule di Roma," for Mlle. Tosi, Winter, and Lablache. This opera spread his fame through Italy, and his compositions were eagerly sought after by managers. In 1830 he composed an oratorio for Naples, "Il Diluvio Universale." In 1831 his "Anna Bolena" was written for Pasta and Rubini, and this opera made his reputation European. In 1832, for Pasta, Grisi, and Donzelli, he composed "Ugo Conte di Parigi," and in the same year the "Elisir d'Amore," a comic opera, for Debadie. In 1833 he wrote "Il Furioso," for Ronconi and Salvi; "Parisina" for Mlle. Unger and Duprez; and "Torquato Tasso" for Ronconi. In 1834 appeared his "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Rosmonda d'Inghilterra" for Mme. Persiani and Duprez. In 1835 his "Marino Faliero" was produced for Grisi, Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini; and in the same year his "Lucia" appeared for Duprez and Mme. Persiani. "Belisario" was his next popular essay, and then "Roberto Devereux" for Ronzi and Barroilhet. His "Fille du Regiment" was composed for the Opera Comique in Paris in 1840, and Mlle. Zoja caused its popularity in Italy by her impersonation of *Maria*. Mlle. Lind and Miss Poole have made it popular in London. In this year he also produced the

"Martyrs" and "La Favorita" for the Académie Royale in Paris, two five-act operas. In 1841 "Adelia" appeared for Salvi and Marini; and in 1842 "Maria Padilla" for Mlle. Lowe, Ronconi, and Donizetti; also "Linda" in Vienna, for Mme. Tadolini, Brambilla, Moriani, Varese, Derivis, and Rovere. His "Don Pasquale," produced in Paris, for Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache, was his next triumph in 1843. In June he wrote "Maria di Rohan," in Vienna, for Ronconi, producing it at the end of the year in Paris, the night after he had brought out "Don Sebastian" at the Académie, a herculean feat, which was the beginning of his attack on the brain. In 1844 "Catarina Cornaro," his sixty-third and last-performed opera, was produced in Naples. In 1845 he was placed in a maison de santé at Vitry, near Paris, was removed to Italy in 1846, and lingered till the 8th instant, never having recovered his reason. He was married to the daughter of an advocate in Rome, but she died without issue in 1835 of cholera, being *enceinte* at the time. Donizetti was the successor of Zingarelli in the direction of the Conservatory at Naples, and after the production of "Linda," the Emperor of Austria appointed him chapel-master to the Viennese court.

Donizetti was a ready wit, and no mean poet. He wrote many of his own libretti. He was an excellent pianoforte accompanist. His faculty for composition was equal to that of Rossini; he has been known to score an opera in twenty-four hours. In his early works he was an imitator of Rossini, but his style became his own after the "Esule di Roma." We subjoin a complete list of his operas, the year of production, and the places at which they were

first performed. The list is curious, as exhibiting in a remarkable degree the fecundity of his genius. The instrumentation of Donizetti was far superior to the general run of Italian composers:—

DONIZETTI'S OPERAS.

Nos.	Year.	Town.	Title.
1	1818	Venice	Enrico di Borgogna
2	1819-20	Venice	Il Falegname di Livonia
3	1820	Mantua	Le Nozze in Villa
4	1822	Rome	Zoraide di Granata
5	1822	Naples	La Zingara
6	1822	Naples	La Lettera Anonima
7	1822	Milan	Chiara e Serafina, o i Pirati
8	1823	Naples	Il Fortunato Inganno
9	1823	Naples	Aristea
10	1823	Venice	Una Follia
11	1823	Naples	Alfredo il Grande
12	1824	Rome	L'Ajo nell' Imbarazzo
13	1824	Naples	Emilia o l'Eremitaggio, di Liverpool
14	1826	Palermo	Alahor in Granata
15	1826	Palermo	Il Castello degli Invalidi
16	1826	Naples	Elvida
17	1827	Rome	Oliro e Pasquale
18	1827	Naples	Il Borgomastro di Saar-dam
19	1827	Naples	Le Convenienze Teatrali
20	1827	Naples	Otto Mesi in Due Ore
21	1828	Naples	L'Esule di Roma
22	1828	Genoa	La Regina di Golconda
23	1828	Naples	Gianni da Calais
24	1828	Naples	Giovedì Grasso
25	1829	Naples	Il Paria
26	1829	Naples	Il Castello di Kenilworth
27	1830	Naples	Il Diluvio Universale
28	1830	Naples	I Pazzi per Progetto
29	1830	Naples	Francesca di Foix
30	1830	Naples	Imelda de' Lambertazzi
31	1830	Naples	La Romanziera
32	1830-31	Milan	Anna Bolena
33	1831	Naples	Fausta
34	1832	Milan	Ugo Conte di Parigi
35	1832	Milan	Elisir d'Amore
36	1832	Naples	Sancia di Castiglia
37	1833	Rome	Il Furioso all' Isola di S. Domingo
38	1833	Florence	Parisina
39	1833	Rome	Torquato Tasso
40	1833-34	Milan	Lucretia Borgia
41	1834	Florence	Rosmonda d'Inghilterra
42	1834	Naples	Maria Stuarda
43	1834-35	Milan	Gemma di Vergy
44	1835	Paris	Marino Faliero
45	1835	Naples	Lucia di Lammermoor
46	1836	Venice	Belisario
47	1836	Naples	Il Campanello
48	1836	Naples	Betty
49	1836	Naples	L'Assedio di Calais
50	1837	Venice	Pia de Tolomei
51	1837	Naples	Roberto Devereux
52	1838	Venice	Maria di Rudenz
53	1839	Milan	Gianni di Parigi

Nos.	Year.	Town.	Title.
54	1840	Paris	La Fille du Regiment
55	1840	Paris	Les Martyrs
56	1840	Paris	La Favorita
57	1841	Rome	Adelia o la Figlia dell' Arciere
58	1841-42	Milan	Maria Padilla
59	1842	Vienna	Linda di Chamounix
60	1843	Paris	Don Pasquale
61	1843	Vienna	Maria di Rohan
62	1843	Paris	Dom Sebastien
63	1844	Naples	Caterina Cornaro
64	Gabriella di Wergy—not played
65	Le Duc d'Alba—not played

RUSSIAN GOLD MINES.—During the ten years ending with 1846, the total quantity of fine gold produced in the dominions of the Emperor of Russia was 8,387·96 poods, or 368,063·69 British pounds troy, the value of which, at the rate of 113·001 grains troy weight per pound sterling will be L.18,761,310. In 1837, the quantity produced was 402·68 poods, or 17,669·60 British pounds troy, the value of which is L.900,673. In 1838, the quantity was 448·93 poods, or 16,699·06 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,004,120. In 1839, the quantity was 448·61 poods, or 19,685·00 pounds troy and of the value of L.1,003,403. In 1840, it amounted to 498·52 poods, or 21,875·06 pounds troy, of the value of L.1,115,037. In 1841, the quantity was 588·66 poods, or 25,830·40 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,316,653. In 1842, the quantity was 826·58 poods, or 36,270·33 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,848,808. In 1843, the quantity amounted to 1,178·25 poods, or 51,781·61 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,635,386. In 1844, the quantity was 1,220·84 poods, or 53,570·46 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,730,647. In 1845, the produce was 1,248·34 poods, or 4,777·16 pounds troy, of the value of L.2,792,156. In 1846, the quantity produced amounted to 1,586·55 poods, or 66,985·01 pounds troy, and of the value of L.3,414,427. The above return comprises the whole produce both of the public and private mines. The Russian government levy a duty of from 12 to 24 per cent. on the produce of the private mines; the rate being subject to no rule, but varying according to localities and other circumstances. During the ten years ending with 1846, the return of produce shows—first, that there has been scarcely any difference in the supply from the Oural Mountains; secondly, that the produce of Siberia has increased more than tenfold; and thirdly, that there has been an augmentation of nearly four to one in the total annual supply. It is said that new mines have been discovered in the Oural; and the fact of an imperial ukase having lately forbidden the sale of public estates in the region of the auriferous sands of Siberia, justifies the inference that the government have made successful surveys in that direction, and anticipate a further profitable development of the gold-washings which have been so fruitful during the last four years. Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to expect an increase of supply, of which, however, it is quite impossible to estimate either the proportion or the continuance.—*From a Statement drawn up by Sir E. Baynes, English consul in Russia.*

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

IN the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Fürth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of extending and ramifying his connexions in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventual success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this

view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His *own* property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This of course was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814 to obtain business for "the honest Jew" in the way of raising public loans.

The "honest Jew," unfortunately, died two years before this date, in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left, remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers sharing equally in the results.

We may mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles,

born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that, with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the meantime enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

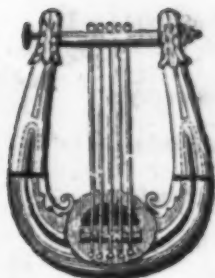
We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the 'Conversations Lexicon,' that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred millions of florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive "of those sums for the allied courts of several hundred millions each, which were paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceding operations executed by the house as commissioners for different governments, the total amount of which far exceeded the foregoing." This, however, may already be considered an antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the House of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed councillors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present Elector, privy councillors of finance. In 1818,

they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the title of baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year (1822), the same honor was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyer, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the chancellor of the Exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorizing the Bank of England to extend its issues.

The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations; were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first storey?" This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make:—"In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."



BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine;
Nor yet like rosebuds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.
Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below;
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.
I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer;
I would not change *her* sweetness.
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is one *kind heart* to me.

THE SECRET:

"A secret is a latent thing,
Hid in the wreathes of an ocean-shell;
Which neither peasant, seer, nor king,
Are able, in their might to tell.
A brilliant gem that trembles far
Within the caverns of the deep:
A radiant, yet mysterious star,
And which too few are apt to keep.
A secret is a maiden's vow,
Made when no listening ear is nigh;
Bright as a gem on virgin brow;
Pure as the lustre of her eye.
A little trembling, fluttering thing,
That lies conceal'd in virtue's breast,
And often spreads its weary wing,
Impatient to be all expressed.
A secret is a modest thing,
Which all apparent show doth shun;
Deep in the soul it has its spring,
And dies if known to more than one.
A sigh may prove its dwelling near;
A look may charm it from the heart;
It may illumine a falling tear;
But these do not the theme impart."

"GOD PRESERVE THE QUEEN."

A HYMN FOR THE AGE,

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, AUTHOR OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

How glorious is thy calling,
My happy Fatherland,
While all the thrones are falling,
In righteousness to stand!
Amid the earthquake's heaving thus
To rest in pastures green—
Then, God be praised who helpeth us,
And—God preserve the Queen!

How glorious is thy calling!
In sun and moon and stars
To see the signs appalling
Of prodigies and wars—
Yet by thy grand example still
From lies the world to wean,
Then God be praised who guards from ill,
And—God preserve the Queen!

Within thy sacred border,
Amid the sounding seas,
Religion, Right, and Order
Securely dwell at ease;
And if we lift this beacon bright
Among the nations seen,
We bless the Lord who loves the right,
And—God preserve the Queen!

Fair pastures and still waters
Are ours withal to bless
The thronging sons and daughters
Of exile and distress;
For who so free as English hearts
Are, shall be, and have been?
Then, God be thanked on our parts,
And—God preserve the Queen!

Though strife, and fear, and madness
Are raging all around,
There still is peace and gladness
On Britain's holy ground.
But not to us the praise—not us—
Our glory is to lean
On him who giveth freely thus,
And—God preserve the Queen?

O, nation greatly favored!
If ever thou would'st bring
A sacrifice well savored
Of praise to God, the King;
Now, now, let all thy children raise,
In faith and love serene,
The loyal, patriot hymn of praise,
Of—God preserve the Queen!

I AM IN THE WORLD ALONE.

Little child!—I once was fondled as tenderly as you!
My silken ringlets tended, and mine eyes called
lovely blue;
And sweet old songs were chanted at eve beside my
bed,
Where angel guardians hovering their blessed influ-
ence shed.

I heard the sheep-bell tinkle around the lonely
sheiling,
As the solemn shades of night o'er heather hills were
stealing:

The music of the waterfall, in drowsy murmurs
flowing,
Lulled me in half-waking dreams—bright fantasies
bestowing.

My nursing ones to heaven are gone—
"And I am in the world alone."

Fair girl!—I had companions, and playmates kind
and good,
And on the mossy knolls we played, where ivied
ruins stood;
The mountain ash adorned us oft, with coral berries
rare,

While clear rejoicing streams we sought, to make
our tiring there;

And on the turret's mouldering edge, as dames of
high degree,

We sat enthroned in mimic state of bygone chiv-
alry;

Or at the mystic twilight hour, within those arches
gray,

We told each other wild sad tales of times long past
away.

My early playmates all are flown—
"And I am in the world alone."

Gentle woman!—I was deemed as beautiful as you;
My silken ringlets fondled, and mine eyes called
love's own blue;

And then my step was bounding, and my laugh was
full of mirth,

Ah! I never thought of *Heaven*, for my treasure was
on *earth*:

But now my cheek is sunken, and mine eyes have
lost their light—

The sunny hours have faded in a long and rayless
night;

Not rayless—no!—for angels still their blessed
influence shed.

And still the dreams of peace and love revisit oft my
bed

Of earthly treasures I have none—
"And I am in the world alone."

C. A. M. W.

THE SOUL'S PLANET.

BY THOMAS WADE.

Oh, Planet ever tranquil, ever fair?

Engirded by the star-clouds of my thought,
Still art thou shining in my being's air.

Altho' clear'st stranger's eyes behold thee not,
Thou cam'st, a light upon my night of mind;

Showing me lovely things unseen till then,
And have Life's common spell to all-unbind

And move enfranchised from the chains of men.
Wild lightning-lights and beams of earthly fire

Too oft have flamed between my dreams and thee
But still-recurring hopes to thee aspire;

And in all tranquil hours thou gladden'st me
With rays of solace, and a soul-seen light;

Without which sun and day are cloud and night.

MY CHILDHOOD'S TUNE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

And hast thou found my soul again,
Though many a shadowy year hath past
Across its chequered path since when
I heard thy low notes last?

They come with the old pleasant sound,
Long silent, but remembered soon—
With all the fresh green memories wound
About my childhood's tune!

I left thee far among the flowers
My hand shall seek as wealth no more—
The lost light of those morning hours
No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud
That darkens as it nears the noon—
But all their broken rainbows crowd
Back with my childhood's tune!

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves
That told my heart of spring begun,
The bird's song by our hamlet eaves
Poured to the setting sun—

And voices heard, how long ago,
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—
They have grown old and altered now—
All but my childhood's tune!

At our last meeting, Time had much
To teach, and I to learn; for then
Mine was a trusting wisdom—such
As will not come again.

I had not seen life's harvest fade
Before me in the days of June;
But thou—how hath the spring-time stayed
With thee, my childhood's tune!

I had not learned that love, which seemed
So priceless, might be poor and cold;
Nor found whom once I angels deemed
Of coarse and common mould.

I knew not that the world's hard gold
Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;
And yet thou speakest as of old—
My childhood's pleasant tune!

I greet thee as the dove that crossed
My path among Time's breaking waves,
With olive leaves of memory lost,
Or shed, perchance, on graves.

The tree hath grown up wild and rank,
With blighted boughs that time may prune—
But blessed were the dews it drank
From thee—my childhood's tune!

Where rose the stranger city's hum,
By many a princely mart and dome,
Thou comest—even as voices come
To hearts that have no home.

A simple strain to other ears,
And lost amid the tumult soon;
But dreams of love, and truth, and tears,
Came with my childhood's tune!



TEACHING HISTORY.—“While in the country,” says Jean-Jacques Rousseau, “on a visit for some days at the house of a lady who devoted herself to the education of her children, I happened one morning to be present when the tutor was giving a lesson in history to her eldest son. My attention was particularly attracted at the moment that he was relating to him the anecdote of Alexander of Macedon and his physician Philip. He told of Alexander being sick, and receiving a letter warning him that it was the intention of Philip to administer poison in the guise of medicine. The really honest, faithful physician approaches the monarch’s couch with the healing draught. Alexander puts the warning into his hands, and even while Philip reads, the king drains the cup. When the tutor had ended his recital, he launched forth into warm eulogiums of the courage and intrepidity of Alexander. Though not at all pleased with his remarks, while sharing his enthusiasm, on different grounds, I yet avoided making any objection likely to depreciate him in the estimation of his pupil. At dinner, the boy did not fail to chatter away, his parents, as is usual with parents in France, allowing him to engross nearly the whole conversation. With the liveliness natural to his age, and encouraged by the certainty that he was giving his auditors pleasure, he uttered a thousand absurdities, not unmixed, however, with some happy traits of artlessness and good sense. At length he came upon the story of Philip, and told it admirably. The usual tribute of applause required by the mother’s vanity having been paid, some discussion arose upon what had just been narrated. The majority blamed the rash imprudence of Alexander, while some, like the tutor, were loud in their praises of his firmness and courage; but amid the different opinions, I soon perceived that not one single person present had apprehended in what consisted the real nobleness of the action. ‘For my part,’ said I, ‘it seems to me that if there be the least courage in the action, it ought to be regarded as a mere piece of madness.’ Every one exclaimed at this; and I was about to answer rather warmly, when a lady seated beside me, who had hitherto been silent, bent towards me and whispered, ‘Save your breath, Jean-Jacques; they would not understand you.’ I looked at her for a moment, then convinced she was right, I remained silent. After dinner, suspecting, from several slight indications, that my young professor had not taken in a single idea from the anecdote he had told so well, I invited him to accompany me in a walk in the park; and there, availing myself of the opportunity to question him at my ease, I discovered that I

was mistaken, and that his admiration of the so highly-lauded courage of Alexander was genuine, and far exceeded that of any one else. But in what do you think he conceived the courage to consist? Simply in the fact of his having swallowed a nauseous draught at one gulp, without the slightest hesitation, or a single wry face! The poor boy, who, to his infinite pain and grief, had been made to take medicine about a fortnight before, had the taste of it still in his mouth, and the only poison of which he had any idea was a dose of senna. However, it must be owned that the firmness of the hero had made a great impression upon his young mind, and he had inwardly resolved that the next time he had to take medicine, he, too, would be an Alexander. Without entering into any explanation, which might have served rather to darken than enlighten his mind, I confirmed him in his laudable resolutions; and I returned to the house, laughing internally at the wisdom of parents and tutors, who flatter themselves that they have been teaching children history. It may be that some of my readers, not satisfied with the ‘Save your breath, Jean-Jacques,’ are now asking what it is, then, that I find to admire so much in this action of Alexander? Unhappy dolts! if you must needs be told, how can you understand when told? I admire Alexander’s faith in the existence of human virtue, a faith upon which he staked his very life. Was there ever a more noble profession of this faith—a more sublime instance of generous, implicit trust in another, than this potion drained at one draught.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The usual annual meeting of this institution was held yesterday in Drury-Lane Theatre, and the proceedings were conducted in the most satisfactory manner.

Mr. Godwin read the report, which stated that the total sum subscribed during the year was 12,857*l.*, being nearly 6,000*l.* less than the amount last year. This great diminution is attributed partly to the commercial distress and the exciting events of the period, but principally to the interference of the Board of Trade, under a clause of the Royal Charter, by which they were incorporated in 1846.

278 works of Art were selected by the prizewinners of last year and were exhibited in the Suffolk-street Gallery by the kind permission of the Society of British Artists. The collection was open for a month—a part of the time during the evening—and was visited by an immense number of persons.

The engraving for the current year, “The prisoner of Gisors,” by Mr. F. Bacon, after Wehner, is

at press, and will be ready for distribution in the autumn. Very considerable progress has been made in the preparation of the illustrated edition of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, also due to the subscribers of this year, which promises to be a very satisfactory production. "Sabrini," engraved by Mr. Lightfoot, after Mr. Frost, A. R. A., is nearly completed. It is proposed to appropriate this plate to subscribers for the next year, who will also receive a series of etchings or wood engravings, not yet decided on. Mr. W. Finden is proceeding with "The Crucifixion," after Hilton.

For some ensuing year the council have commissioned the execution of several plates on steel, as an experiment to test the advantage or otherwise of such a course, instead of electrotyping one copper-plate—the particular print to which each subscriber will be entitled to be decided by lot. The following pictures are already in hand:—

"The burial of Harold," by Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, A. R. A.; "Richard Cœur de Lion pardoning the archer," &c., by Mr. John Cross; and "The Irish Piper," by Mr. F. Goodall.

After detailing the steps adopted by the council for the encouragement of lithography and mezzotint engraving, and stating that the statuettes, casts, and bronzes allotted last year are being nearly all distributed, the report proceeds to state that—

"For the current year it is proposed to produce in bronze a bust of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in commemoration of the grant of the charter. The opinion of his Royal Highness, Prince Albert, being taken, the bust by Chantrey, deposited in Windsor Castle, was adopted as the best, and a cast having been obtained for the society, with her Majesty's gracious permission, it was reduced, and will be executed in bronze forthwith."

The cast iron figures of Thalia, and the Wren and Flaxman medals already awarded to prizewinners, have hitherto been delayed in their completion by circumstances over which the council appear to have had no control.

The reserved fund now amounts to 2,867*l.*; 6,090*l.* have been set apart for the purchase of pictures, busts, and statuettes; and 3,899*l.* to defray the cost of engravings for the year.

The sum of 5,835*l.*, set apart for the purchase of works of art by the prizewinners themselves, will be thus allotted:—

15 works of....£ 10	8 works of.... £60
21 15	6 70
18 20	6 80
18 25	4 100
14 30	2 150
14 40	1 200
10 50	1 300

To these are to be added—30 bronzes of "The Queen;" 50 statuettes of "The Dancing Girl;" 30 medals commemorative of Hogarth; and 300 lithographs of St. Cecilia;" making in the whole 554 works of art."

HOOD ON GEOLOGY.—The following lively scrap is from the pen of the late Thomas Hood, and is published by Dr. Mantell, in his new work on Geology, which he calls by this singular title, *The Medals of Creation*. It professes to be anticipatory of the hundredth edition of the book; and it speaks well for the Doctor's good humor, that he did not reserve it to figure in that problematic place. It is entitled: "A GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION TO TILGATE FOREST, A. D. 2000." "Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him

testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities has he exploded like Rupert's drops, by a blow upon their tails; but at the same time he has bleached many black looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous bouncers into what the French call *accomplished facts*. Look at the Megatherium or Mastodon, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have *Mantell*-pieces of their bones! The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere allegory on the banks of the Nile, is now the *Iguanodon*! To venture a prophecy, there are more of such prodigies to come true. Suppose it a fine morning, Anno Domini 2000; and the royal geologists, with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, trappists, grey-wackers, carbonari, field-sparers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well! to work they go; hammer and tongs, mallets and threemen beetles, banging, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviors, blasting like minors, puffing like a smith's bellows—hot as his forge—dusty as millers—muddy as eels—what with sandstone and grindstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog-earth—now a tom-tit—now a marble gooseberry-bush—now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts, geologized into two-pen'orth of marbles—now a couple of Kentish cherries, all stone, turned into Scotch pebbles—and now a fossil red-herring with a hard row of flint. But these are geological bagatelles! We want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs—that is, the *Mastodon*, or Magog's pet lizard, that's the *Iguanodon*—or Polyphemus's elephant, that's the *Megatherium*. So in they go again, with a crash like Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and greater *Bonypart* to exhume! Huzza! shouts Field-sparer, who will spar with any one and give him a stone. Hold on, cries one—let go, shouts another—here he comes, says a third—no, he don't, says a fourth. Where's his head?—where's his mouth? where's his caudal? What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There, there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more. Pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they are very friable. 'Never you fear, zur—if he be FRIABLE, I'll eat un.' Bravo! there's his cranium—is that brain, I wonder, or mud!—no, 'tis conglomerate. Now for the cervical vertebrae. Stop—somebody holds his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then, dig boys, dig, dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer, and mountains of bread and cheese, when you get him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail! Huzza! there's his femur! I wish I could shout from here to London. There's his *torsus*! Work away, my good fellows—never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first nobody knows what—that's been discovered in the world. Here, lend me a spade, and I'll help. So, I'll tell you what, *we're all Columbuses*, every man Jack of us! but I can't dig—it breaks my back. Never mind; there he is—and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! It's a *Hylasaurus*! but no—that scapula's a wing—by St. George, it's a flying dragon. Huzza! shouts Boniface, the landlord of the village Inn, that has the St. George and the Dragon as his sign. Huzza! echoes every Knight of the Garter. Huzza! cries each schoolboy who has read the Seven Champions. Huzza! huzza! roars the illustrator of Schiller's *Kampf mit dem Drachen*. Huzza, huzza, huzza! chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall! The

legends are all true, then! Not a bit of it! cries a stony-hearted Professor of fossil osteology—Look at the teeth, they're all molar! he's a *Mylodon*! That creature ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor hoary pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys—he lived on—What? what? what? they all exclaim—Why, on raw potatoes and undressed salads to be sure!"

MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Seven hundred and fifty-nine additions have been made to the MS. collection at this institution since the last report; including the volume of miniature drawings by Giulio Clovio, representing the victories of Charles V. of Germany; a collection of two hundred and forty-one MSS. in Persian and Hindustani, presented by the sons of the late Major W. Yule; four volumes of ethnographical and topographical drawings made by Mr. Goodall, the artist who accompanied Sir R. Schomburgk in his expedition to Guiana in 1835-39; a large and important collection of ancient Syriac MSS. obtained from the monastery of St. Mary Deifara, in the desert of Scete, forming one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty volumes—amongst these are many fragments of palimpsest MSS., the most remarkable of which is a small quarto volume containing, by the first hands, nearly the whole of St. Luke's version of the Gospel in Greek, and about four thousand lines of the "Iliad" of Homer, written in a fine, square, uncial letter, apparently not later than the 16th century; three finely illuminated "Books of Hours," executed in France, Germany, and Flanders; a volume of Persian poems by different authors, superior, it is thought, for delicacy of ornament and calligraphy to any in the Museum; a small but valuable collection of liturgical MSS. on vellum, containing the ancient ecclesiastical services in Italy, France, and England from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, including a "Book of Hours," which contains the autographs of Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, his consort, Henry VIII., Catherine of Arragon, and the Princess Mary; several valuable liturgical and theological MSS. on vellum, of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries; a selection from the Rezzi collection of MSS. formerly at Rome; a fine copy of the "Roman d'Athènes," by Alexander de Burday, written in 1330, on vellum; many classical MSS. of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, comprising Cæsar, Horatius, Sallustius, Cicero, Aulus Gellius, Plinius Junior, and others; also a copy of the "Latin Chronicle of Eusebius," Jerome and Prosser, of the ninth century, and a valuable "Latin Psalter" of the thirteenth century; a selection from the MSS. of the Count Ranuzzi, of Bologna, in eleven volumes, illustrative of the history of Italy, France, and Spain, during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth, centuries, especially in regard to the war of succession, which alone fills thirty volumes: the original diplomatic and private correspondence and papers of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, from 1677 to 1696, from which the two quarto volumes were compiled by Mr. Singer.—*Athenæum*.

PUBLISHING, A CENTURY AGO.—Periodicals were the fashion of the day; they were the means of those rapid returns, of that perpetual interchange of bargain and sale, so fondly cared for by the present arbiters of literature; and were now universally the favorite channel of literary speculation. Scarcely a week passed in which a new magazine or paper did not start into life, to die or live as might be.

Even Fielding, had turned from his *Jonathan Wild the Great*, to his *Jacobite Journal*, *True Patriot*, and *Champion*; and, from his *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, sought refuge in his *Covent Garden Journal*. We have the names of fifty-five papers of the date of a few years before this, regularly published every week. A more important literary venture, in the nature of a review, and with a title expressive of the fate of letters, the *Grub Street Journal*, had been brought to a close in 1737. Six years earlier than that, for a longer life, Cave issued the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Griffiths, aided by Ralph, Kippis, Langhorne, Grainger, and others, followed with the earliest regular *Review* which can be said to have succeeded, and in 1749 began, on Whig principles, that publication of the *Monthly* which lasted till our own day. Seven years later, the Tories opposed it with the *Critical*; which, with slight alteration of title, existed to a very recent date, more strongly tainted with High Church advocacy and quasi Popish principles, than when the first number, sent forth under the editorship of Smollett in 1756, was on those very grounds assailed. In the May of that year of Goldsmith's life to which I have now arrived, another review, the *Universal*, began a short existence of three years; its principal contributor being Samuel Johnson, at this time wholly devoted to it.—*Foster's Goldsmith*.

THE MODESTY OF GOLDSMITH.—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps colored a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on the way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said "that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square." Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed!" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?" "Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility: "I am very sorry—it was very foolish. I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."—*Croker's Boswell*.

THE DANISH NAVY.—The following is given as the list of the Danish men-of-war now in active service:—The *Galathea*, 20 guns; the *Najaden*, 20; the *Flora*, 20; the *St. Thomas*, 25; the *Mercurius*, 25; the *St. Croix*, 25; the *Gefion*, 46; the *Thetis*,

46; the Delphin schooner; the Pilen schooner; the Neptune cutter; the Hecla, steamer, 200 horse power, armed; the Skirner steamer, 120 horse power, armed; the Ægir steamer, 80 horse power, armed; besides a flotilla of gun boats, armed with two guns, 60 and 40 pounders each. The Danish Government has besides—6 line-of-battle ships of 54 to 90 guns, 15 frigates, 5 schooners, 2 steamers, and 85 large and small gun-boats, which can be put into active service from fourteen days to three weeks. 25,000 mariners in all, in time of war, stand at the Government service.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—In the course of the pacification conference of Sir Harry Smith with the Kaffirs at King William's Town, a voltaic battery was fired on the opposite slope about a quarter of a mile distant. Here a waggon had been placed at 300 yards' distance from the battery, communicating in the usual manner by means of wires. The object of his Excellency was to convey to the Kaffir mind an idea of sudden and irresistible power. Accordingly, on a given signal from him—the waving of a small flag—the discharge instantly took place. The explosion shattered the carriage of the wagon,—canting up the body of the vehicle, so that it remained fixed by one end on the ground, at an angle of 45 degrees. The action was so sudden as scarcely to afford time to his Excellency to direct the attention of the Kaffirs to the experiment—but in those who were looking towards the spot and saw the power exercised on a distant object the surprise manifested was amusing. "There," exclaimed his Excellency, "is a lesson to you not to meddle with wagons;—as you now see the power I possess, should you do so, to punish you."—*South African Advertiser.*

SHAKESPEARE'S REMOVAL TO LONDON.—Rowe says that Shakspeare removed to London, leaving his business and family in Warwickshire; and it is to be observed that no contemporary evidence has been produced to show that his family ever resided with him in the metropolis. His daughter, Susannah, was born at Stratford, in May, 1583; and Hamnet and Judith, twin children, were born in the same town early in 1585, the son dying at Stratford, in August, 1596. It seems evident that the poet was always intimately associated with his native town, and never made a removal from it of a permanent character. The probability may be in favor of his never having relinquished what establishment he may have possessed at Stratford; and, if so, his association with the drama may have commenced almost as early as the date of his marriage with Anne Hathaway. This is a point which will probably never be correctly ascertained; but it is by no means necessary to suppose that the depredation committed on Sir Thomas Lucy, and its consequences, were the only reasons for his entering on a new profession. I have proved, on undeniable evidence, that in March (29th Elizabeth), 1587, Shakspeare's father was in prison; for on the 29th day of that month he produced a writ of *habeas corpus* in the Stratford Court of Record. Previously to this period, we discover him in transactions which leave no room for doubting that he was in difficulties, or at least in circumstances that placed him in a delicate legal position. Join to this the certainty that these matters would affect his son, with the traditions relating to the latter, and reason will be found quite sufficient for Shakspeare's important step of joining the metropolitan players.—*Halliwel's Life of Shakspeare.*

CHOLERA AND INFLUENZA.—Few records of human power are more striking than that presented in the Second Report of the Metropolitan Sanatory Commissioners. They may be said to show that they have those terrible visitants Cholera and Influenza within their grasp, and to have rendered both amenable to authority. The medical reader will refer to the Reports of the Commissioners, and to the original documents which they quote: it would be out of place here to attempt scientific precision, and we shall only endeavor to explain, in popular fashion, the kind of results that the Commissioners have attained, and what remains to be done. With an industry minute and comprehensive, they have collated evidence from all quarters, abroad as well as at home; and the results are most important. The intimate nature of the two diseases, like that of all others, will probably be for ever hidden from our perception; but the Commissioners have established the nature of the conditions which must be combined in order to the development of the maladies, and the still more important fact that some of those conditions are within human control; so that if requisite authority be granted, it would be quite possible in this country to forbid that combination of causes, and thus to prevent the existence of either of the formidable epidemics.

Cholera is by no means the sudden and irresistible disease which it is supposed to be: to describe it broadly and popularly, it is no more than the common disease diarrhœa developed to a monstrous form by a peculiar state of the atmosphere,—an accumulation of moist exhalations with sudden changes of temperature. In like manner, Influenza may be described as ordinary catarrh or "cold," developed by similar causes to a fatal epidemic. Influenza visits the same spots as cholera, and has preceded, accompanied, or followed other great mortal epidemics. Influenza is more fatal than cholera.

"Towards the latter end of November, influenza broke out, and spread suddenly to such an extent that it is estimated that within five or six weeks it attacked in London no less than 500,000 out of 2,000,000 persons. Altogether, the excess of mortality in 1847 over the mortality of 1845 is 49,000; and in the Metropolis there were within eleven weeks 6,145 deaths above the ordinary number,—an excess greater than the entire mortality produced by the cholera in the twenty-one weeks during which it prevailed in the year 1832."

The frightful character of cholera is the rapidity with which it destroys: another cause of its fatal influence is that it often makes its approaches insidiously, *without pain*. But in its premonitory stage it is a disease that readily yields to medicine—to aromatics, opiates, and astringents. During the prevalence of cholera, the slightest manifestation of that premonitory disease should not for a moment be neglected: diarrhœa is inchoate cholera—cholera in its curable stage.

The predisposing causes both to cholera and influenza are humid exhalation and sudden alternations of temperature. Even the effects of temperature may be modified by human agency; but in most habitable spots the humid exhalations are greatly to be controlled. London, which has been so severely scourged by cholera and Influenza, is dotted, intersected, and surrounded by an immense aggregate of bad drains, open ditches, stagnant pools, waste grounds, marsh and forest lands—all active sources of pestilential miasmata: all those sources may be abolished; and what is more, every improvement of that kind "pays," by the improvement of the neighboring property.—*Spectator.*